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# FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 19, 1974

| Last Week | This Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 1 | DEVIL GATE DRIVE | Suzi Quatro (Rak) |
| 1 | 2 | TIGER FEET | Mud (Rak) |
| 4 | 3 | THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD | Lulu (Polydor) |
| 16 | 4 | JEALOUS MIND | Alvin Stardust (Magnet) |
| 9 | 5 | WOMBLING SONG | The Wombles (CBS) |
| 5 | 6 | SOLITAIRE | Andy Williams (CBS) |
| 3 | 7 | TEENAGE RAMPAGE | Sweet (RCA) |
| 7 | 8 | ROCKIN' ROLL BABY | Stylistics (Avco) |
| 6 | 9 | ALL OF MY LIFE | Diana Ross (Tamla Motown) |
| 19 | 10 | THE AIR THAT I BREATHE | Hollies (Polydor) |

# TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 19, 1969

| Last Week | This Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | 1 | HALF AS NICE | Amen Corner (Immediate) |
| 9 | 2 | WHERE DO YOU GO TO | Peter Sarstedt (United Artists) |
| 1 | 3 | BLACKBERRY WAY | Move (Regal Zonophone) |
| 6 | 4 | I'M GONNA MAKE YOU LOVE ME | Diana Ross & the Supremes & the Temptations (Tamla Motown) |
| 2 | 5 | ALBATROSS | Fleetwood Mac (Blue Horizon) |
| 7 | 5 | DANCING IN THE STREET | Martha & the Vandellas (Tamla Motown) |
| 5 | 7 | YOU GOT SOUL | Johnny Nash (Major Minor) |
| 3 | 8 | FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE | Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown) |
| 10 | 9 | PLEASE DON'T GO | Donald Peers (Columbia) |
| 8 | 10 | TO LOVE SOMEBODY | Nina Simone (RCA) |

# 15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 21, 1964

| Last Week | This Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5 | 1 | ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART | Cilla Black (Parlophone) |
| 1 | 2 | NEEDLES AND PINS | Searchers (Pye) |
| 2 | 3 | DIANE | Bachelors (Decca) |
| 3 | 4 | I'M THE ONE | Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia) |
| 4 | 5 | 5-4-3-2-1 | Manfred Mann (HMV) |
| 9 | 6 | I THINK OF YOU | Merseybeats (Fontana) |
| — | 7 | BITS AND PIECES | Dave Clark Five (Columbia) |
| 11 | 8 | CANDY MAN | Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca) |
| 9 | 9 | AS USUAL | Brenda Lee (Brunswick) |
| 5 | 10 | HIPPY HIPPY SHAKE | Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV) |

# CHARTS

## SINGLES

**Week ending February 17, 1979**

| This Week | Last Week | | | Weeks in chart | Highest position |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (4) | **CHIQUITITA** | Abba (Epic) | 2 | 1 |
| 2 | (1) | **HEART OF GLASS** | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 4 | 1 |
| 3 | (3) | **WOMAN IN LOVE** | Three Degrees (Ariola) | 4 | 3 |
| 4 | (8) | **DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA** | Shadows (EMI) | 4 | 4 |
| 5 | (2) | **HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK** | Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff) | 9 | 1 |
| 6 | (17) | **I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'** | Leif Garrett (Atlantic) | 3 | 6 |
| 7 | (16) | **CONTACT** | Edwin Starr (20th Century) | 2 | 7 |
| 8 | (7) | **CAR 67** | Driver 67 (Logo) | 5 | 7 |
| 8 | (12) | **MILK AND ALCOHOL** | Dr Feelgood (United Artists) | 3 | 8 |
| 10 | (10) | **MY LIFE** | Billy Joel (CBS) | 8 | 10 |
| 11 | (22) | **KING ROCKER** | Generation X (Chrysalis) | 3 | 11 |
| 12 | (6) | **SEPTEMBER** | Earth Wind & Fire (CBS) | 8 | 3 |
| 13 | (5) | **Y.M.C.A.** | Village People (Mercury) | 11 | 1 |
| 14 | (8) | **A LITTLE MORE LOVE** | Olivia Newton-John (EMI) | 8 | 4 |
| 15 | (13) | **JUST THE WAY YOU ARE** | Barry White (20th Century) | 6 | 12 |
| 16 | (—) | **TAKE ON THE WORLD** | Judas Priest (CBS) | 1 | 6 |
| 17 | (—) | **SOUND OF THE SUBURBS** | Members (Virgin) | 1 | 17 |
| 18 | (26) | **GET DOWN** | Gene Chandler (20th Century) | 2 | 18 |
| 19 | (24) | **THIS IS IT** | Dan Hartman (Blue Sky) | 5 | 17 |
| 20 | (11) | **HELLO THIS IS JOANIE** | Paul Evans (Spring) | 7 | 5 |
| 21 | (27) | **AIN'T LOVE A BITCH** | Rod Stewart (Riva) | 2 | 21 |
| 22 | (14) | **COOL MEDITATION** | Third World (Island) | 5 | 14 |
| 23 | (—) | **YOU BET YOUR LOVE** | Herbie Hancock (CBS) | 1 | 23 |
| 24 | (—) | **OLIVER'S ARMY** | Elvis Costello (Radar) | 1 | 24 |
| 25 | (23) | **TAKE THAT TO THE BANK** | Shalamar (RCA) | 5 | 19 |
| 26 | (—) | **BAT OUT OF HELL** | Meatloaf (Epic) | 1 | 26 |
| 27 | (19) | **MIRRORS** | Sally Oldfield (Bronze) | 8 | 14 |
| 28 | (21) | **I WILL SURVIVE** | Gloria Gaynor (Polydor) | 2 | 21 |
| 29 | (15) | **LE FREAK** | Chic (Atlantic) | 12 | 5 |
| 30 | (—) | **COULD IT BE MAGIC** | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 1 | 30 |

**BUBBLING UNDER . . .**

**DESTINY — Jacksons (Epic); DON'T STOP ME NOW — Queen (EMI); TRAGEDY — Bee Gees (RSO); DOCTOR DOCTOR — UFO (Chrysalis).**

## U.S. SINGLES

**Week ending February 17, 1979**

| This Week | Last Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | **DO YA THINK I'M SEXY** | Rod Stewart |
| 2 | (3) | **FIRE** | Pointer Sisters |
| 3 | (2) | **LE FREAK** | Chic |
| 4 | (5) | **A LITTLE MORE LOVE** | Olivia Newton-John |
| 5 | (16) | **I WILL SURVIVE** | Gloria Gaynor |
| 6 | (4) | **Y.M.C.A.** | Village People |
| 7 | (6) | **TOO MUCH HEAVEN** | Bee Gees |
| 8 | (8) | **LOTTA LOVE** | Nicolette Larson |
| 9 | (9) | **SOUL MAN** | Blues Brothers |
| 10 | (11) | **SHAKE IT** | Ian Matthews |
| 11 | (14) | **HEAVEN KNOWS** | Donna Summer with Brooklyn Dreams |
| 12 | (7) | **EVERY 1's A WINNER** | Hot Chocolate |
| 13 | (13) | **SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT** | Barry Manilow |
| 14 | (17) | **DON'T CRY OUT LOUD** | Melisa Manchester |
| 15 | (16) | **I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'** | Leif Garrett |
| 16 | (19) | **THE GAMBLER** | Kenny Rogers |
| 17 | (23) | **SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING** | Peaches and Herb |
| 18 | (10) | **GOT TO BE REAL** | Cheryl Lynn |
| 19 | (21) | **NO TELL LOVER** | Chicago |
| 20 | (22) | **BLUE MORNING, BLUE DAY** | Foreigner |
| 21 | (—) | **TRAGEDY** | Bee Gees |
| 22 | (12) | **SEPTEMBER** | Earth, Wind & Fire |
| 23 | (26) | **DANCIN' SHOES** | Nigel Olsson |
| 24 | (—) | **WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES** | Doobie Brothers |
| 25 | (30) | **WHAT YOU WON'T DO FOR LOVE** | Bobby Caldwell |
| 26 | (29) | **EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU** | The Babys |
| 27 | (20) | **HOLD THE LINE** | Toto |
| 28 | (—) | **LADY** | Little River Band |
| 29 | (18) | **MY LIFE** | Billy Joel |
| 30 | (—) | **SULTANS OF SWING** | Dire Straits |

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

## ALBUMS

**Week ending February 17, 1979**

| This Week | Last Week | | | Weeks in chart | Highest position |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | **PARALLEL LINES** | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 18 | 1 |
| 2 | (2) | **ACTION REPLAY** | Various (K-Tel) | 5 | 2 |
| 3 | (4) | **ARMED FORCES** | Elvis Costello (Radar) | 5 | 3 |
| 4 | (3) | **DON'T WALK, BOOGIE** | Various (EMI) | 7 | 1 |
| 5 | (5) | **THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1** | Earth Wind & Fire (CBS) | 6 | 5 |
| 6 | (11) | **EQUINOXE** | Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor) | 8 | 6 |
| 7 | (6) | **EVEN NOW** | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 5 | 6 |
| 8 | (13) | **WINGS GREATEST** | Wings (Parlophone) | 8 | 3 |
| 9 | (7) | **NEW BOOTS & PANTIES** | Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff) | 39 | 5 |
| 10 | (11) | **GREASE** | Original Soundtrack (RSO) | 31 | 1 |
| 11 | (21) | **SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN** | Bee Gees (RSO) | 2 | 11 |
| 12 | (14) | **BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN** | Rod Stewart (Riva) | 11 | 2 |
| 12 | (—) | **MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION** | Marty Robbins (Lotus) | 1 | 12 |
| 14 | (9) | **A SINGLE MAN** | Elton John (Rocket) | 15 | 5 |
| 15 | (—) | **STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT** | UFO (Chrysalis) | 1 | 15 |
| 16 | (18) | **TRES CHIC** | Chic (Atlantic) | 2 | 16 |
| 17 | (25) | **INCANTATIONS** | Mike Oldfield (Virgin) | 8 | 14 |
| 18 | (23) | **52nd STREET** | Billy Joel (CBS) | 4 | 18 |
| 19 | (24) | **NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS** | Neil Diamond (MCA) | 13 | 1 |
| 20 | (8) | **SHOWADDYWADDY'S GREATEST HITS 1976-1978** | (Arista) | 10 | 1 |
| 21 | (17) | **TONIC FOR THE TROOPS** | Boomtown Rats (Ensign) | 26 | 4 |
| 22 | (28) | **JAZZ** | Queen (EMI) | 12 | 6 |
| 23 | (29) | **WAR OF THE WORLDS** | Jeff Wayne (CBS) | 32 | 2 |
| 24 | (10) | **THE SINGLES 1974-1978** | Carpenters (A&M) | 11 | 2 |
| 25 | (15) | **OUT OF THE BLUE** | Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) | 58 | 3 |
| 26 | (—) | **TOTALLY HOT** | Olivia Newton-John (EMI) | 3 | 26 |
| 27 | (19) | **YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS** | Neil Diamond (CBS) | 6 | 14 |
| 28 | (—) | **LIVE AND DANGEROUS** | Thin Lizzy (Vertigo) | 20 | 2 |
| 29 | (22) | **BAT OUT OF HELL** | Meatloaf (Epic) | 33 | 6 |
| 30 | (—) | **PLASTIC LETTERS** | Blondie (Chrysalis) | 16 | 7 |

**BUBBLING UNDER . . .**

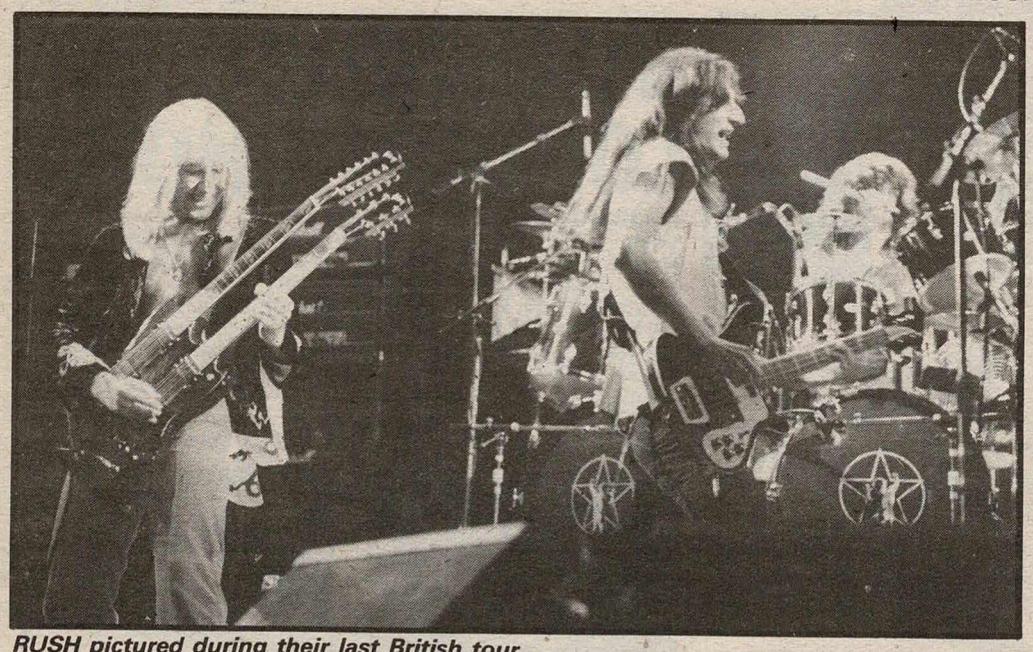
**REFLECTIONS — George Hamilton IV (Lotus); BARRY WHITE THE MAN — Barry White (20th Century); LIVE HERALD — Steve Hillage (Virgin); NO MEAN CITY — Nazareth (Mountain).**

## U.S. ALBUMS

**Week ending February 17, 1979**

| This Week | Last Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | **BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN** | Rod Stewart |
| 2 | (2) | **BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES** | Blues Brothers |
| 3 | (3) | **52nd STREET** | Billy Joel |
| 4 | (—) | **SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN** | Bee Gees |
| 5 | (5) | **TOTALLY HOT** | Olivia Newton-John |
| 6 | (6) | **THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1** | |
| 7 | (4) | **BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2** | |
| 8 | (8) | **C'EST CHIC** | Chic |
| 9 | (9) | **TOTO** | Toto |
| 10 | (10) | **CRUISIN'** | Village People |
| 11 | (13) | **MINUTE BY MINUTE** | Doobie Brothers |
| 12 | (22) | **DIRE STRAITS** | |
| 13 | (15) | **NICOLETTE** | Nicolette Larson |
| 14 | (12) | **DOUBLE VISION** | Foreigner |
| 15 | (7) | **GREATEST HITS** | Barry Manilow |
| 16 | (11) | **A WILD & CRAZY GUY** | Steve Martin |
| 17 | (18) | **LIVE AND MORE** | Donna Summer |
| 18 | (16) | **BACKLESS** | Eric Clapton |
| 19 | (27) | **ARMED FORCES** | Elvis Costello & The Attractions |
| 20 | (20) | **PIECES OF EIGHT** | Styx |
| 21 | (14) | **YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS** | Neil Diamond |
| 22 | (—) | **LIFE FOR THE TAKING** | Eddie Money |
| 23 | (23) | **DOG & BUTTERFLY** | Heart |
| 24 | (25) | **HERE MY DEAR** | Marvin Gaye |
| 25 | (—) | **LOVE TRACKS** | Gloria Gaynor |
| 26 | (19) | **GREASE** | Various Artists |
| 27 | (—) | **ENERGY** | Pointer Sisters |
| 28 | (21) | **SOME GIRLS** | Rolling Stones |
| 29 | (17) | **MOTOR BOOTY AFFAIR** | Parliament |
| 30 | (24) | **LIVING IN THE USA** | Linda Ronstadt |

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



RUSH pictured during their last British tour

# RUSH DUE IN TO PLAY 18 SHOWS

*CANADIAN heavy metal band Rush, who have played to capacity houses on their previous British visits, return in the spring for another tour of major venues. So great is the interest in them that it was originally planned to line-up a 36-date schedule, but the band felt this would be too exhausting and asked for the itinerary to be halved. The 18 confirmed dates are:*

*Newcastle City Hall (April 23 and 24), Glasgow Apollo (25 and 26), Edinburgh Odeon (28), Manchester Apollo (29 and 30), Liverpool Empire (May 1 and 2), London Hammersmith Odeon (4, 5 and 6), Coventry Theatre (9), Birmingham Odeon (10 and 11), Southampton Gaumont (13) amd Bristol Colston Hall (14 and 15).*

*Tickets at all venues, including London, are priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. They go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at Hammersmith, and on February 23 at all other venues — except at Bristol, where the box-office opens on March 12. Tour promoters are Straight Music.*

*No new Rush record product will be issued to coincide with the visit. That's because they're still busy promoting their current album 'Hemispheres', which has already provided them with their fourth U.S. Gold Disc.*

# NEWS

## by Derek Johnson

## TINA'S BACK!

TINA TURNER pays a welcome return visit to Britain next month to play five major concerts, plus a cabaret engagement. To tie in with her tour, United Artists release her new album 'Rough' on March 2 — with a single extracted from it issued on the same day, and titled 'Root Toot Undisputable Rock'n'Roller'.

Tina will be bringing over her full U.S. revue of musicians and back-up singers, and she appears at Poole Arts Centre (March 11), Manchester Apollo (14), Liverpool Empire (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (16), Birmingham Odeon (18) and Wakefield Theatre Club (19).

Tickets for Poole and Hammersmith are priced £4, £3 and £2; at Manchester and Birmingham they are £3.50, £3 and £2.50; at Liverpool £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50; and special club prices apply at Wakefield.

## THOROGOOD HERE FOR MARCH VISIT

BLUES REVIVALISTS George Thorogood & The Destroyers pay a return visit to Britain next month for a short tour, opening at Leicester University on March 10. They then play Brighton Top Rank (13), Sheffield Polytechnic (15) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (16 and 17). They'll also be filming a BBC-2 'Rock Goes To College' show on March 14, but the venue hasn't yet been decided.

The London shows will be among the first to be staged at the Electric Ballroom when it reopens, after a closure to enable various improvements to be made (see News in Brief, page 4), and tickets are on sale now priced £2.50. The band comprises Thorogood (guitar), Billy Blough (bass) and Jeff Simon (drums). Promoters are Straight Music, who have still to name a support act.

## *BAD COMPANY: THREE EXTRA*

***BAD COMPANY have added three more shows to their upcoming tour, in view of exceptionally heavy ticket demand — they are extra performances at London Wembley Arena (March 11), Liverpool Empire (17) and Birmingham Odeon (27). Tickets are on sale now, and the promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.***

## Ponty for Rainbow

JEAN-LUC PONTY headlines his first London concert for almost two years on Wednesday, April 4, when he appears at the Rainbow Theatre. He'll be backed by his current band consisting of Ralph Armstrong (bass), Jamie Glaser and Jose Joaquin Lievano (guitars), Allan Zavod (keyboards) and Casey B Sheverell (drums). Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3 and £2, and the show is promoted by Straight Music. Ponty's current album is 'Cosmic Messenger' on the Atlantic label.

## Diddley date switch

BO DIDDLEY's one-off concert next month at London Strand Lyceum — part of the new series of Sunday concerts at the venue — has been brought forward by one week to March 11. He'll be backed by his U.S. band of Michael Flemming (drums), Gordon Vessell (guitar) and Richard E Moore Jr (bass), and there are plans for Radar Records to record the gig with a view to releasing a live album. Tickets are now available at the Lyceum priced £3, and the support is Ray Campi and The Rockabilly Rebels, plus the Wild Wax Show.

## Burnel doing his own thing!

**STRANGLERS' bassist Jean Jacques Burnel will definitely be playing a string of solo dates in April. This confirms tentative plans mentioned in last week's centre-spread feature. The gigs will be confined to the club circuit, and are intended to promote his upcoming solo album 'Euroman Cometh', scheduled for March 30 release.**

**None of the other members of the band will be involved, nor is it likely that any of the musicians featured on the album will join him on stage. Instead, he's expected to form a pick-up group specially for these gigs.**

**Dates and venues won't be finalised until after The Stranglers return from their current tour of Japan — where, according to reports reaching London on Monday, they are 'going down a storm'. Meanwhile, release date of the band's new album 'X-Cert' has been put back one week by United Artists, and it now comes out on February 23, apparently due to manufacturing problems at the factory.**

## UNDERTONES BRANCH OUT

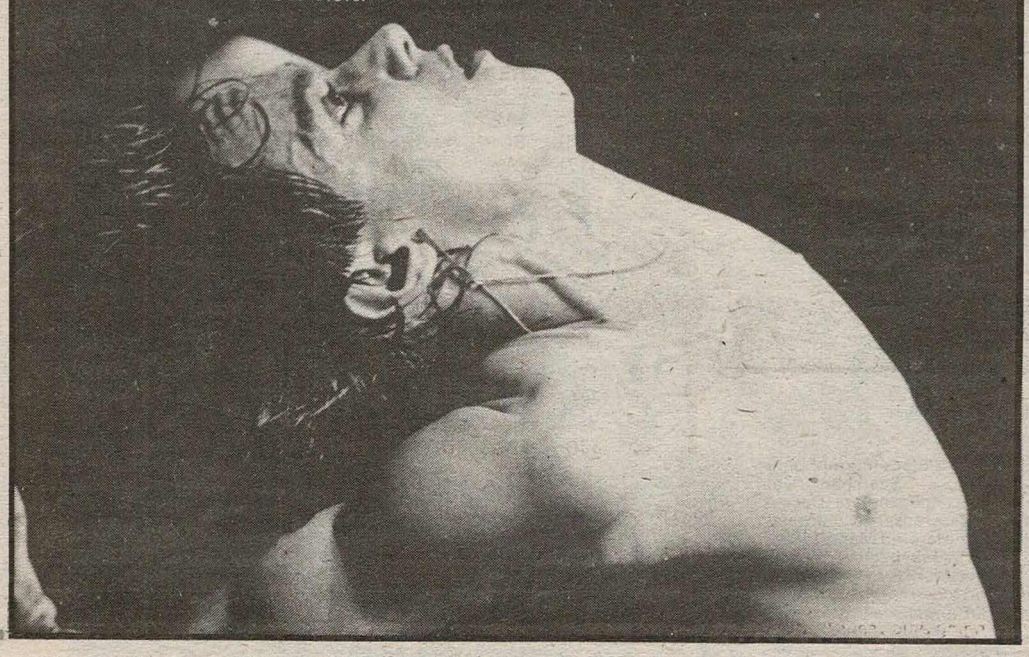
**THE UNDERTONES, the Irish band who were to have supported The Rezillos on their abortive autumn tour, have now lined up another tour in their own right to aid promotion of their current single 'Get Over You'.**

**Dates are Norwich Boogie House (March 1), Manchester The Factory (2), two shows at Liverpool Eric's (3), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (4), York Pop Club (5), Sheffield Limit Club (6), Birmingham Barbarella's (8), Retford Porterhouse (9) Dudley J.B.'s (10), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (11), Milton Keynes Crauford Club (12), Portsmouth Polytechnic (13) and London Marquee (14), with the prospect of more to come.**

**The band are currently putting the finishing touches to 15 new songs, to be released in various forms — including an album — with Roger Bechirian producing.**

## IGGY POPPING IN FOR APRIL TOUR

**IGGY POP returns to Britain in the spring to headline an extensive tour, starting in April and running into early May. Details of his dates and venues will be announced shortly — but the MAM Organisation, who are promoting the tour, told NME that Iggy wants to play mainly at unseated venues. This is due to the success of his two nights at London's Music Machine last June. He is currently in the process of signing a new recording deal, and will have a new single released to coincide with his UK visit.**



# NEWS WAVES

## Jam single, Wire cancel, Lovich extra, County gig

**THE JAM have a new single scheduled for Polydor release on March 2 — it comprises two Paul Weller compositions, 'Strange Town' and 'The Butterfly Collector'. Prior to this they're undertaking a short European tour, starting next week and including dates in Berlin (20), Hamburg (21-22) and Paris (26).**

**WAYNE COUNTY and The Electric Chairs top the bill in a Rock Against Racism concert at the North-East London Polytechnic in Walthamstow this Saturday (17). Also appearing are 90° Inclusive and The Leyton Buzzards.**

**LENE LOVICH has added five more dates to her current debut solo tour — at Nottingham Club Malibu (tonight, Thursday), Portsmouth Polytechnic (February 28), London Strand King's College (March 1), Bristol University (2) and Guildford Civic Hall (4). Support on all gigs is Fingerprintz, except the final date at Guildford where The Records take over.**

**THE VIPERS, the Dublin band who were last here as guests on The Boomtown Rats' Seasonal Turkey Tour, return next week to headline four London shows in their own right — at Camden Music Machine (February 21), Covent Garden Rock Garden (22), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (26) and Stoke Newington Pegasus (28). They are promoting their new single 'I've Got You', and will be back again in late March for a comprehensive tour.**

**WIRE have cancelled the last four dates on their UK minitour, reported two weeks ago — at Manchester Factory (February 23), Liverpool Eric's (24), Scarborough Penthouse (March 2) and Sheffield University (3). This is because they've been invited to appear as special guests on Roxy Music's 16-concert tour of Germany, opening on February 27 — which, incidentally, marks Roxy's live comeback prior to their spring tour of Britain.**

**999, who headline the first of the new Sunday rock concerts at London Lyceum this weekend, play Retford Porterhouse tomorrow (Friday) as a warm-up gig. And prior to leaving for their extensive U.S. tour, reported last week, they visit Aylesbury Friars on March 3.**

**WRECKLESS ERIC will be special guest in Cheap Trick's concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, February 25, which is the highlight of the American band's current UK tour.**

**THE SKIDS, whose new Virgin single 'Into The Valley' is released tomorrow (Friday), have added two dates at London Marquee Club to their upcoming tour. These are on March 28 and 29, and they've been booked as a result of their sell-out gig at that venue on Thursday of last week. Another new date for the band is on March 20, when they play Glasgow College of Art. But their previously-announced March 11 gig at Plymouth Metro has now been cancelled.**

# Keith Richards' charity dilemma

**KEITH RICHARDS is fast approaching the deadline for the charity concert in Canada, which he was ordered to play as a condition of his release on probation, when he was convicted on drugs charges in Toronto last autumn. But if he fulfils his obligation, he faces the risk of being unable to leave Canada!**

**The problem arises from the attempts of several members of the Government, including the Justice Minister, to have his case re-opened. They are appealing against the light sentence and want, instead, a prison sentence to be substituted. So if he returns to Canada, he could find that he is served with a subpoena and his passport confiscated.**

**On the other hand, if he doesn't go back, he will be violating the terms of his probation order! Commented a spokesman: 'Keith would like to do the benefit, but you can understand the dilemma he is facing. Lawyers are trying to sort out the difficulties.'**

**Reports elsewhere suggesting that Ron Wood is planning a solo tour in the spring were officially described as 'wishful thinking' this week. It was suggested that he wants to do some gigs, without the other Stones and with a pick-up band of his own choosing, to tie in with the release of his next solo album.**

**Said the spokesman: 'I've certainly heard nothing about it — and in any case, I don't see how Ron could possibly fit it in, considering the Stones' heavy commitments during the coming months.' It's understood that the Stones are still determined to play some British concerts, but they now seem more likely to happen in the summer.**

## ALBERT WITH ERIC THE C!

GUITARIST Albert Lee has joined the Eric Clapton Band on a permanent basis. Formerly with Heads, Hands & Feet and the Emmylou Harris Hot Band, Lee augments the line-up of Carl Radle (bass), Jamie Oldaker (drums) and Dick Sims (keyboards). Together they open a series of irish dates in Cork on March 8, finishing at Dublin National Stadium on March 17. This is followed by a 47-city tour of North America, and the band are not likely to play any British dates until very much later in the year.

# SUPERTRAMP: LP, JULY GIGS

SUPERTRAMP will be back in Britain in the summer to headline a series of major concerts. A spokesman for the band said that, in addition to conventional indoor venues, they will probably also play a big open-air show.

Meanwhile there's an opportunity to see them in BBC's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' on March 6, filmed during a recording session — plus an interview with John Helliwell and Roger Hodgson.

The band's first album for 18 months is scheduled for worldwide release by A&M Records on March 9. Titled 'Breakfast In America', it was recorded in Los Angeles and contains ten new group compositions. The title track is released as a single the same day.

● Status Quo, currently involved in a long tour of Germany, are also planning their next series of British dates for the summer.

# BUZZCOCKS IN LONDON SHOW

**THE BUZZCOCKS will be headlining a British mini-tour in the early spring. It will consist of about six concerts at leading venues in key centres, highlighted by a major London appearance at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, March 31 (tickets on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50). Details of their provincial gigs are still being finalised, and will be announced next week. As reported two weeks ago, the members of the band are currently engaged in various individual projects, prior to re-uniting in March for a European tour. The British dates follow immediately they return from the Continent and, because of recording and overseas commitments, are likely to be their last for several months.**

*RONNIE SPECTOR*

## London date by Ronettes

**THE RONNETTES, fronted as ever by Ronnie Spector, return to Britain later this month to make a one-off appearance at London's The Venue in Victoria on Tuesday, February 27.**

**Horslips have also been booked for a show at The Venue. It's next Monday (19), and it slots into their current UK tour schedule, for which another date is Manchester De La Salle College this Saturday (17).**

## ROXY TV SPECIAL

THE RECENTLY re-formed Roxy Music have been added to the guest list of the Abba TV special being filmed in Switzerland this weekend, for screening by BBC-1 during the Easter period, probably on Good Friday. Kate Bush is also in the show.

A second similar show is being taped at the same time, also for BBC-1 transmission over Easter. This one stars Boney M with guests The Jacksons, Leo Sayer, Bonnie Pointer, Curtis Mayfield, Bonnie Tyler, Eruption and Patrick Juvet.

● Den Hegerty, ex-front man with Darts, is the host of a new Tyne Tees TV rock magazine series called 'Alright Now' currently in production in Newcastle. Guests in the first few shows will include Eric Burdon, Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey, Lindisfarne, White Snake, Steve Gibbons Band, Punishment Of Luxury, Dire Straits and Chris Rea. Theme tune is 'Another Girl, Another Planet' by The Only Ones.

## Haley extra with Cannon

BILL HALEY & The Comets are to play a ballroom gig, prior to the opening of their eight-concert schedule reported last week. It's at London Southgate Royalty on March 8 (tickets £5), when they're supported by another U.S. rock veteran Freddie Cannon and British band Flying Saucers. Kendon films will have cameras there to capture the show for their full-length cinema documentary on the rock'n'roll revival, titled 'Blue Suede Shoes'. Haley's booking means that Ray Campi, originally slotted for that date at the Royalty, now switches to March 22.

## NEWS IN BRIEF

**CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL** will be staged this year from Friday to Sunday, July 27-29 inclusive, at its usual Cherry-hinton Hall site. It will be the 15th consecutive year the event has taken place.

**NEIL ARDLEY** presents the British debut of his new work 'Harmony Of The Spheres' at London Queen Elizabeth Hall on Monday, February 26, sharing the bill with the Terje Rypdal Group. Tickets from the Royal Festival Hall at £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

**ISABEL PARRA**, the noted Chilean singer, is to tour Britain in May to raise money for the solidarity movement for exiles from Chile. First confirmed date is Leeds University on May 9. Also on the bill are Roy Bailey and Leon Rosselson.

**ELECTRIC BALLROOM** in London's Camden Town is to re-open shortly, after extensive sound-proofing work to bring it up to GLC standards. 'Atmospheric improvements' have also been made, and the venue hopes in future to stage gigs on several nights each week.

**A PACKAGE TOUR** featuring three bands from the Cheltenham area — Hardware, Purple Hearts and Clinix — goes on the road in the spring, opening locally at Cheltenham Plough on April 7. It's the first venture of a new company called Healthy Activities, who are also to start promoting rock concerts at Cheltenham Town Hall.

**CHAS & DAVE** have revised their date sheet for the next four weeks, which now reads Portsmouth Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Brighton Polytechnic (this Saturday), Leicester University (February 22), Bristol University (March 2), Retford Porterhouse (10) and Canterbury Kent University (13).

**FISCHER-Z** have made several changes to their tour, reported last week. Retford Porterhouse (this Saturday), Kent University (March 1), Plymouth Polytechnic (2) and Wolverhampton Polytechnic (10) are all cancelled, and London Fulham Greyhound (February 25) is added. They now play Burton 76 Club (tomorrow, Friday) instead of Dudley J.B.'s, Dawlish Grand Hotel (February 28) instad of Huddersfield Polytechnic, and Southampton University (March 3) instead of Exeter University.

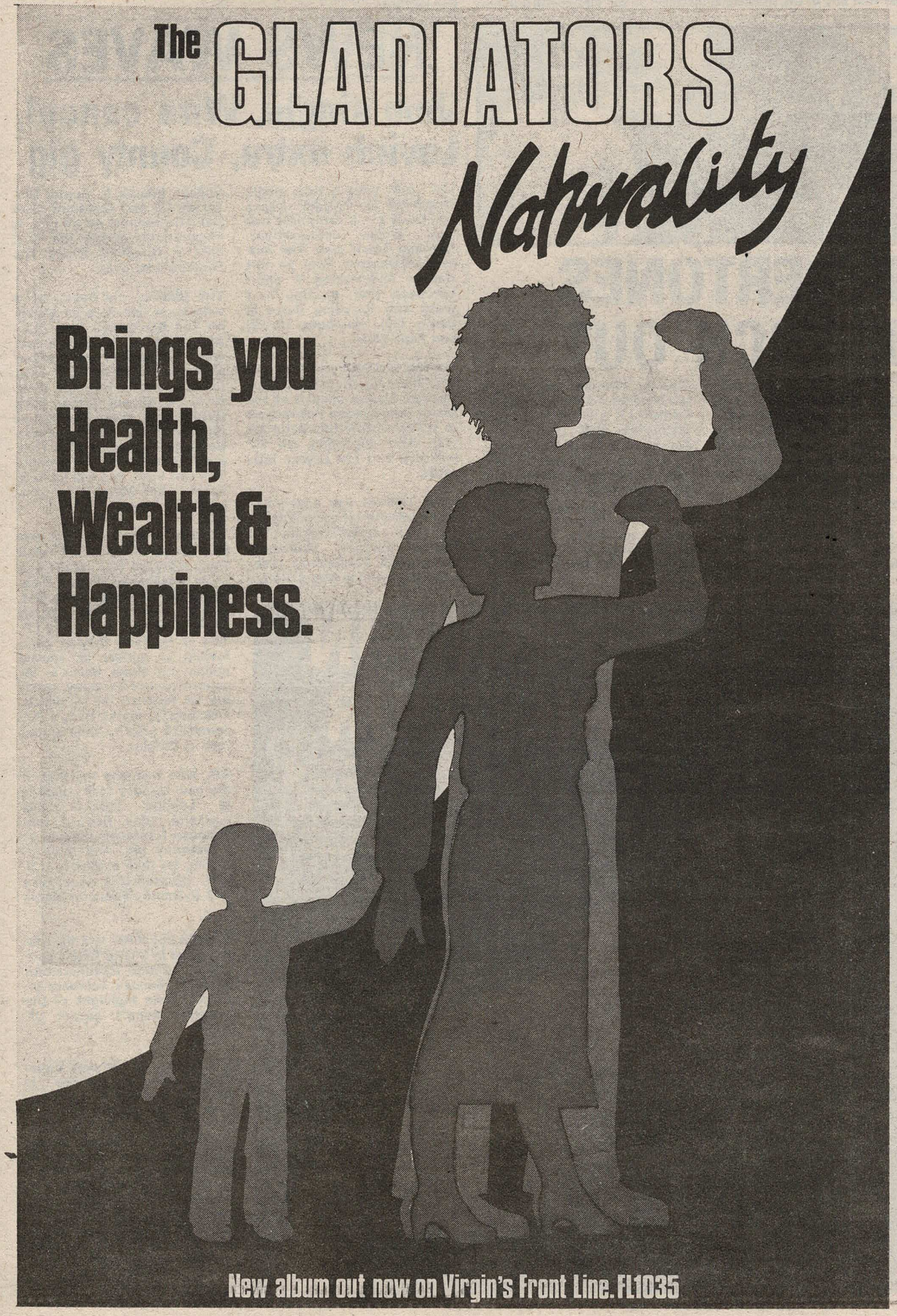
**RAMROD**, the band formed by ex-Rory Gallagher sidemen Rod de'Ath and Lou Martin, have replaced lead guitarist Mick Clarke with Dave Edwards — who was previously with Remus Down Boulevard. He makes his debut with the band at London Camden Music Machine tomorrow (Friday).

**STREETBAND**, whose latest tour dates were reported last week, have added a major London show to their itinerary — at Camden Music Machine on Friday, March 2.

**GOTHAM CITY** Swing Band are back on the road after losing most of their gear in a fire. They play Slough Technical College (tonight, Thursday), Plymouth Poly (Friday), Nottingham Malibu (Saturday), Reading University (February 19), Huddersfield Poly (23) and Bradford Royal Standard (25).

**SLADE** have added another date to their tour starting this weekend — it's at Birmingham Barbarella's on March 10.

**EDDIE** & The Hot Rods' box-offices open tomorrow (Friday) for their previously-reported British tour, opening March 9. Tickets for seated venues cost £2.50, £2 and £1.50; ballroom prices are £2 (advance) and £2.50 (on the night); and university tickets are all at £2.

# GILTRAP ON THE CAMPUS CIRCUIT

GORDON GILTRAP BAND go back on the road again this weekend and, following their major concert tour in the autumn, their latest itinerary is confined mainly to the college circuit. Since their last outing, there's been a personnel change in the band due to the departure of rhythm guitarist Roger Hand, and he is replaced by Shirlie Roden (vocals, percussion and keyboards). Rest of the line-up is Rod Edwards and Eddy Spence (both on keyboards), John Gustafson (bass), Ian Mosley (drums) and Giltrap (acoustic and electric guitars).

Tour dates are Stirling University (tonight, Thursday), Aberdeen University (Friday), Plymouth Polytechnic (February 24), Salford University (27), Liverpool University (28), Bristol University (March 2), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (3), Southampton University (7), Guildford Civic Hall (8), Oxford Polytechnic (9), Sheffield University (10), Redcar Coatham Bowl (11), Portsmouth Locarno (13), Leeds Polytechnic (15), Hatfield Polytechnic (16), Loughborough University (17) and Dunstable Civic Hall (18) with more to follow.

Giltrap and the band also appear in BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' on March 20. Their new single 'Fear Of The Dark', the title track from their current album, is released by Electric Records on February 23 in three different versions — a 12-inch clear-vinyl picture disc (£1.99), a three-track black-vinyl 12-incher in a picture sleeve (£1.25) and regular seven-inch (90p).

## Armatrading adds two

JOAN ARMATRADING has added another two dates to her previously-reported British concert tour next month, which climaxes at Wembley Arena (12-13). The extra shows are at Bristol Colston Hall (March 7) and Brighton Conference Centre (10), and tickets are on sale now. Joan is currently midway through a sell-out European tour.

*GORDON GILTRAP*

## MORE CHAPPO

ROGER CHAPMAN has added several more dates to his solo British tour, reported three weeks ago — at Sheffield University (February 27), Liverpool Eric's (28), Aberdeen Fusion (March 1) and Newcastle Polytechnic (4). And his gig at Birmingham Aston University is brought forward from March 2 to February 23. Ex-Humble Pie guitarist Clem Clempson has replaced Micj Grabham in Chapman's backing band, now officially named The Shortlist. His first solo album 'Chappo' is issued by Arista this weekend, followed on February 23 by his single 'Midnite Child'.

## Sports with Pommies

AUSTRALIAN six-piece band The Sports are to support Graham Parker and The Rumour on their previously-reported extensive UK tour, from February 28 to April 3. Parker spotted them during his recent tour Down Under, and invited them to come to Britain, where they've just been signed by Stiff Records. And to tie in with the tour, 'The Sports EP' is released by Stiff on March 2 — it's packaged in a full-colour bag and retails at 99p.

## Bothy Band on tour

THE BOTHY BAND play a series of shows around Britain next month. They open at Belfast Ulster Hall on March 1 — then, after a string of gigs in Eire, they play London Kilburn Gaumont State (10), Sheffield City Hall (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (13), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (14), Liverpool Central Hall (15), Birmingham Town Hall (16), Brighton Polytechnic (17), Leeds Irish Centre (20), Rochford Rocheway Centre (22) and London Camden Centre (23), returning to Ireland for Dublin Stadium (26). Support act is Jimmy Crowley.

# Ten extra by Sedaka

NEIL SEDAKA is to play a string of provincial concerts, in addition to his London Palladium week (April 22-28) exclusively revealed two weeks ago. His dates are Brighton Conference Centre (April 21), Sheffield City Hall (30), Dublin Stadium (May 1), two shows at Oxford New Theatre (3), Blackpool Opera House (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Glasgow Apollo (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Liverpool Empire (8) and Bridlington Spa Hall (9), with the probability of several more to come. He'll be performing with his own band and singers, and is also lined up for several TV appearances. Besides his established material he'll be featuring his new single 'Love Keeps Getting Stronger Everyday' (from the new Farrah Fawcett-Majors film 'Somebody Killed My Husband') and tracks from his latest album 'All You Need Is The Music'.

## Whittaker concerts

ROGER WHITTAKER is on the concert trail again, visiting Hatfield Forum (March 22), London Palladium (25), Oxford New Theatre (26), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27), Slough Thames Hall (28), Bristol Colston Hall (29), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (30), Paignton Festival Theatre (31), Coventry Theatre (April 1), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (3), Harrogate Royal Hall (4), Halifax Civic Theatre (5), Hanley Victoria Hall (6), Preston Guildhall (8), Bradford St. George's Hall (10), Hull City Hall (11), Birmingham Town Hall (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15) and Eastbourne Congress Theatre (16).

## Crazy Cavan gigging

CRAZY CAVAN & The Rhythm Rockers return from their stint in New York at Max's Kansas City and resume gigging next month at London Kensington Nashville (March 2), Gt Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre (3), Birmingham Aston University (9), Carshalton St Helier Arms (10), Stockport Jazz Cellar (15), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (16), London Dorchester Hotel (17), Plymouth Circus Club (21), London Southgate Royalty (22), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (23), London Lewisham Black Bull (24), Broadstairs Grand Ballroom (30) and York Oval Ball (31). More are being set.

# 25-GIG TOUR FOR McTELL

RALPH McTELL returns from America this month, and immediately starts preparing for an extensive UK concert tour in March and April. It ties in with the March 9 release of his new Warner Brothers album "Slide Away The Screen", and the dates and venues are:

Ipswich Corn Exchange (March 9), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (11), Paignton Festival Theatre (13), Poole Arts Centre (14), Chatham Central Hall (15), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (16), Horsham Capitol Theatre (17), Slough Fulcrum Centre (18), Hull New Theatre (21), Newcastle Spennymoor Leisure Centre (22), Sheffield University (23), Southport New Theatre (24), Bradford Alhambra (25), Blackburn King George's Hall (27), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (28) Derby Assembly Rooms (29), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (30), Northampton Theatre Royal (April 1), Croydon Fairfield Hall (2), Folkestone Leafs Cliff Hall (3), Cardiff New Theatre (4), Shrewsbury Music Hall (5), St Albans City Hall (6), Norwich St Andrew's Hall (7) and Cambridge Guildhall (8).


STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HERBIE HANCOCK

FEATURING
ALPHONSE MOUZON-DRUMS, BILL SUMMERS-PERCUSSION,
BENNIE MAUPIN JNR.-REEDS, PAUL JACKSON-BASS,
RAY OBIEDO-GUITAR, WEBSTER LEWIS JNR.-KEYBOARDS

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SATURDAY 24th FEBRUARY at 8·00
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick

WITH GUESTS
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AND THE FOUR ROUGH MEN
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| KATE BUSH The Kick Inside | £1.00 |
| THE JAM Songbook | £1.50 |
| IAN DURY Songbook | £2.95 |
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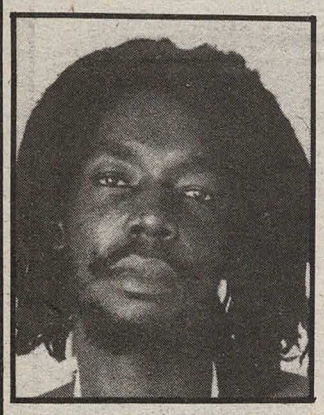
# RECORD NEWS



● The new **Peter Tosh** single, for Island release tomorrow (Friday) is 'Pick Myself Up' coupled with the title track from his album 'Bush Doctor'. There's also a 12-inch version available, which has 'Lesson In My Life' as an additional track.

● **David Essex** — last week named joint Show Business Personality of the Year in the Variety Club Awards — has a new single titled 'Imperial Wizard' issued by Mercury this weekend. It's the title track from his upcoming March album. Both single and LP are available in limited blue-vinyl editions.

● **Pat Travers** — who, as already reported, tours here with Journey next month — has his album 'Heat On The Streets' issued by Polydor on February 23. His current band comprises ex-Automatic Man guitarist Pat Thrall, ex-Black Oak drummer Tommy Aldridge and bassist Mars.

● A single album of music from **Lol Creme & Kevin Godley's** triple set 'Consequences' is issued by Mercury this weekend. Titled 'Music From Consequences', it sells at £4.35.

● The new single from disco star **Sylvester** is his live showstopper "I (Who Have Nothing)". Packaged in a picture sleeve, it's released by Fantasy on February 23.

● Songwirters Bill Martin and Phil Coulter have formed their own Coma record label, for distribution by Phonogram. First singles out this weekend are 'Concentration' by new trio **Scotch** and 'Casablanca' by singer **Geraldine.**

## Who soundtrack details

THE WHO's upcoming double soundtrack album 'The Kids Are Alright', from the recently-completed film tracing the band's history, consists of 19 tracks — all of them live performances. About half have been culled from TV shows including 'Ready Steady Go', 'The Rolling Stones Rock And Roll Circus' and American series such as 'Shindig'. Among other tracks are three from 'Woodstock' and others from the special set The Who played at Shepperton Studios last year.

Titles featured on the two-LP set are **My Generation, I Can't Explain, Happy Jack, I Can See For Miles, Magic Bus, Long Live Rock, Anyway Anyhow Anywhere, Young Man Blues, My Wife, Baba O'Reilly, A Quick One, Tommy Can Hear Me, Sparks, Pinball Wizard, See Me Feel Me, Join Together, Roadrunner, My Generation Blues** (medley) and **Won't Get Fooled Again.**

## 'GIGOLO' SONG BY VILLAGE PEOPLE

VILLAGE PEOPLE's version of the title song from the new David Bowie movie 'Just A Gigolo' is rushed out tomorrow (Friday) by DJM Records, replacing plans for a track called 'I Am What I Am' to be issued. At the same time, the newly-formed Jambo label (distributed by Pye) release the original soundtrack of the film — featuring Manhattan Transfer, Marlene Dietrich, Pasadena Roof Orchestra and The Ragtimers, plus a new Bowie song — and the Village People track has just been added to the LP as a last-minute bonus.

● The **Tavares** single 'Never Had A Love Like This Before', issued by Capitol in November, is being made available as a 12-inch on March 2 in its full-length form. This week, the same label issues the disco version of 'Cyclops' by **Eddie Henderson** as a 12-inch.

● **McGuinn, Clark & Hillman,** who play three nights at London The Venue this weekend (see Gig Guide), have a single called 'Surrender To Me' released by Capitol tomorrow (Friday). It's a track from their debut album, out at the same time.

● Riva Records are importing from America 12,000 picture discs of the hit **Rod Stewart** album 'Blondes Have More Fun'. They should be available in the shops by this weekend, priced £6.99.

● **The Wailing Cocks** are now mixing their first album 'Nothing Rock'. Five major labels are said to be interested in the band, following their Radio 1 sessions for John Peel, and they expect to have the LP out in mid-spring.

● **Ian Carr** returns after a two-year break from recording with an album titled 'Out Of The Long Dark', for Capitol release on February 23. It features nine of his own compositions.

● **Lindisfarne** have a new single issued by Mercury on February 23. Titled 'Warm Feelings', it's taken from their recent live album.

● Different Records release 'Feeling Soul' by **Bob Andy** on March 23, as one of their series of reissues of classic reggae albums. Originally titled 'The Music Inside Me', it's now been re-packaged as well as re-titled.

● Leamington five-piece band **The Shapes** release a four-track EP on March 2 on their own Sofa Records label. Titled 'Part Of The Furniture', it retails at 90p.

● Liverpool label The Zoo release two singles this weekend — 'Iggy Pop's Jacket' by **Those Naughty Lumps** and 'Sleeping Gas' by **The Teardrop Explodes.**

*HUGH NICHOLSON*

● **Blue** take another stab at the charts with the release this week of their new Rocket Records single 'Strangers Town'. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Fools' Party', due out in March. Also out this week on the same label is the debut solo single by Blue's lead singer **Hugh Nicholson,** titled 'How Beautiful'.

● Out this week on Stax is the LP 'Money Talks' by funk pioneers **The Bar-Kays.** Basic tracks were recorded in the mid-70s, but shelved when the label ran into financial problems. It's now been given a finished mix, with the addition of extra horn and vocal parts, following Fantasy's acquisition of Stax.

● Out this weekend on Arista are the **Grateful Dead** single 'Good Lovin'' (a revival of The Rascals' classic) and the album 'Manilow Magic — The Best Of **Barry Manilow'.**

● **The Cure's** single 'Killing An Arab'/'10.15 Saturday Night' is now available on Fiction Records, a new label launched by Chris Parry and distributed by Polydor. It was originally licensed to Small Wonder, but Fiction have taken it up due to high demand. Next release on the new outlet will be 'Double Hipness' by **The Associates.**

● **Bert Jansch** releases his first-ever all-instrumental LP this week on Charisma, titled 'Avocet'. Recorded in Denmark, it comprises six tracks all named after birds, with backing from Martin Jenkins and Danny Thompson.

# STREETBAND

## L O N D O N

LONDON is the Debut Album from Streetband.
Featuring "One More Step" their New Single.

The first 20,000 copies will be pressed in transparent vinyl,
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Available On Logo Records & Tapes.
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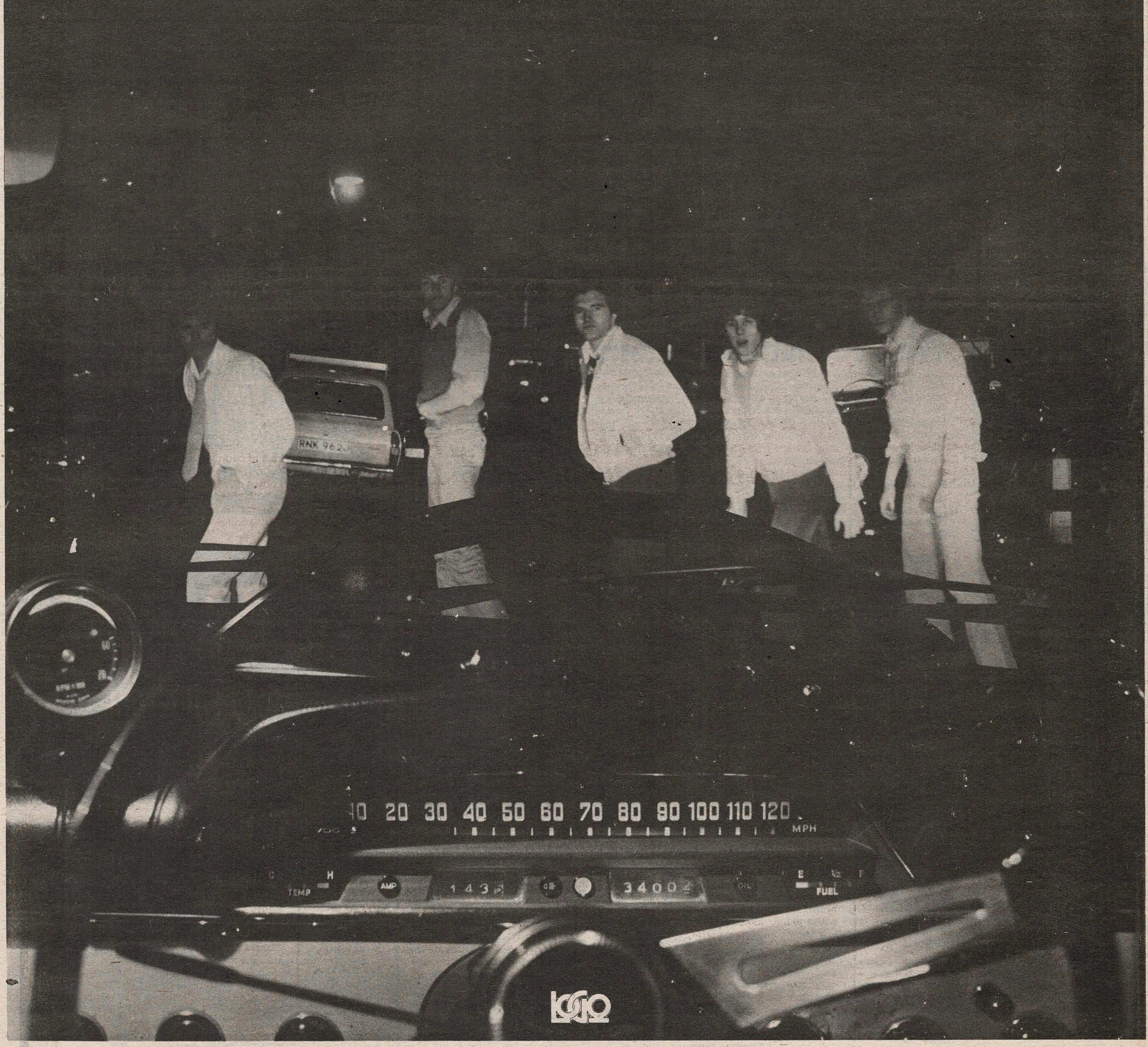
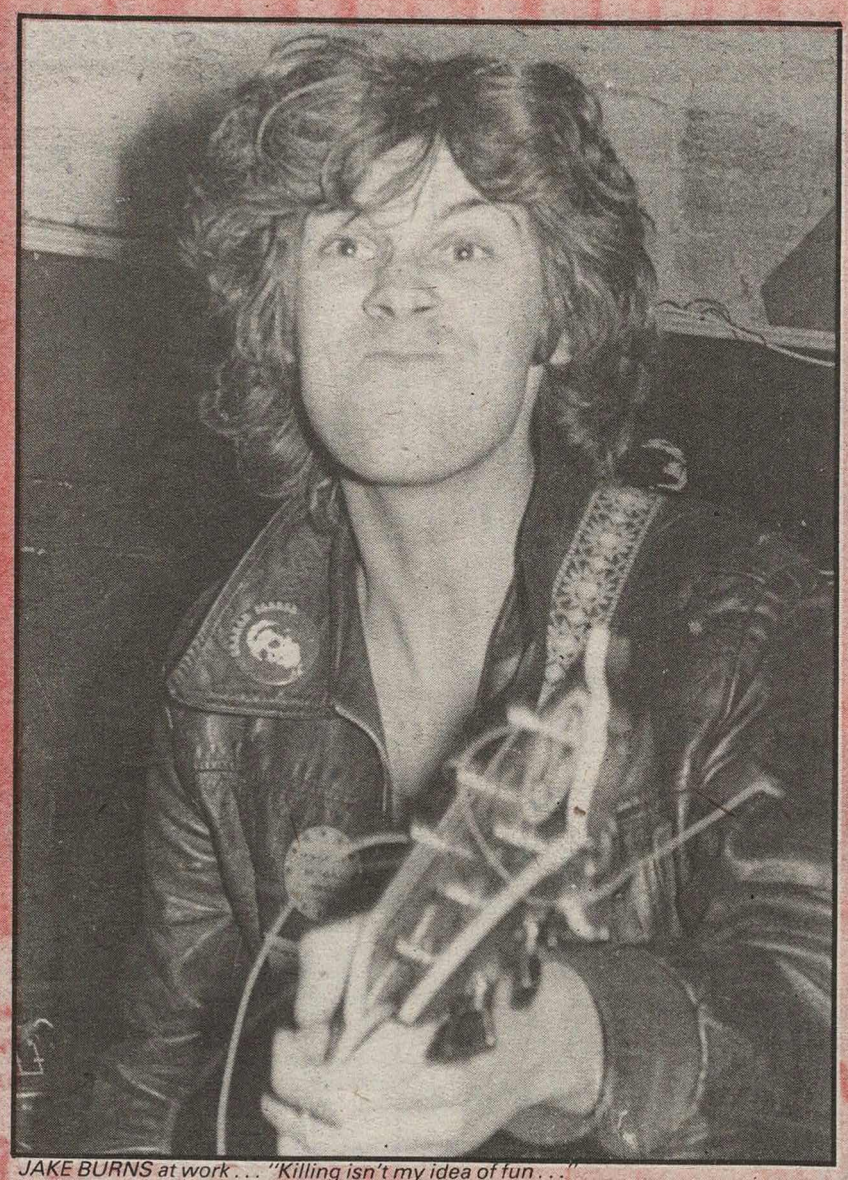
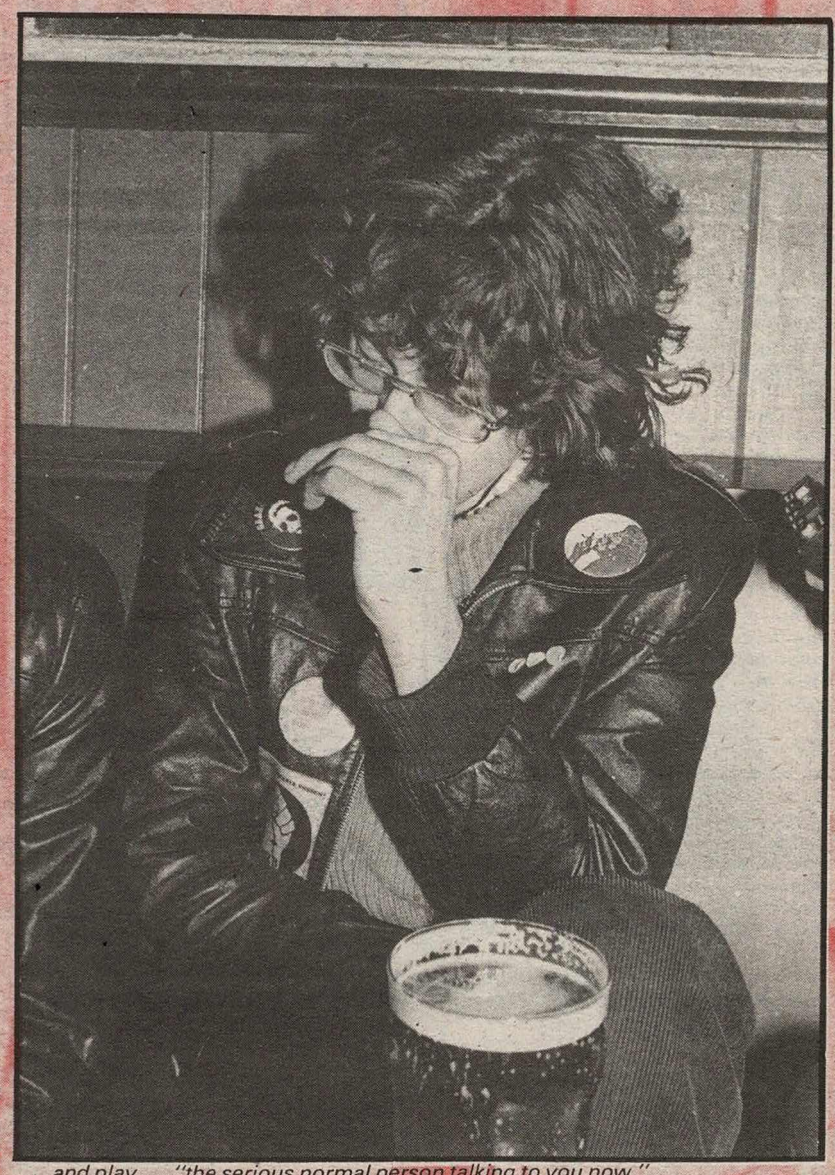




Pic: Alastair Graham

*JAKE BURNS at work . . . "Killing isn't my idea of fun . . ."*



Pic: Rob Hall

*. . . and play . . . "the serious normal person talking to you now."*

# BELFAST'S RIPPED BACK SIDES

***STIFF LITTLE FINGERS is a rock'n'roll password to the ultimate teenage wasteland. It's a message. And it's also a way to escape. After hearing the definitive album statement on Ulster, PAUL MORLEY picks up on the facts of life behind the music.***

JAKE BURNS sits next to me in a Cardiff pub. He's the singer, lead guitarist and main writer for Stiff Little Fingers, who just completed a soundcheck for a gig at the Grannies Club — another sell out date on the current Rough Trade tour along with Essential Logic and Robert Rental and the Normal.

Burns is small, wears glasses. If he forgets to shave for a couple of days the gentle fluff around his cheeks only breaks into the harder stuff near his chin. His hair is a coy, curly mass of black. He's wearing a thick ribbed sweater with a deep polo neck over an awful C&A large collar shirt, and a pair of shapeless jeans.

He laughs nervously, talks intelligently and perceptively and is 21 this week. Not long ago he was an accounts clerk. On a stage, even at a soundcheck, when he goes 1!2!3!4! he's somebody else, something else, somewhere else. Possessed. It's dramatic.

"That's the black leather jacket! It's true . . . it's a thing I've talked about with my girlfriend and close friends, and we're convinced that there are three people within me.

"There's the serious, normal person who's talking to you now, just two people in a pub, then there's me being silly with my girlfriend, y'know, then there's The Black Leather Jacket, and The Black Leather Jacket is the guy on stage and he's totally removed from the other two and I've a lot of time for him and he's me at work and he's probably 80 per cent of me.

"The Black Leather Jacket is what I've always wanted to be. When The Black Leather Jacket's up there he's working, and when The Black Leather Jacket's working he's got to be rock'n'roll and he's got to be everything rock'n'roll's ever wanted to be and everything rock'n'roll's gonna be.

"So up there it's like Clash, Dr. Feelgood, The Tom Robinson Band, Culture, Bob Marley, Graham Parker and everyone else I've ever, ever admired in rock'n'roll, shoving them in a jacket, putting the guitar in the hands, sticking them on stage . . . he's got to be like that, he's got to be everything, and it's bang! . . . the minute it goes bang! the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end . . . maybe with the 1-2-3-4's it's me counting myself out of one thing and into the other . . ."

Stiff Little Fingers are the best rock'n'roll group in my world.

Jake Burns, Ali McMordie, Henry Cluney and Jim Reilly come from Belfast, where teenage life is an alienating and alien thing that provokes much passion amongst those many new pop groups (representing the cities' youth?) who've emerged over the last 18 months.

Fun-loving funny bands like Protex actively attack Fingers for their flawed but committed concentration on the events and environments of an intense, absurd civil war of conscience.

Listening to Stiff Little Fingers' powerful and moving debut album 'Inflammable Material' and talking to the band, you realise it's an absolute insult to accuse them of anything so extraordinarily ludicrous as exploiting the situation over there. It's not knocking Protex or The Undertones, who make great pop music as the Fingers will quickly point out, to say that Stiff Little Fingers have a right, or the right, to report and reflect direct experiences from a most resounding and atrocious contemporary predicament, and do so with great emotional courage and selectivity.

It seems an aspect of the distorting confusion and bitterness over there, and the way that inhabitants have become used to and tolerant of the tragedy, that the Fingers can provoke often quite hateful accusations and dismissals of their intentions and integrity. The group have long been aware that they tread a fine line, and it's easy to appreciate how people can become suspicious of the groups motivations.

"We just wanted to point out to people what was happening. Obviously you're going to get people saying aw fuck off you're making it up, but that shouldn't make you stop."

And significantly the widespread unsureness of the group's position on a pure political basis is deep enough (such as Protex announcing that the group are caught up in the Troops Out Movement, a review in *Melody Maker* last week deciding that the group are for the troops staying in) to suggest that they've succeeded in impartially screaming out that this is what it's like and they've had enough.

Belfast people claim that kids don't want the troubles rammed down their throats, they're sick of living it, but that hardly explains away the facts that apart from reporting the emergency there is plenty of hope and yearning in the songs, that the group play original, stunning rock'n'roll dance music and that they're incredibly popular in their home town.

Belfast has given Stiff Little Fingers the force to make them justifiably the angriest and most determined rock'n'roll group anywhere. They had the desire, the emotion, the experience, the concern to justify their early music, and readily understand that that period is now at an end, or at least ending. It wasn't exploitation. It was a need.

"It's like Ian Hunter once said something about Northern Ireland, which is absolutely ridiculous. He basically said you'd have to take a whole generation of kids out of Northern Ireland and let everybody else die out and then put that generation back in. He said it sounded barbaric but it was the only solution that he could see.

"It's the only solution that I can see too! Truly . . . it's because like the older people really do say you hit him! But they don't give a reason . . . what crime has he done against me? . . . he was born . . . he went to different sort of church from me . . . and you're supposed to hit him for that!!! It comes down to something as stupid as that . . . both sides are as bad as each other.

"And the point is the kids all group up like that, and form gangs and throw bottles at each other. Which I used to do — just cos everyone else was doing it. I didn't want to feel left out or mocked. Then I stopped. I thought it was fucking stupid. I didn't want to do it any more. I mean, it scared the hell out of me.

"It was fucking frightening. I thought why the hell should I go out there so someone can hit me over the head for something I don't believe in. Fuck it. I became sick of it . . . but you can become part of it. There's some people who keep going, and they're the people I feel sorry for. Like my mate . . .

"There's a game we used to play back home called 'cribbie'. We used to play that all the time. One day we were at the edge of the kerb, it was summer, just the two of us, and it was at a time when 'the organisation' around our area had just started, and they didn't have guns but they still used to march around the area with like broomsticks over their shoulders, which I thought was fucking stupid.

"But the minute they walked past my mate's eyes lit up — and I won't tell you the actual line he came out with till later — but he went out and joined the thing . . . and he was out on a 'glorious mission' for 'the organisation', and he was on a bus, that was the 'glorious mission' robbing a bus for funds . . . and his colleague got off, and he didn't but as he was trying to get off the driver closed the automatic doors and caught my mates ankle and he was pulled out under the wheels of the bus, had his insides crushed and died next morning.

"And the thing was, when those guys marched past with those broomsticks his

■ *Continues over page*

# Black Leather Jackets And Stiff Little Fingers Continued

■ *From previous page*

eyes lit up. He turned to me and said, 'Fuck, I could be a solider' . . ."

*I could be a soldier / Go out there and fight to save this land / Be a people's soldier / Paramilitary gun in hand / I won't be no soldier / I won't take no orders from no-one / Stuff their fucking armies / Killing isn't my idea of fun / (chorus). They wanna waste my life / They wanna waste my time / They wanna waste my life / And they've stolen it away / I could be a hero / Live and die for their 'important' cause / A united nation / Or an independent state with laws / And rules and regulations / That merely cause disturbances and wars / This is what I've got now / All thanks to the freedom seeking hordes / (chorus) I'm not gonna be taken in / They said if I don't join I just can't win / I've heard that story many times before / And every time I threw it out the door / Still they come up to me / With a different name but the same old face / I can see the connection / With another time and a different place / They ain't blonde haired or blue eyed/ but they think that they're the master race / They're nothing but blind fascists / Brought I' to hate and given lives to waste (chorus)*

**(Wasted Life' copyright Rough Trade/Stiff Little Fingers)**

"That is the only song I've ever sat down and gone bang; just straight out. I think it's the best song we play. I was doing the vocals for that in the studio, and everyone was sat in the control room and they said right that'll do, and I asked did anyone cry, and they said what, and I said did anyone cry, and they said no . . . and I said don't fucking stop me until someone in there cries!"

JAKE AND the band recall teenage days in Ulster with an incomprehensible mixture of distaste, humour, fondness, relief, detachment and disgust. Activities taken for granted most anywhere else — playing records with friends, going for a drink — were fraught with unknown and possibly imaginary danger.

The excitement when a mate got a car and eight or nine of them would cram in for a 'relaxed' night at a pub knowing they were assured of getting home is still savoured.

They got 'used' to it in a way, something you have to do; something that prompts (too) desperate criticism of the Fingers swirling the dirty waters; something that means that daily killings are relegated to page five of the papers. Existence was difficult but perversely, darkly natural. It was easy to get soaked into the reactionary climate of Ulster and rot.

Punk music, realistic rock'n'roll, drifted over the waters, courtesy of that crucial catalyst and display merchant John Peel, and connected with and productively inspired the band's innate love for rock and pop.

"Nobody knew what to make of it at the time. But suddenly we found ourselves isolated from a lot of our friends, because up till then we'd all like Led Zep and things like that . . . I remember sitting in my room on Jubilee day playing 'God Save The Queen' out of my window at full blast."

By August 1977 the inevitably formed Stiff Little Fingers played their first gig in a city where it was hitherto almost unknown to move while playing, the group themselves gleefully going way over the top, leaping over tables, dressing comically punk, playing over two - and - a - half hours of cover versions.

Indicative of Ulster's acute cultural and social conservatism is the natives' suspicion of anything musically different. So the band out of necessity played early gigs almost like an alternative showband. "Cos, you see, no one would listen to you unless you were doing covers. We had to get known before we could start doing what we really wanted to do."

Within a few weeks the sound of Stiff Little Fingers as it is known today began to push through. They began to write songs themselves, initially greatly unsure whether to ignore or involve observations and frustrations of what was all around and inside them. They correctly predicted the suspicion and cynicism they would attract if they concerned themselves with overtly documenting and using as solid inspiration Belfast bloodshed and hatred, knew that they would face continual misinterpretation and abrupt abuses.

Meeting newspapermen Colin McClelland and Gordon Ogivie was the turning point. McClelland was a local entertainments writer who Burns had been cheekily pestering about the greatness of the group. He eventually responded, admired and enjoyed what he saw, and was initially their manager, soon to be replaced by his friend Ogivie.

"Colin and Gordon really pushed us in the direction of writing about Belfast. Colin had been around bands for years and he said, look you can do it if you want to do it and do it your way, and I'll help. And obviously that was the spur we needed.

"So we thought Right! we'll do it our way.

*l. to r. Jake Burns, Henry Cluney, Jim Reilly, Ali McMordie.*

**"This is going to sound funny but Northern Ireland people are the friendliest people in the world — if only they'd stop killing each other."**

And we did. Obviously it makes it a lot easier if you've got someone else saying yes you *can* do it. He wasn't saying, yes you can do it and I'll guarantee to pay you. He was saying, yes you can do it, believe in yourselves."

My hesitancy voiced in last week's subdued album review is all but melted away by the band. It could easily appear that McClelland and Ogilvie were manipulating the fresh youngsters for some devious reasons, and Ogilvie does write some words for the group. But rather than hinder and mould, the two helped and provided outside experience and dedication to supply the group with practical confidence to supplement their natural aggression and give them that early impetus to say what they wanted to say and know that it needed to be said.

Burns is full of stories of Ogilvie's moral and financial support both in early days as well as when they became more popular, and curtly refutes any suggestion of him mouthing words he doesn't believe in.

Ogilvie simply supplies economy for feelings they're unable to express effectively. The group maintain it's an advantageous collaboration, insist that the words they sing portray totally their own feelings, and reveal absolute faith in Ogilvie.

"There's no way we'd sing something Gordon had written if we didn't have total belief in it. The number of lyrics we've thrown back at him just because the language wasn't something we'd use . . . There are times when Gordon goes totally over the top. But he's a journalist, his line is words, and he can put a paragraph that we give him into four lines and say exactly the same thing."

The group's first record, 'Suspect Device,' (one of the all time great debut records) came out at the beginning of 1978 on Rigid Digit Records. The first pressing was 500.

"I remember seeing them in Gordon's front room, I mean it's, not a lot really, but I've never seen so many records in all my life, and we had to fold and glue the sleeves of every single. I remember looking at them and wondering if we could sell them all . . ."

'Suspect Device' has sold 25,000 copies so far. The first thing the group did with the first money returns was to pay Delgar to do the sleeves.

A significant point was that the single, a deep, urgent cry of resentment, sold a considerable number of copies in their home town, and the group are proud and realistic about that.

"I don't think our records would sell in Belfast if there weren't a lot of kids who are aware or fed up of the prejudice. It would be very easly for me to say, yes, these kids are buying our records, all the trouble in Northern Ireland is going to stop next week. Which is a load of shit, cos there's always going to be bias on both sides. It's conceivable that kids on 'both sides' could be jumping up and down at one of our gigs smiling and grinning at each other then go away and next week beat the living shit out of each other. That is quite possible. But even so someone's got to say something, you've got to do something. No-one's ever said a word."

AFTER 'SUSPECT DEVICE' the group steadily ascended on a bumpy route to attention and acclaim. During 1978 they released their second Rigid Digit single, 'Alternative Ulster' (one of the all-time great second records by a group). Highspot of '78 was touring as support to The Tom Robinson Band.

"We just wrote a letter, which shows how naive we were, asking if we could do it. We got a reply saying no, and we thought fair enough. But then the original support pulled out for some reason and the first we knew about doing the tour was something in *Sounds* saying would we get in touch with TRB's management. We celebrated. The tour did us a lot of good."

The lowspot of '78 was the Island Records farce. The label dived in and showered the group with promises and they hardly resisted. Four young guys punching the air gave up their jobs, were plonked in London's plush Cunard Hotel eagerly awaiting developments, and were then brusquely told, after Chris Blackwell returned from some mission, that they weren't wanted. The affair is celebrated on 'Rough Trade,' a track on the album.

*And you're sitting there in your London office / snug and warm / and you think that you've won but / just remember this is just round one / we're gonna do it our way / we're gonna make it on our own.*

The most traumatic event of 1978 was that the group inevitably left Belfast, which can be viewed as either a success or as the sell out. Burns will admit on reflection that an early background motivation for forming the group was that it was a way to escape Belfast, something that soon came to the fore.

"I can't deny it. I mean, there've always been three ways out — join the army, be a professional footballer, or be a rock'n'roll singer. In Belfast you just don't join the army, so you've only got two choices left; and we've not got many great footballers as we showed against England . . . four fucking nil aw god . . . so it's down to becoming a rock'n'roll singer . . ."

What Burns and the band seem to say, unashamedly and admittedly selfishly, is that the only alternative to the apparently perpetual emergency is to fight some sort of way out of it.

"I was in Belfast recently and a kid came up to me and he asked me what my idea of an alternative Ulster was. And I said, I suppose playing a guitar in a band's mine. He said, fuck it I can't do that, and I said, what do you want me to do, teach you how to play guitar. No-one's going to hand it to you on a plate mate. If you want a fucking alternative Ulster no-one's saying, here it is, it's yours.

"The line in 'Alternative Ulster' is *'grab it and change it it's yours'*. You've got to make the effort. We're not going to hand out ready-made solutions. We're not going to hand out tickets to London, much as we'd like to. If those kids want to get out of it, they can — we proved that . . . The Undertones have proved that."

But was Stiff Little Fingers' alternative to get away from it . . .?

"Not really, because it's an inbuilt thing. No-one wants to leave Belfast for ever. It's understandable . . . because, and this is going to sound incredibly strange, but the people from Northern Ireland are the friendliest people in the world — *if they'd just stop fucking killing each other!*

"But is the only alternative to get out and run away? No. It's what I did — but right from the start it was always what I wanted to do. I always wanted to play guitar in a rock'n'roll band, and you can only play to so many audiences in the same place so, you have to break out.

"In a way — and this is going to sound pretentious — I think I am helping people. So long as I can do both these things then I'm really happy. And we are going to keep going back to Belfast. We're not running away. "It sounds really corny but if we can go from here and be something to be really proud of for Belfast then it's worth doing and we'll certainly try to do it. It's something that I very much want to do. But now we've moved away there's no way we're going to write any more songs about Belfast. Ever. Because it would be just lying and that would be just cashing in."

BY THE END of 1978 Stiff Little Fingers were the most popular new group in Britain. This is obvious from their position in the *NME* newcomers poll (second to Public Image Ltd., who had a carry-forward vote), and their impact on John Peel's recent "50 Alltime Great Songs," voted for by listeners. Stiff Little Fingers' 'Suspect Device' came an astonishing fourth, behind a trio of Pistols and Clash songs, and 'Alternative Ulster' came 11th.

But it's not simply the TRBF tour and the Peel plugs that powered them to the people. It's their extraordinary magic and power. They have it all. It's not just riffs and assault, but sensitivity and structure, depth and control. Their album 'Inflammable Material' is packed with shapely, active songs ferociously and flexibly sung, superbly played, each one hard and individual. *Melody Maker,* stupidly found fault with the album because it was "18 months too late." But the sound is *now,* as *then.* Strong enough, realistic enough, proper enough to be timeless, whether it came in '76, '79, '82 or '85. No gimmicks, no pose, noise and noise, arranged and angry, immediately identifiable.

It wasn't just the frustration of their environment that provided the scalding energy to make the music, but Burns' straightforward understanding of what he wants Stiff Little Fingers to sound like. Nothing to do with Belfast or rebellion or anti-technique but the love of a fan who has 20 years of pop and rock to use or discard. With something unkown as the catalyst for it all instead of something known.

"The only acid test I ever use in a song is if I would buy it. Rock'n'roll to me has to sound like a train madly out of control, going down a mountain side just about to fall off the tracks. That's the sound I've always aimed for on our records and it's something that I buy, something that sounds so totally, utterly out of control it's going to collapse in any minute but it just manages to stay in there. I think that's great."

One critic did comment that on the album the group were not offering any solutions, but Burns claims that was never the idea. "We've said all along we're not giving solutions. We're just telling people all around us what's going on . . . We never set ourselves up as being politicians or anything. All we're doing is, if you like, describing life in Belfast. We're not saying OK, let's get up and change the world. All we're saying in 'Alternative Ulster' is get off your arses and do something for yourselves. You're sitting there complaining you're bored and that there's nothing to do. Get off your arses and do something.

"Even when I'm on stage saying this killing is wrong to these kids, I don't want the power to make them go away mindlessly whining this killing is wrong, this killing is wrong. I want then to go away and think is it wrong? I want them to work it out, cos I don't want to tell anyone what to do.

"I mean, people have been telling us what to do all along, and the very fact Stiff Little Fingers as a band are in existence is because we don't want anyone else telling us what to do anymore. We've had enough, and if I was those kids and I started telling them this is wrong, that is wrong I'd just say fuck away off, you can't tell me what to do."

ON STAGE Stiff Little Fingers are the most consistently naturally exciting and potent rock force imaginable, recalling for me the hysteria of Rotten Pistols, the ecstasy of Devoto Buzzcocks, the best bits of Clash without the contrivance, and Sham without the sloppiness.

The noise is crudely sophisticated, brutal and hard, the set's pacing relentless. The risky, reckless sound is captured. The words all but get lost in the musical melee but the overall tangible feeling is one of defiance; the feeling of universal rebellion and individualism that comes from the localised desperation of universal records, where the words can be appreciated, is intensified live. Everyone can identify with the Fingers' cause; a two way cause; the body and the morals.

Burns discards his shirt and sweater, and the glasses, and his badge-decorated jacket separates his sticker-covered

■ *Continues page 61*

# ROGER CHAPMAN

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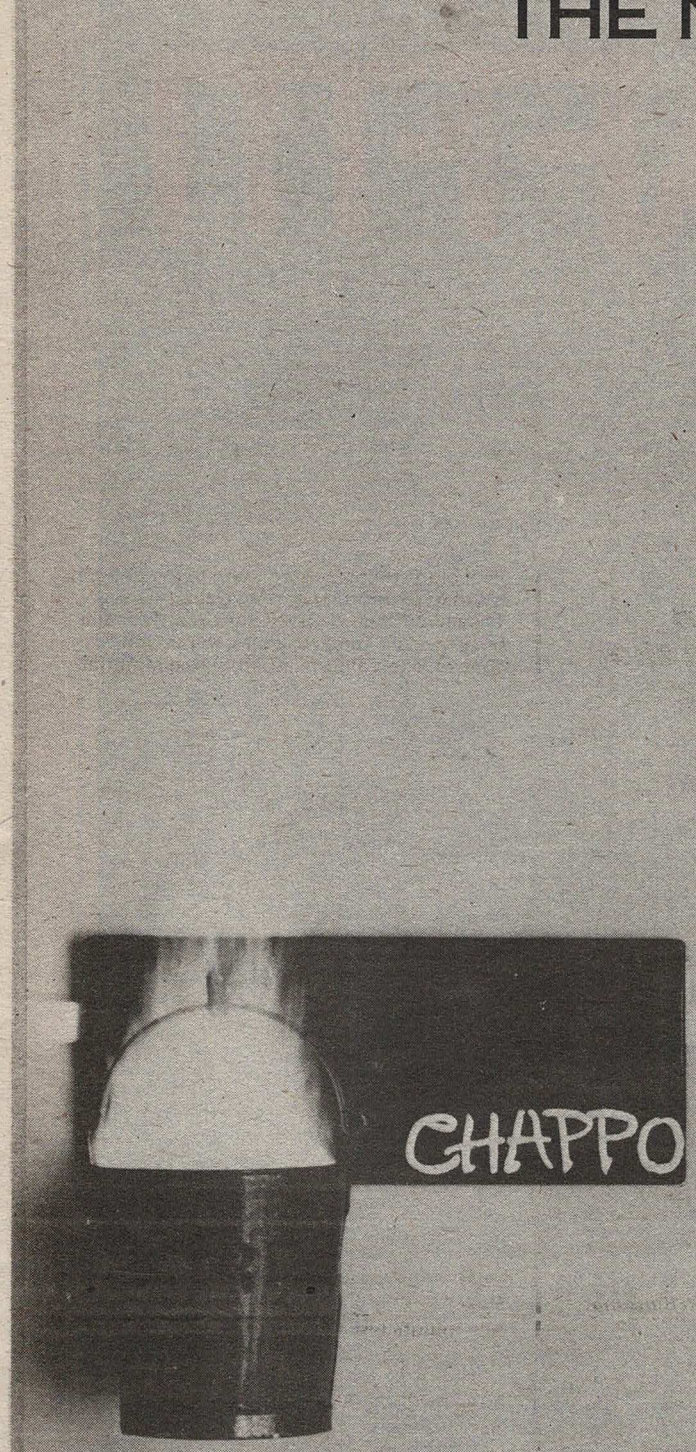

## ON TOUR

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Thursday | 22nd February | OXFORD Polytechnic. | Sunday | 4th March | NEWCASTLE Polytechnic. |
| Friday | 23rd February | BIRMINGHAM, Aston University. | Tuesday | 6th March | LEICESTER University. |
| Tuesday | 27th February | SHEFFIELD University. | Wednesday | 7th March | KEELE University. |
| Wednesday | 28th February | LIVERPOOL, Eric's. | Friday | 9th March | BRISTOL University. |
| Thursday | 1st March | ABERDEEN, Fusion Art's Ball. | Saturday | 10th March | MANCHESTER University. |
| Saturday | 3rd March | GLASGOW, Strathclyde University. | Tuesday | 13th March | LONDON, Lyceum. |

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THRILLS

Now Jim Says It:
'I QUIT'

*Last week's NME*

# THRILLS

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

***As Jim says it again, DANNY BAKER asks:***

## WHAT NOW FOR SHAM?

**AS EXCLUSIVELY reported by *NME* last week, Sham 69 retired from live performance after their January 1 gig at Friars, Aylesbury.**

**Over a week after the event, it looks as if Pursey's words were really in earnest.**

**At first sight it might have been suggested that the retirement announcement was merely a piece of drama. After all, there were TV cameras present, filming the gig for LWT's *London Weekend Show*.**

**The resignation speech was screened on Sunday, showing Pursey striding calmly to the mike and flatly stating, "A lot of people over the last months have slagged us, blaming us for everything. Because of those people this is the last time Sham 69 are ever gonna play . . ."**

***Could* he be serious?**

**Last Friday was Jim's 25th birthday and, hearing the old brute was feeling down, I thought I might call and see if festivities and a break had smoothed things out.**

**On calling him, it came as a shock to recognise the voice on the other end as James Pursey. In the nearly two years I've known him I've never heard his tone so flat, humourless, so defeated.**

**So what's going on?**

**"Aww Danny it's all got so . . . I dunno. Fuckin' idiot I am, I tried to overdose on Wednesday — there, that's how messed up I feel. I collapsed at me girl's house and all that bleedin' game.**

**"It's just, y'know . . . what do they want of me? Right at the beginning I felt I was fighting against an ignorant wall, then it got good, then we become the whipping boys again. I got to dread each gig and I always said if that got to be the case I'd jack it all in, so there you are.**

**"Christ, you know I never ever wanted to be a bloody pop star or any of that lark, but when things get as big as fast as that you can't stop things . . . I dunno . . ."**

**So is that it?**

**"Right now that is it. Finished with. But I feel for the boys (the rest of Sham), I mean they don't know what the fuck's happening. And even when things were going the poor sods never got an ounce of recognition, it was always Jimmy Pursey this, Jimmy Pursey that.**

**"In the *NME* we looked over them poll results and what is there? Nothing. I mean that really hurts, and then the paper feels the need to point out that we failed to score . . . know what I mean?"**

**So what now?**

**"Well it's me birthday and I'm well on the way to getting well gone. The only plan I've got right now is to go to Walton Hop tomorrow night and do a bit of DJ'ing — give it a bit of the old 'Instant Replay' eh? . . ."**

**Happy birthday Jim.**

**"Yeah sure . . . right." And he's gone.**

**If this is a trough of depression then it's a mighty deep trench. Pursey sounded all through and bitter with it. If my advice is wanted I'd say that he should never go back to the role which has ground him down. He needs Jimmy Pursey a lot more than he needs Jimmy Sham.**

THRILLS

Pic: JOE STEVENS

*JR in suit-filing suit*

# JOHNNY GOES A-COURTING

**High Courting, that is. STEVE CLARKE (of the Court) witnesses proceedings in the case of John Lydon vs. Glitterbest Ltd., Stephen Jones, Paul Cook, John Beverley (deceased) and Matrixbest Ltd.**

IN THE SOBER climes of court number 37 at the Royal Courts of Justice, a High Court Judge last week heard of the trials and tribulations of The Sex Pistols.

Outside, a cheerful Johnny Rotten, aka John Lydon, signed autographs for middle-aged women, and at least one well-heeled tourist ... and the court usher.

Looking the colour of chalk and in need of a course of Clearasil, Rotten was decked out in the kind of flamboyant suit favoured by circus clowns. With matching tartan tie and purple-topped brothel creepers, he brought an element of colour into the bland court room with its fluorescent strip lighting and air of taking everything at a snail's pace.

Defendant Malcolm McLaren wore the de rigeur leather strides, brown V-neck jumper, nondescript collar and tie and — for street apparel — a rather fine specimen of black fur coat.

In an action that coincided macabrely with the cremation of Sid Vicious, Lydon is seeking to appoint a receiver to sort out the Pistols financial affairs and to prevent McLaren's company Glitterbest from using the name Sex Pistols other than in connection with himself, Paul Cook, Steve Jones and the late Vicious.

Lydon is also seeking a declaration that his contract with McLaren is no longer valid and that he may no longer act as his manager or agent.

The hearing was decidedly low-key. Neither the press or public benches were full.

In the public benches there were, at various times, a collection of curious students, a party of Lydon's mates including his brother, and the odd 'respectable looking' member of the public, as well as Ari Up's mother Nora.

Despite the lurid tales of group sex, incest and necrophilia in last Thursday's press — these items were mentioned in connection with a projected Pistols film script — there was little to keep the smut-hungry on their toes.

The legal eagles shied away from four-letter words or reading out the really juicy bits.

"I'm a little daunted at reading out 29 pages of film treatment," said Lydon's Q.C., Mr. John Wilmers, on the second day of the hearing (Thursday). And referring to how Judge Mr. Justice Browne-Wilkinson would have to read the 'treatment' at home, Mr. Wilmers added: "I'm afraid reading it won't be a pleasure."

Rotten and McLaren were impassive, although occasionally a smirk cracked their respective visages — for instance the latter couldn't suppress a smile when Wilmers read out a film script that quoted McLaren as saying: "You don't take calls from venues that want the band to play."

Despite the spicy nature of much of the material under discussion — sex and drugs and rock and roll, not to mention the alleged disappearance of substantial sums from the Pistols' coffers — the proceedings more than once plumbed the depths of boredom.

"It's boring my pants off," announced Lydon in his best Peter Cook voice after the second day. On the first day Mr. Wilmers read Lydon's affidavit which revealed that Lydon, born January 31, 1956, had gained three 'O' levels (English Language and Literature and History) at school and a fourth, Art, at a college of further education. He failed 'A' level Art and quit Kingsway College of Further Education before completing a two-year 'A' level English course.

Lydon said he met Paul Cook, Steve Jones and Glen Matlock in September 1975 at Sex, McLaren's clothes shop in the King's Road. The four formed a group and called themselves The Sex Pistols.

Lydon described the Pistols' relationship until September 1976 as "highly informal".

"It was always accepted that our earnings and expenses as a group were to be shared equally between us and we just seemed to break

● *Continues next page*

## ROTTEN v. McLAREN

● *From previous page*

even. We lived on virtually nothing."

At this time the Pistols had no manager, but did receive considerable assistance from McLaren. He arranged some dates for the band, though Lydon pointed out that the first gigs were organised by Matlock.

McLaren, he claimed, showed no interest in the Pistols' music then — or since.

Lydon said that all the Pistols lyrics were written by him. "The Sex Pistols style was developed by Cook, Jones, Matlock and myself, and not by McLaren.

"I was dressing and dying my hair in the way which is widely associated with me before the group was formed."

In September 1976, McLaren told the Pistols that EMI wanted to sign them, but only on condition that they had a regular manager and office. McLaren left a copy of a draft agreement with Lydon and a few days later Lydon met with McLaren and his solicitor Steven Fisher, a prominent music business lawyer.

"I did not understand much of the agreement, "Lydon told the court. "But I thought it gave McLaren too much control of the group and I said so. I believe that Fisher made some changes, but I still felt I didn't understand it and I didn't like it."

Lydon alleged that McLaren told him the other three Pistols had already signed it and that if he didn't sign quickly EMI would lose interest. He therefore signed the contract, which was for five years.

Mr. Wilmers claimed that the group could not have understood the contract without help: "None of them had any serious education attainments — though my client can read very well."

Lydon told the court that he thought the agreement "one-sided and oppressive", and also said that neither the names Sex Pistols, Johnny Rotten or Sid Vicious was created by McLaren — adding that before the group formed Steve Jones had been lead singer in a group called Q.T. Jones and his Sex Pistols and that in one context or another the name Sex Pistols had been used before.

Lydon's statement pointed out that McLaren and Fisher are the only shareholders and directors of Glitterbest. Regarding Vicious joining the band, he said that he (Lydon) invited him to join and that Matlock had quit because of personal differences between the two, particularly over the material the Pistols should perform.

It was also revealed that McLaren and Fisher prepared a letter which they required Matlock to sign saying he was no longer a member of the group

ACCORDING TO Lydon's statement, Glitterbest received just under half a million pounds on the group's behalf from September 1976 until March 1978.

On top of this there was a payment of £200,000 from Warner Brothers Records in advance of a projected Pistols movie. The film was subsequently abandoned, but not until Glitterbest had spent "considerable sums on its preparation", said Mr. Wilmers.

On top of this, there was an advance of £10,000 from CPE/Barclay, the Pistols' European outlet, and two advances from Virgin Records, of £2,500 and £19,000.

Lydon's split from the Pistols came on January 16, 1978 when the group were in San Francisco on the last leg of their first American tour.

"Before the tour I had become seriously discontented with McLaren," said Lydon. "He had no interest in our music and was only interested in publicity."

One of the reasons for this disillusionment was McLaren's idea for the Pistols to make a film with the American "bombastic six thriller" director Russ Meyer.

"I found Meyer's script and ideas objectionable."

Mr. Wilmers claimed the script was "obscene and offensive" and would have damaged Lydon's career: there were scenes of necrophillia, incest, group sex, gross violence and sexual perversion.

He described the script as "the foulest document I have ever seen."

"I am not reading the whole of it in open court. Page 52 is incest — not just incest — but incest by one of the members of the group with his mother."

Wilmers further claimed that McLaren hired another American film director, called Caplan, for the movie and then sacked him without consulting Lydon or the rest of the group.

McLaren then wrote his own script for a film called *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle*. Referring to it, Wilmers said that McLaren's recipe for a successful punk band was to find four kids, make sure they hate each other, and make sure they can't play. The script described Steve Jones as stealing constantly from McLaren's shop Sex and Lydon as a failed poet.

Wilmers then proceeded to outline McLaren's masterplan for the Pistols' blitzkrieg on the music business as stated in the film script.

"They must masquerade as a support band and gatecrash hippy colleges. We don't want fans who like music but fans who like dress. We must cultivate the curiosity of the Press and media but minimise the possibility of them seeing the group.

"You gain credibility from nothing. You're the talk of the town. You find yourself a lawyer who's not interested in music, but who's only interested in making money. You don't take any calls from venues that want the band to play. Be as obstructive as possible to fulfill the record companies' wildest dreams. Intensify the group's misbehaviour. Make sure those headlines come thick and fast. Keep a low profile and play gigs where no-one can turn up."

Asked by Mr Justice Browne-Wilkinson what he (Wilmers) objected to, the latter replied: "Everything. The film makes him (Lydon) out to look a fool."

The judge then asked whether Lydon was party to McLaren's manipulation.

Wilmers: "Bear in mind that he was precisely 20 years old."

Mr Godfried, McLaren's Q.C. later claimed that the script was meant to be a satire and not a statement of fact.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

***"McLaren had no interest in our music" — Rotten***

Lydon's other area of discontent with McLaren was concerned with McLaren's alleged desire to prevent the Pistols playing live gigs.

Said Lydon in his statement: "McLaren hoped that our record sales would be enhanced if the public were under the impression that we were banned from playing. That was certainly untrue. Some halls wouldn't have us, but others applied to Glitterbest for gigs during 1977 and were either refused or else received no replies."

In the end, he claimed, the Pistols resorted to doing three secret gigs under assumed names.

Mr. Wilmers then informed the court of Lydon's difficulty in contacting McLaren while in San Francisco.

Lydon claimed that McLaren set up a trip to Brazil, where the group were to be photographed with train robber Ronald Biggs, without consulting Lydon. He was exhausted and ill with bronchitis and couldn't see how the band could fit in a concert in Rio before a gig in Stockholm that had already been scheduled.

At this time Sid Vicious rang Lydon one morning at 5.00 am to inform him that McLaren had just visited him. McLaren had complained to Vicous about Lydon, and Vicious himself told Lydon that he had had enough of the Pistols.

"Vicious sounded incoherent," said Lydon's statement. "I've since heard that he took an overdose of heroin shortly after McLaren's visit." Subsequently, Wilmers claimed, Lydon and McLaren had a face to face showdown at which Lydon said he didn't like getting publicity out of a man who had left a train driver like a vegetable.

The judge asked whether Rotten had changed in view of his refusal to become involved with Biggs. "The image projected is one in which violence is not opposed," he commented.

Mr. Wilmers said that Rotten did not approve of killing people.

*NME* photographer Joe Stevens had joined the Pistols in Memphis, Mr Wilmers told the court, reading

from Stevens' prepared statement. His immediate impression was that John and Malcolm were not getting along. Said Stevens: "It was less a situation of open hostility between them than of silence and lack of communication."

He also noticed that McLaren "had very little control over what was going on. Malcolm missed the first gig and seemed a bit disorientated. He certainly had no control over Sid, who is a strange person and given to drug excess."

As Stevens saw it, the three Warner Brothers men seemed to be more in charge. McLaren later told Stevens that he found the day-to-day running of the group boring.

Lydon, said Stevens, was unaware of the South American trip. The photographer was in fact the first person to inform Lydon of the plan. Lydon replied: "I am splitting blood and they expect me to sit on a plane for a couple of days."

In March last year Lydon had one further meeting with McLaren, at which the latter asked him to appear in a film. Lydon said he would only appear in the film if he could choose his own material, and McLaren wouldn't agree to this.

FOR McLAREN, Mr Godfried said that according to his client The Sex Pistols had choosen their name because Pistols was a brash, young name and the Sex part of it referred to McLaren's shop. Originally Steve Jones was the lead singer with the group, but he subsequently switched to guitar despite being "relatively unfamiliar with the instrument."

McLaren claimed that he approached Lydon to join the Pistols. He'd seen Lydon hanging around his shop and thought him ideal for the band. He also denied that Lydon wrote the Pistols' lyrics on his own and claimed that they were jointly inspired.

Regarding the American tour, Mr Godfried told the judge: "Things went bad in America because of Sid's drug problems and violent nature." McLaren also blamed the American public's hostility towards the group for creating intra-group tension.

He said the group had been banned in Finland, where they were due to tour immediately after America. They therefore had some unexpected free time which could be utilised by a promotional visit to South America at Virgin Records' expense. On Friday January 13 McLaren claimed he made reservations for all four Pistols to fly to Rio. He tried repeatedly to contact Lydon, but couldn't get hold of him.

McLaren told the court he had been informed that Lydon was ill and, bearing in mind personality clashes between Lydon and Vicious, decided it would be pointless going to Rio after all. Vicious had been talking about quitting, and shortly afterwards collapsed from a heroin overdose.

Lydon, McLaren claimed, was left with a return ticket to London and said that he would see him in London later on when he would try to sort out the band's problems. Meanwhile, McLaren alleged, Cook and Jones decided to go to Brazil with a view to Lydon and Vicious joining them at a later date.

Press cuttings were then produced, one of which quoted Lydon as saying he thought American fans boring because they weren't violent enough. Another cutting, from the London *Evening News,* was read out by McLaren's counsel. In it Lydon said he would never play with the Pistols again.

Once in London again, McLaren alleged that he tried once more to contact Lydon. He later discovered from reading a newspaper report that Lydon was in Jamaica with Virgin boss Richard Branson.

Another interview with Lydon was read out, this time with Janet Street-Porter, to whom Lydon had apparently said: "Wouldn't it be good if Malcolm was murdered? It would be great if he got run over."

Godfried pointed out to the judge that it is habitual for a rock group to carry on when one member leaves. Lydon had since formed a new group, Public Image Limited, and McLaren's counsel read out several paragraphs of Neil Spencer's *NME* cover story about the band.

With clear emphasis Godfried read: " 'The numbers they play include 'Religion', formerly entitled 'Sod In Heaven', a scathing attack on Roman Catholicism such as one might expect from a disillusioned Irish Catholic. . .' "

Statements by Cook and Jones, both of whom are co-defendants alongside Glitterbest, were also read. Cook stated that the Pistols had originally approached McLaren with a view to him managing them. He said that there were some things in the original contract with McLaren that he didn't like, but that he was now happy with the arrangement.

He thought McLaren had been an excellent manager and that it wasn't true to say that he had prevented the group performing. Jones reiterated Cook's statement about the Pistols approaching McLaren to manage them. According to him, McLaren wasn't interested at first.

Jones alleged that Lydon approached the Pistols and asked if he could join the band: "John said that he sang out of tune. Malcolm thought this was a positive advantage. John mimed to a juke box and shortly afterwards joined the group."

Jones expressed the opinion that, except in the early days, Lydon never really liked McLaren.

By the time the group reached San Francisco, John had begun behaving like a prima dona donna.

In a statement, McLaren's girlfriend Vivienne Westwood claimed it was Steve Jones who was the trend-setter in the early Pistols days. He'd wear something and all the other kids would be wearing similar clothes shortly afterwards. According to Ms Westwood the name Q.T. Jones and his Sex Pistols was Malcolm's idea. She said McLaren chose it because it was subversive. "It was Malcolm's baby," she said. "I didn't think the group had any potential."

Glitterbest's art director Jamie Reid also submitted an affidavit on McLaren's behalf. In it he described Lydon as "a normal unemployed East End youth who couldn't cope with success." Russ Meyer's assistant, Julian Temple, said he was under the impression that Lydon thought Meyer was an American fascist.

A statement by Pistols roadie Boogie claimed that Lydon was initially keen on the idea for the film, but later lost interest. He experienced great difficulty getting Lydon to performances, and recalled a Dutch tour where Lydon was of the opinion that it wasn't worth getting out of bed to do the tour.

The case continues.

THRILLS

## The Lone Groover

BENYON

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IT'S OFF M'NEW DOUBLE ELECTRONIC MUSAK ALBUM "COD PIECE AN' SILICONE-CHIPS, TWICE."
BLASTO! EVER SINCE I TOOK IT T'SEE "MAGIC" AN' IT'S BEEN WATCHIN' "SOAP" IT'S TRYIN' T' TAKE OVER TH' ACT.
NEVER MIND A DUDE FROM 'VASTO' AGENCY HAS BEEN WATCHIN' YA.
AT LAST!
FABLATTO! FABLATTO! I WANNA SIGN YA T'SUPPORT DICK SKABS EURO TOUR.
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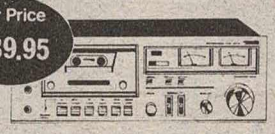

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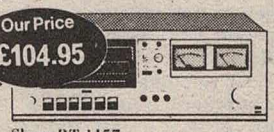

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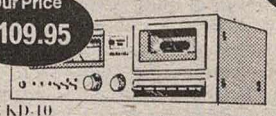

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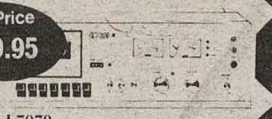

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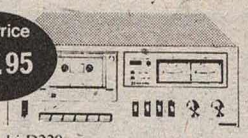

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LUDUS (L-R): Willie, Toby, Linder, Arthur. Pic: MICK GREEN. Montage: LINDER

# LUDUS. STRANGE BAND. AND GETTING STRANGER.

LINDER

LUDUS are a young Manchester pop quartet: bass, guitar, drums, female voice. The immediate thing to listen for in such a line-up is the relationship between voice and guitar; that web of reflections and deflections that illuminated three of last year's better bitter pop albums — Siouxsie's "The Scream", Penetration's "Moving Targets", and Annette Peacock's "X-Dreams".

Not that Ludus should be linked with Penetration and the Banshees. Already the quartet have been dumped into that biscuit tin — inevitable, but irritating. What does Ludus leadperson Linder think of it?

"Well, people have got no imagination. That's their fault, y'know . . . That's very convenient for them."

Maybe it's just a case of mistaking nervousness for imitation . . .

I'm chatting with the group in a hidden corridor at London's vile Venue whilst the equally alienating Johnny Rubbish separates a Ludus set from a Magazine set. Ludus supported Magazine on all four of their erratic Venue performances, which more than doubled Ludus' total number of appearances. Previously they had debuted at Manchester's Factory, played at Liverpool's Erics and returned to the Factory twice.

At the Venue, they were noticeably improving during their short series, growing in stature and confidence. They've entered 1979 with new found economy, revealing a mystery and menace that is quite intoxicating. They make a disturbing dance music.

Ludus' Linder you may already be familiar with as she has been involved since the very beginning with Buzzcocks' and Magazine's marketing campaigns. She designed the stern and decadent covers for Buzzcocks' "Orgasm Addict" single and Magazine's "Real Life" album. A pamphlet of fascinating fatalistic collages — *Secret Public* — that she produced with trainee lawyer Jon Savage was published by New Hormones (ORG2 to "Spiral Scratch's" ORG 1). Linder doesn't think the link with the popular and fashionable Buzzcocks/Magazine will either help or hinder the group's development.

She decided to make music because "everybody around me was making music. It seemed like a very obvious thing to do. And it seemed so easy for everyone else, so I thought I would try, and I got musicians together and it's not that hard after all."

With Toby on drums (ex-Nosebleeds), Willie on bass and Arthur on guitar, they started rehearsing in August. Did she realise she could sing?

"No (giggle) . . . 'cos people kept saying what's your voice like, and I didn't know. At first we practised with just a guitar, and my singing isn't too bad like that. Then we had full rehearsals and I was completly thrown, hearing my voice come through a mike. It's really new. I'm not used to my voice even now."

Her voice at the moment lies somewhere between a feeble but feeling Cleo Laine and an emotive Noosha Fox.

"Before I started singing I was very cold blooded. Like, I knew just what I wanted to sound like. I believe everyone can sing, like everyone can draw . . . you just do it.

"I just sort of experimented. It's still changing."

As is the whole idea of Ludus. Originally, the quartet were to be called Bloodsport, which not too unsubtly implies the predominant image and motive of much that Linder sings about. There are a number of menstrual images in the songs.

Arthur: "Simply, Linder's writing the lyrics, and every 28 days she's gonna start bleeding."

Linder: "Yeah, it's really simple. I just think it's a resource that you can use."

Has she ever performed when she was menstruating?

"Yeah, right now."

That floored me.

Arthur: "People just never talk about it. It's really shoved away. Every time Linder introduces that song about pre-menstrual tension there's a ripple of giggling, and that's widespread and indicative."

See if you can resist when Ludus' play for you. Meanwhile, they prepare themselves . . .

"We're just kids and we've got to become musicians."

Are they excited?

Linder: "We're a bit worried where it's going to end up."

Arthur: "Fascinated."

Toby: "Intrigued."

Willie: "It all depends how long the blood lasts."

As 1979 develops and Ludus grow, local Manchester labels threaten to put out Ludus records. Factory Records want to do it right now. New Hormones want to wait a while. The group themselves patiently prepare. Whatever, by the end of the year you'll appreciate and be fully aware of their chilling idiosyncrasy. Strange and becoming stranger.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

# N.U.P.E. STRIKE AGAINST ROCK'N'ROLL

A SPATE of last-minute gig cancellations occurred last week, for reasons that seem likely to affect many more gigs in the immediate future.

Chris De Burgh's show at Brighton's Dome and a Horslips gig at Edinburgh's Usher hall were both caught up in industrial action by the National Union of Public Employees. And the opening night of The Jacksons' British tour at the Brighton conference centre was very nearly cancelled for similar reasons hours before the 5,000 ticket holders were due to arrive.

The Dome and the Usher Hall are both owned and operated by local civic corporations, as are many other venues around the country. NUPE's decision to escalate strike action meant there would be no staff available to operate the halls.

Meanwhile the Human League/Scars/Transmitters gig at London's Notre Dame Hall had to be scrapped only hours before it was due to take place because the vicar of the French Catholic church which owns the hall apparently saw one of the band members during the afternoon and decided to stop the gig "on moral grounds"!

The promoters, Final Solution, who had already sold 150 tickets, estimate that they lost over £200.

JOE GORMLESS

*(Industrial correspondent)*

THRILLS

MASSOP (right) with Bob Marley. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

# POLICE SHOOT MASSOP

**GHETTO GUNMAN turned Peace Movement leader Claudie Massop was shot dead by Jamaican police last week.**

**Massop, a supporter of Jamaica's opposition JLP party, helped seal the 'peace' between Kingston's warring ghettos early last year when he and rival PNP gunman Bucky Marshall made a pact. Later, at the Peace Concert headed by Bob Marley, Massop danced onstage with Marshall and other notorious gangleaders, and pledged to improve the lot of ghetto dwellers by peaceful means.**

**The killing came after police had followed a taxi carrying Massop and three other men. Police claim Massop opened fire on them after a chase. The taxi driver stated Massop did not have a gun, nor were shots fired from the taxi. Two of the three other men were also killed.**

**Whether the death of Massop — who is celebrated on the title track of Tapper Zukie's 'Peace In The Ghetto' album — will bring a return to the previous state of warfare in the ghettos remains to be seen, but avowals of revenge have already been made and the JLP have demanded an official inquiry into his death.**

NEIL SPENCER

THRILLS

# THE BUSKER WAR

PERRY MASON wouldn't have stood for it. As far back as August 18, 1978, as reported in *Thrills*, street performers Norman Boyd, Arif Usmani, Tony Allen and Jonathan Graham from the Rough Theatre Co. were arrested for obbstruction in Leicester Square. They were performing (with others) in support of two fellow performers done for a similar offence. The following week, 12 white-faced clowns were met by 24 coppers and hightailed off to Bow Street.

By now all should have been resolved, but the course of justice does not run swiftly. In October the Leicester Square Four appeared at Bow Street Court only to be told to come back later "properly dressed" when a whole day could be devoted to their case.

Unruffled, they turned up at Wells Street Court last Tuesday ready to defend themselves and, apart from Mr Usmani's dishtowel turban and Norman's Oriental dressing-gown, soberly attired.

Unfortunately, the defence was a D.I.Y learn-as-you-go job, and while the magistrate bore it admirably, he suggested after 2½ hours that they get a proper lawyer and adjourned the case yet again until May 15, when a *Nationwide* film clip taken at the scene of the 'crime' will be considered in view of conflicting testimony between the Four and the extremely nervous arresting woman P.C.

The next day the 12 clowns, now reduced to nine (the others pleaded guilty), turned up at Wells Street accompanied by two young lady barristers.

The case is being treated differently because of contact with the police prior to the demo and the defence's argument that any obstructional build-up was caused by the police themselves, in stopping the moving group. Whatever, the lady magistrate became quite intrigued with the case and allotted it a later date in June whilst the arresting inspector grumbled about wasting tax-payers' money over such trivialities. Not trivial enough, however, for him to drop charges.

The various arrestees hope that their experience will show how farcical the arcane obstruction law is, and maybe a year after the event we'll have some results. But don't count on it . . .

ELISSA VAN POZNAK

THE VINYL SOLUTION
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# WHO REALLY RUNS ROCK'N'ROLL?

*IT'S CALLED The Biz for short, yet Biz stands for Business and the Music Business is subject, like any other commercial entity, to what are euphemistically called Market Forces. Which means that The Big, given half a chance, devour The Small. Which in turn means that those who own or run The Big are calling all but a diminishing few of the shots. In this, the second of an occasional series,* ***DICK TRACY*** *puts the giant multinationals — and the men who direct their operations — under the lens. It's in your own interest to read it. The conclusions you draw are of course your own biz. Sorry, business.*

**CBS RECORDS UK**
Labels Owned: CBS, Epic, Embassy, Harmony, Portrait.
Licensed: Blue Sky, Caribou, Full Moon, Invictus, Kirshner, Monument, Mums, Neighbourhood, Ode, Philadelphia Int., TK.
Distributed: Anchor/ABC, A&M, Creole, DJM, Virgin.

*WALTER YETNIKOFF, President, CBS Records Group.*

TO THE HEAD of CBS Records, rock music is like soap powder: a commodity to be marketed. A cliche maybe, but that was exactly the comparison used by Walter Yetnikoff, President of the CBS Records Group, when he was trying to attract investment in the record business.

Speaking to a group of Wall Street security analysts in March'76, Yetnikoff said: "Perhaps the record industry has to use some of the basic techniques that the people who market soap do.

"Of course," he added, "the music has to be in the grooves if it's to be successful, but today's marketplace also demands a strong organisation, sophisticated marketing techniques and a hard-headed, very business-like approach to the logistical marketing, promotional and sales functions."

Just like soap.

WALTER YETNIKOFF, at 46, is proobably the most powerful man in the American music business. Formerly a New York lawyer, he was brought into CBS by Clive Davis in 1961 and appointed Assistant General Attorney, President of the International Division. He survived Davis's dismissal from the corporation in 1973, and rose through the ranks to take up his current seat as head of the world's largest producer, manufacturer and marketer of recorded music just two years later.

In 1977 the giant CBS conglomerate earned a net profit of £91 million, a massive sum generated by its four divisions: Broadcast group, Records group, the Columbia group and the Publishing group.

Biggest dollar earner of the four was the Broadcast group, which operates one of the three national American TV networks, five television stations, a nationwide radio network and 14 radio stations.

The CBS Records group ranks second in the profit stakes; it generated £40 million profit in 1977 — almost double the figure of 1973, just four years earlier.

A massive, fully integrated music machine, CBS control record and tape factories, they own recording studios, and have their own distribution and sales network in the USA and 100 foreign markets besides.

To add to their already formidable array of pressing plants, they are currently building the world's largest record and tape factory at a cost of £25 million in Georgia (so that's what all those White House meetings were about...). Here in the UK, CBS are building an injection moulding factory in Wales to produce blank cassettes, and a new record manufacturing plant at Aylesbury.

This reflects CBS' continued battle to gain supremacy in the British market. Figures for 1976/77 show that CBS had 16% of the singles market and 12% of the full-price album market — and their position has improved since then. In TV albums, for instance, they controlled just four per cent in 1976; one year later that was up to 22% of a market worth £28 million in total.

In 1977 alone, CBS artists earned the company 21 platinum and 46 gold records. Walter Yetnikoff told *Billboard* magazine: "Worldwide we are almost 50% ahead in sales of our nearest American competitor — and this does not include 91 million dollars in Japanese sales from CBS/Sony".

Yetnikoff happily predicts a billion dollar sales total for CBS by 1980.

The Records group is not CBS' only involvement in the music business. Their third major division, the Columbia group, includes the Columbia Tape & Record Club, the largest in the world; Pacific Stereo Stores, a chain of 78 retail outlets throughout the USA; and the musical instruments division, which owns Steinway (pianos), Fender (guitars), Rhodes (electric pianos), Gulbransen (electric organs), Leslie (speakers), Gemeinhardt (flutes and piccolos), Lyon & Healey (harps) and the Rodgers Organ Company. This group also manufactures toys.

There is also the Publishing group, which consists of Holt Rhinehart & Winston (general fiction and non-fiction), W B Saunders & Co (medical textbooks) and Fawcett, a mass paperback and magazine publishing company which CBS recently acquired for a cool 50 million dollars in cash.

● *Continues over page*

# WHO ARE THE BLUES BROS?

## (And how come they've got the month's hottest new shot in the US of A?)

IT IS a truism that comedians always want to play Hamlet. Judging by the splashdown success of The Blues Brothers' 'Briefcase Full Of Blues' album and 'Soul Man' single in the American charts, one can now add a varient to said truism: comedians sometimes want to play Junior Wells or Sam and Dave.

Unlike British comedians, whose musical ventures generally tend to the bleakest excesses of bad variety-show balladeering, John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd — living legends, cult heroes and all-purpose superstars in Los Estados Unidas thanx to the *Saturday Night Live* TV show and the *Animal House* movie — developed a severe fixation with Chicago blues and Stax soul while filming in Chicago. The end result of all this was that they invented the personae of The Blues Brothers — that's Joliet Jake Blues, who sings, and Elwood Blues, who plays harp — and got the Blues Brothers project sorted out with Alantic Records.

(You remember Atlantic Records: they're the fine record company who deleted all those great Ray Charles, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, Joe Turner and Junior Wells/Buddy Guy records that provided Belushi and Aykroyd with their inspiration.)

So Belushi and Aykroyd put together a stone-killer blues and soul band involving everybody from Steve Cropper and Duck Dunn to Matt "Guitar" Murphy and the appalling Tom Scott (the latter playing the dirty boogie instead of the smooth slop for once), rehearsed the whole thing until it was just as tight'n greasy as you please, chucked it on stage at L.A.'s Universal Amplutheatre, cut a live album and instant whammo. A *blues* album at No.1 in the States. . .

Virtuosi they ain't, but the whole Blues Brothers project betrays a degree of taste, commitment and energy that is enormously beguiling. It also demonstrates that proper blues and proper soul aren't as outmoded and inaccessible as record companies seem to think these days. 'Briefcase Full Of Blues' is the first real Atlantic record since J. Geils' 1972 'Live: Full House' album, and maybe its success will demonstrate that Atlantic (and all the other majors who've buried the classic blues and soul sides in their deletions lists) can make money and respect the boogie at the same time.

Like Belushi says: "I suggest you make as many blues albums as possible!" Okay, boys . . . pump it like you thump it.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
THRILLS

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
JOAN ARMATRADING
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GEORGE DUKE
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THE FIRST SOLO ALBUM

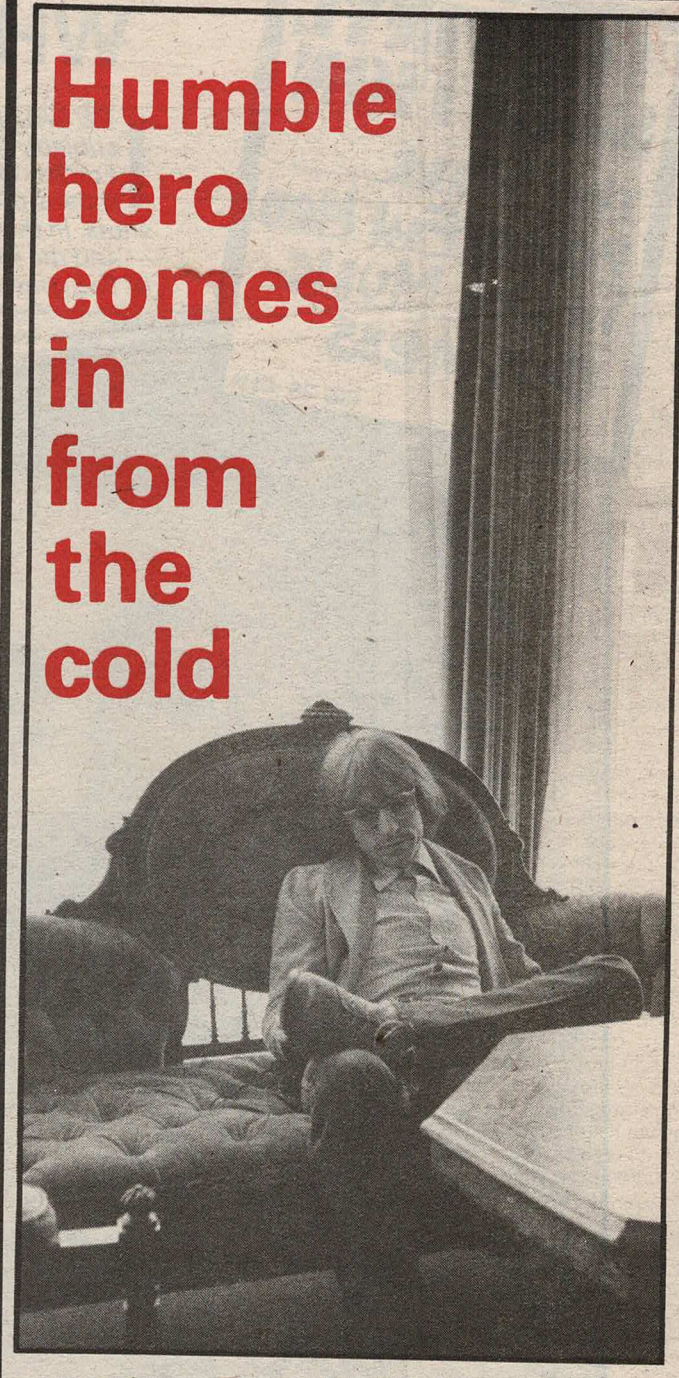
The very first solo album from the one and only lady of soul which includes 9 original tracks. This is it!




*includes the new single*
*'WE DON'T MAKE EACH OTHER LAUGH ANYMORE'*

RECORDS GROUP

# Humble hero comes in from the cold



Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

JOHN 'MOON' Martin, the man and his material, have been likened to a cross between J. J. Cale and The Beatles — an unlikely enough combination, but then Mr. Martin isn't your standard ranch stash rock and roll animal.

Hints of the American deep south may permeate his Okie tinged vocal drawl, but this boy is no country bumpkin.

He grew up and out of Oklahoma roots ten years back, playing fine traditional rock guitar and leading a mop-top copy combo (whoever said powerpop get their ass out of here) prior to the fashion. That was The Disciples. Graduation arrived with the four-piece Southwind, a hybrid blues rockabilly set-up that completed three creditable albums for Blue Thumb with a style reminiscent of early Little Feat. Only local followings followed and Southwind did the decent thing, split before they got too boring.

Martin's story begins in earnest three years ago. Jack Nitzsche struck up a partnership with an out of work Martin and persuaded him to sign for his company. It was a deserved break for the disconsolate Martin, who'd already been shown the door by every record label in the Union, but it backfired. Nitzsche was offered a lucrative sum to shape up production for Mink DeVille, and promptly left our subject languishing in poverty outside L.A. looking in.

However, the Lord rewards them as stands and waits and after five years in the wilderness John Martin was up for consideration. Nitzsche laid a taste of his stuff on the

## WALTER YETNIKOFF

● *From previous page*

OF COURSE, an empire like this is not built overnight — though at 50 years old, CBS is hardly ancient. It began in 1928 when Bill Paley, the 27-year-old son of a cigar manufacturer with a 30 million dollar fortune, bought a small chain of radio stations known as the United Independent Broadcasters.

The company that gave CBS its name, Columbia Records, bought into the struggling network, only to get out a few months later — leaving its name behind. Ironically, by 1938 CBS had grown enough to buy up Columbia Records — a neat reversal of corporate fortune.

Many famous names have worked for CBS. In 1936 scientist Peter Goldmark joined the company and went on to pioneer the invention of colour TV and the long-playing record. (His death was reported in *Thrills* 17.12.77, *The Maverick Inventor.)* Goddard Lieberson, an influential post-war CBS executive, fought to get the LP established and made CBS a fortune through Broadway show albums.

Most charismatic of all though was Clive Davis, the lawyer turned executive who ushered CBS into the rock era. His career lasted from 1960-1973, during which time CBS successfully made the transistion from the Mitch Miller show tunes of the '50s to a powerful position in the exploding rock market. Davis can take a lot of credit for this financial turn-around — though not as much as he would like.

He was cut short in his prime — in fact, he held the position now occupied by Walter Yetnikoff, President of the Records group, as well as being head of Columbia Records — when CBS President Arthur Taylor summoned Davis to his penthouse at the corporation's New York headquarters, a massive skyscraper affectionately known as Black Rock. Davis was fired.

CBS served a civil complaint against him, charging that he had violated his expense account to the tune of $94,000.

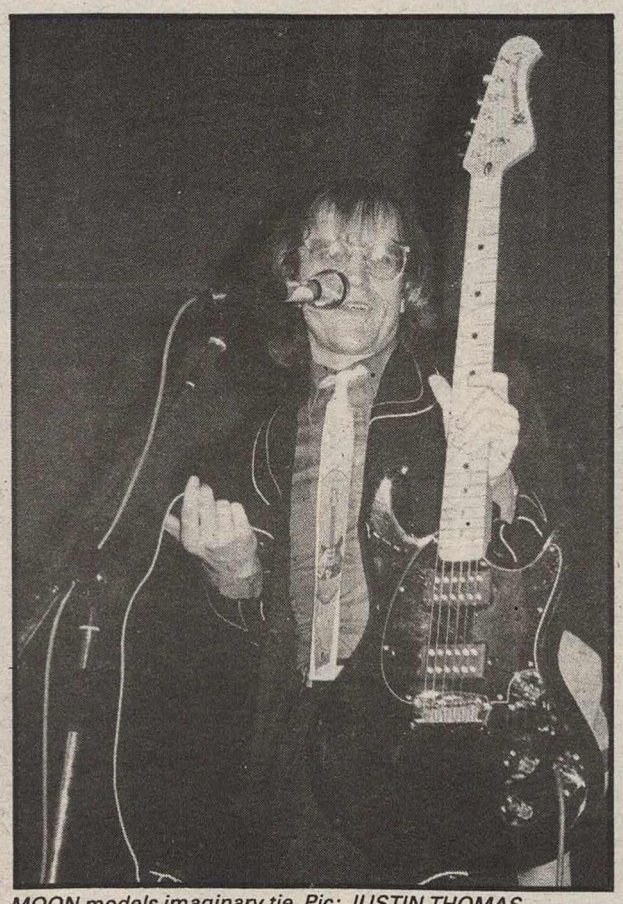
Or . . .

# MOON MARTIN PLEDGES ALLEGIANCE TO POP PURITY

Mink man.

That was 'Cadillac Walk' — a song which if my memory serves me became the reviewers' fave cut and set the ball rolling for the artist himself. Thereafter 'Return To Magenta' revealed another facet of the Martin quill in 'Rolene' (where are ya Chuck?), and all of a sudden the pre-Nick Lowe appeal of Southwind's burgeoning talent was in demand. His 'Victim Of Romance' has been done to death by successive women — Lisa Burns, Michelle Phillips and Carlene Carter.

The stage was set for a solo venture. The same people who'd laughed Martin down the stairs were now anxious to attract him their way and Capitol gave him the head he needed. As a result Martin has come up with 'Shots From A Cold Nightmare', an album of definitely grade 'A' hookline rockabilly pop with a cast to do him justice — Phil Seymour, Gary Valentine and Craig Leon plus the Boston Monkey, Willie Alexander making a guesting. Having set the vinyl standard, Martin embarked on a European tour which found him playing before a soulless media crowd last week at The Venue.



*MOON models imaginary tie. Pic: JUSTIN THOMAS.*

IT WAS a kiss of death evening which did the man no good at all. Him and an all new super young band barely projected past the monitors and fell foul of the press binge suckered atmosphere which besets these soirees.

So it was that we met last week on shakier ground than I'd first anticipated after giving that debut record the thumbs up. The victim of romance had become the victim of unnecessary hype, I remarked.

Martin's attitude — genuine modesty and a total absence of egocentric self-justification — soon forced a mellowing of my angst. He took the point and vowed some proper rock and roll next time around — those of you who caught the set in Birmingham, Liverpool and Sheffield will presumably have seen him live up to the promise that fizzled in London.

In Martin's favour is the fact that 'Shots' escapes all the L.A. session man hokum. "I'm as bored as you with the phoney L.A. way of using the same star side-men going through the usual 'this is our reggae song, this is our funky number, aren't we clever' shit. I know nothing about reggae and I won't fake a style for the sake of variety. Making 'Shots' I deliberately kept it basic. What you hear is pretty much what you get live.

"I also dropped out of the Los Angeles crowd — they all think I'm dead. It's so cliquey. They didn't want to know me when I was broke, so . . ."

Martin maintains a nice level of self-deprecatory humour in order to keep business at bay. He isn't a slave to the rock cocoon: "We played on a bill with The Ramones and I was worried 'cos I'm not nasty enough for the crowd". Or "We gigged once with Blondie and David Johansen, he was so loud that I had to rush outside to puke up. Elvis Costello came and jammed with David there in New Jersey; it was hilarious, neither of 'em altered their stance one bit, totally incompatible."

The approach on 'Shots', three minutes / point made / onto the next song, will not be expanded in the future: "There's a lot of bands like Toto and Boston riding on bad songs arranged to make them look clever. A good song for me is one that you can play with just a guitar; Costello's songs pass that test, so do Tom Petty's. Sometimes I wonder if the lyrics matter at all but I guess they do. They won't all stand the test of time.

"All the songs are about women, that's true. I always come off second best in those encounters. But things are gonna change!"

Moon Martin for now is making no promises he can't keep. The album is made for the airwaves of the world.

"Change my style . . . not do short songs? How could I? There isn't anything else."

MAX BELL

THRILLS

He eventually appeared in court on six tax evasion counts, pleaded guilty to failing to report $8,000, and on September 23, 1976, was fined $10,000 and given a suspended jail sentence.

Davis always claimed the blame lay with CBS' accounting methods. Anyway, the scandal has not affected his fortunes greatly: he now heads Arista Records, a subsidiary of Columbia Pictures (no relation to CBS).

CBS' POWER in the music business and all other forms of entertainment can only increase as we move into the new post-industrial age of information.

CBS have their own Technology Centre, where they are constantly formulating new developments such as their SQ quadrophonic sound system.

More sinister for those who fear the stifling of the music business by corporate control is the increasing reliance by CBS and other major companies on market research.

The extent of CBS' involvement in this field became clear in 1976, when the CBS Market Research Division released their report *Today's Single Buyers* — the first such survey they had made public. Jerry Shulman, head of the Market Research Division, told *Cashbox*: "We hired a research company to recruit record buyers, and we now have about 8,000 that report to us regularly. Each year we get about 60,000 different record reports, because these people are serious record buyers and give us information on everything they buy.

"We have a research staff that checks out the information, makes sure the numbers are correct, and feeds all the data into our computers.

"We test advertising effectiveness as well, do research on the artist, and figure out what form of advertising would be best for him. We do surveys and tests to find out merchanidising information."

CURRENTLY the record industry is going through a period of explosive growth. Walter Yetnikoff, in a recent *Hollywood Reporter* interview, quipped: "My standard joke is that the RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) will have to coin new terms for sales beyond platinum, such diamond, plutonium and kryptonium."

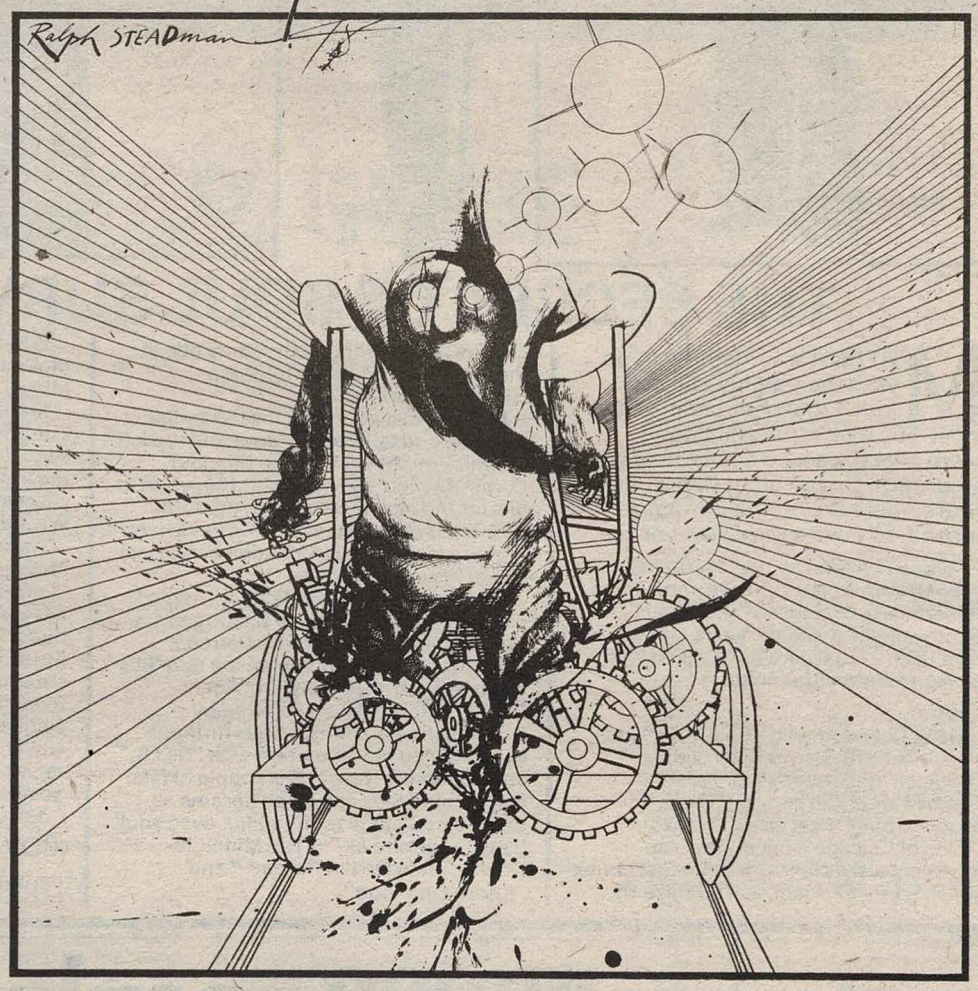
Whichever way the wind blows, CBS' fortunes are secure. Their control of manufacturing and distribution facilities ensures that.

The 1977 CBS Annual Report claimed: "CBS people create services and products which touch the eyes and ears, the minds and hearts of people everywhere."

Walter Yetnikoff puts it this way: "All we are trying to do is entertain, communicate and make people happy. And obviously make a few bucks in the process."

THRILLS


Fischer-Z

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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

UP 36486

EDWIN STARR, circa '69

GENE CHANDLER, circa '61

PEACHES and HERB, circa '66

# THE SECRET OF SOUL SURVIVAL

MAYBE IT's something to do with their highly stylised individual personalities, but most '50s rock'n'roll stars don't seem able to escape a golden oldies time warp. On the other hand '60s soul singers are often afforded a second, or even a third lease on life.

This can be seen by the fact that **The Duke Of Earl, Agent 0-0-Soul** and **The Sweethearts Of Soul** are once again denting the best-sellers, years after you'd have been excused for thinking they'd each gone into retirement.

Who?

**Gene Chandler** with "Get Down" (this week's No. 18), **Edwin Starr** with "Contact" (this week's No. 7) and **Peaches and Herb** cooing "Shake Your Groove Thing" (last week's No. 28).

One of Chicago's finest, Vee-Jay recording artist Gene Chandler first struck gold back in '62 when, as The Duke Of Earl, he put the song of the same title at the top of the US charts for three consecutive weeks.

For a time, it appeared that Chandler's white tie and tails/opera cloak and top hat gimmick might back-fire on him, but Curtis Mayfield jumped in and kept him in hits for the next three years. Although over the last few years the hits have been few and far between, Chandler hasn't lost any of his original edge.

Edwin Starr (Charles Hatcher), served his basic training with the Bill Doggett Combo before signing with Detroit's Ric-Tic label and jumping on the mid-'60s super-spy bandwagon with "Agent Double 0 Soul". Much admired by Britain's die-hard Mods, Starr further consolidated his reputation with "S.O.S." and "Headline News" — a couple of fast fashionable dancers which became as much a part of the touring blue-eyed soul band repertoire as "In The Midnight Hour", "Hold On I'm Comin' " and "Knock On Wood".

When Ric-Tic was absorbed by Motown, Starr hit pay-dirt with "25 Miles" and "War".

Marlene "Peaches" Mack sang with The Joytones before teaming up with Herb Fame in 1966, in an effort to update the lovey-dovey duo format which was so successful for Brook Benton and Dinah Washington in the early '60s.

As Peaches and Herb's first Van McCoy-produced single for the Date label "Let's Fall In love" affirmed, there's always a ready-made market for boy/girl duos. Their second single, "Close Your Eyes" went Top 10 and they subsequently became known as The Sweethearts Of Soul. Seven more hit singles in two years followed, before the vinyl romance soured and Francine Baker replaced Marlene Mack as "Peaches" — a position she still holds today.

Eat your hearts out Paul and Paula!

ROY CARR

THRILLS

*A fun Sun quiz that checks your boiling point*

By ROSLYN GROSE

● ARE you a secret Starsky, clenching your fists in your pockets as you stand poised for action in the bus queue? Are you a private Pardey, secretly practising Avenger-type high kicks?

● Would you jump at the chance to be a real-life trouble-shooter, meeting violence with violence? Or do your knees wobble at the thought?

● Some of us have an up-and-at-'em personality, while others prefer to sit-back and watch the action—preferably on telly. What is your aggro rating? Find out by answering the following questions:

## CAN YOU PASS THE AGGRO TEST?

DO YOU apologise when you're in the wrong? Replace any drinks you knock over? Confine your football fandom to occasional roars of abuse? Do you drive as sensibly as you can, even when provoked? Do you think twice before getting involved in carve-ups?

You wimp.

Actually, "Coward" is the Soaraway *Sun*'s word.

But read on.

Do you join in every fight you see? Throw bottles at football matches? Drive like a maniac? Fancy yourself as a TV cop? Dream of slaughtering your foes? Attack anyone at all who gets in your way?

You're "Dynamite. Aggressive with a capital A. Starsky, Hutch, Regan and the Incredible Hulk all rolled into one."

So says the soppy *Sun*, in last Tuesday's 'fun quiz' entitled CAN YOU PASS THE AGGRO TEST?

"Some of us have an up-and-at-'em personality, while others prefer to sit back and watch the action — preferably on telly," sneered the Sapaway *Sun*, and then proceeded to print this pathetic questionnaire where it turns out that if you answer like a psychopathic slob you get top marks.

Question 8 really got us. "At football matches do you a) Just cheer the goals, b) Hurl abuse, c) Hurl bottles? For a) score 1, b) 2, c) 3. Rating: 25 and over, you're dynamite; under 15, Coward!"

This is Britain's best selling newspaper?

Well, just for the record, we here at *Thrills* have scientifically devised a fun quiz for the benefit of *Sun* journalists. Score 3 for a Yes, 1 for a No.

1. Is your idiocy a thing over which you have absolutely no control?
2. Are you able to read your own newspaper's frequent cod-moralisms without throwing up?
3. Are you able to read *anything* in your own newspaper without throwing up?
4. Are you happy in your work?

**NOW CHECK YOUR RATING**

11-15 You're a berk.
6-10 You're a berk.
0- 5 You're a berk.

ROSALYN GROSS

THRILLS

## *Meanwhile in Batley . . .*

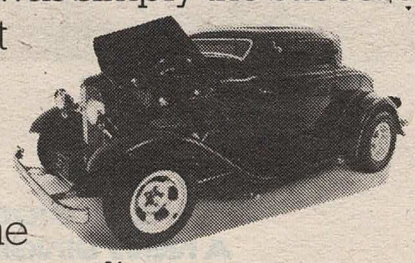
~~Batley 462655.~~
**12 Beagles LPs, excellent condition. £30. Tel. Dewsbury 467616.**
~~SALE, three piece suites, corner~~

*From the Barnsley News. Sent by Two-Tails, who hereby declares the backlash on newspaper cuttings open.*


# Last year 110,000 people got into 200 cars.

It wasn't an attempt at a certain book of records.

It was simply the success of last year's Custom Car Show, when they were attracted by a formula we'll be repeating this year.



That is, the meanest, moodiest customs, rods, vans and bikes.

Manufacturers' stands crammed with accessories on sale.

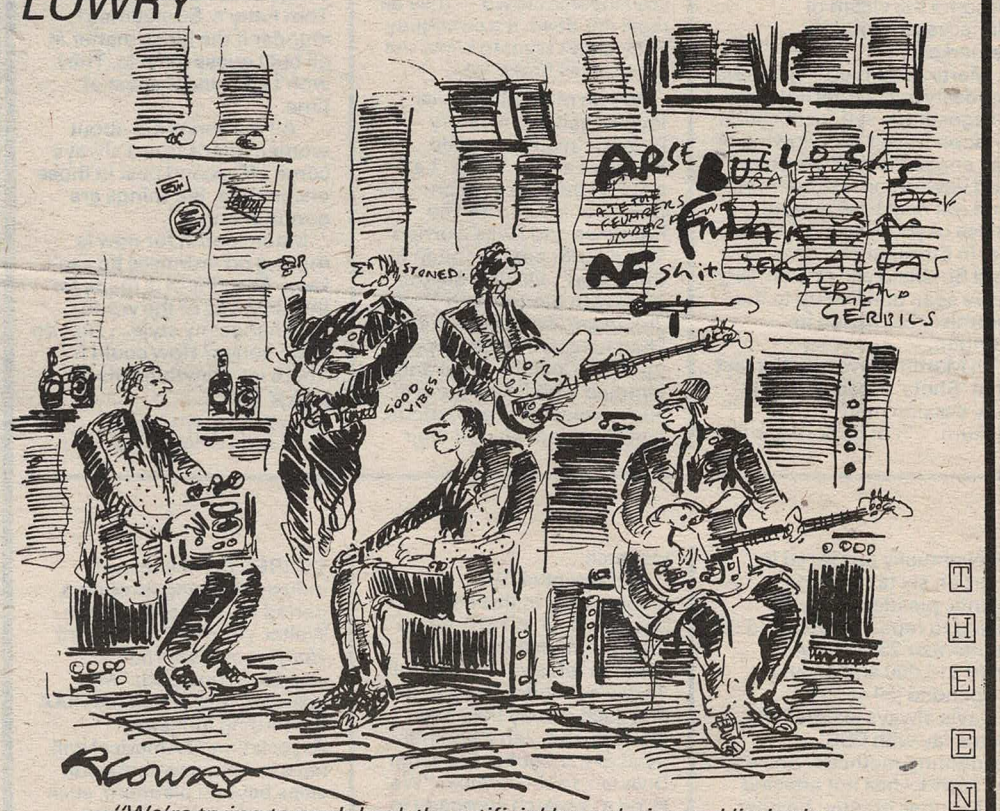
And even a DJ, whose turntable will be the only roundabout anyone has to negotiate.

NATIONAL CUSTOM CAR SHOW '79

**ALEXANDRA PALACE**
**February 24th-March 4th**

OPEN 11 am-9 pm WEEKDAYS
10 am-7 pm WEEKENDS
**FREE PARKING FOR 2,000 CARS.**
Admission Adults: £1.30, under 16's 80p.
Nearest tubes: Finsbury Park and Wood Green.
Organised by Custom Car Magazine.


LOWRY




*"We're trying to push back the artificial boundaries and limitations imposed by the three-chord tyranny of 1976. Push them back to 1968, in fact."*

# LOOK SHARP!

THE ALBUM

## JOE JACKSON

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|---|---|---|---|
| Thur | Feb | 15th | SHEFFIELD THE LIMIT CLUB |
| Fri | Feb | 16th | WOLVERHAMPTON LAFAYETTE |
| Sat | Feb | 17th | BIRMINGHAM BARBARELLA'S |
| Thur | Feb | 22nd | LEEDS FAN CLUB |
| Fri | Feb | 23rd | BEACONSFIELD NORTH STAFFS. POLY. |
| Sat | Feb | 24th | MANCHESTER POLY. |
| Wed | Feb | 28th | LONDON THE VENUE |

A&M RECORDS

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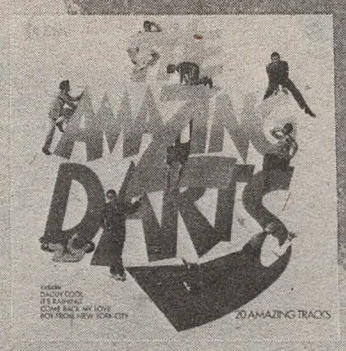
# DARTS ARE ON TOUR

MAG 5022
CASS. TC MAG 5022




K-tel DLP 7981
CASS. DCE 8981

MAG 140
LATEST SINGLE

MAG 5020
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# SEE DARTS AT:-

**February 15th**
**Kent University, Canterbury**

**February 16th**
**Sheffield University**

**February 17th**
**Leeds University**

**February 18th**
**Southport Theatre**

**February 19th**
**Wolverhampton Civic Theatre**

**February 21st**
**Bournemouth Winter Gardens**

**February 22nd**
**Brighton Dome**

**February 23rd**
**Exeter University**

**February 26th**
**Lancaster University**

**February 27th**
**Newcastle City Hall**

**February 28th**
**Glasgow Apollo**

**March 1st**
**Middlesbrough Town Hall**

**March 2nd**
**Leicester De Montfort Hall**

**March 3rd**
**St. George's, Bradford**

**March 5th**
**Guildhall, Portsmouth**

**March 6th**
**New Theatre, Oxford**

**March 7th**
**Gaumont, Ipswich**

**March 8th**
**Apollo, Manchester**

**March 10th**
**Rainbow, London**

SPECIAL GUESTS THE LATE SHOW

Magnet Records Ltd.,
Magnet House, 22 York Street, London W1H 1FD.

# 'IM NO HEAVY...

## Are these guys the heaviest reggae band in captivity or what? CHRIS SALEWICZ catches flights to Kingston JA, New York USA and back again to establish the true weight of JACOB MILLER and INNER CIRCLE.

*Killer Miller in action '76 Pic: Kate Simon*

INNER CIRCLE are quite literally the heaviest band in Jamaica.

Why, on 'Wanted', the latest Jamaican LP credited to the band's vocalist, Jacob 'Killer' Miller, the album's liner notes even include the weights of the singer and of bassist Ian 'Munty' Lewis. Guitarist Roger Lewis, the other third of the holy trinity that makes up the group's central core, doesn't get his tonnage listed — he's only referred to as 'Fatman', as though the other two are mere Nick Kents by comparison, so you may only guess at what *he* tops the scales.

Brother Ian, though, apparently weighs in at 200 pounds of ital stew, as does Jacob also.

There may be a certain amount of artistic licence in these rather low figures, however. Herewith is presented the *other* set of books: How much do you weigh, Jacob?

"Oh, between 220 and 260 pounds."

The case rests.

INNER Circle also appear to be benefitting from what seems to be the heaviest push Island Records have put behind a brand new signing in a long while — with independent 'New Wave' Public Relations person Alan Edwards brought in to handle the campaign rather than the Island press office (perhaps in an attempt to suggest a broader appeal than is generally suggested by more esoteric Island reggae releases), and journalists flown out to Jamaica to conduct interviews (well, would *you* refuse?) ...

By the end of the group's current Average White Band - supporting British tour and subsequent UK solo dates the company appears to trust that the five-piece outfit, along with its debut Island LP, will have succeeded in laying down the roots of a British success comparable to that of their label mates Third World.

After all, part of the problem of selling reggae in Britain to non-West Indian audiences has always been, in addition to the conservatism of may white rock fans, the difficulty in publicising a music that is largely created in studios only.

Third World have reversed this policy by working consistently on the road, particularly in the States, and appear to be the first JA reggae act apart from The Wailers that have succeeded by being promoted like a white rock act.

Inner Circle are one of the handful of self-sufficient working road bands in Jamaica whose material can hardly fail to brim with chart crossover potential following their years of playing top forty material on the Jamaican hotel and club circuit. Anyway, until 1973, when they defected *en masse*, all the current Third World line-up, with the exception of bassist Ritchie, were part of the Lewis brothers' group.

Also, when the Third World musicians left Inner Circle they were replaced with the group's not-so-secret weapon: one of the best voices in Jamaica today (it seems appropriate that he once cut Otis Redding's "Dock Of The Bay') in Jacob Miller.

ALONG with Jacob and the band's excellent keyboards player Bernard 'Touter' Harvey, the Lewis Brothers live in the Beverley Hills uptown suburb of Kingston.

Named after *the* Beverley Hills in Los Angeles, this affluent district's title is actually something of a misnomer. It should've been called Laurel or Coldwater Canyon — that would've been much closer to the winding, switchback roads that carry you up into this Raymond Chandler land-in-the-tropics full of stucco houses and bungalows.

Beverley Hills, Kingston-style, is, however, on a far more humane scale than anything in the USA, the land of conspicuous consumption and waste whose slightest heart murmur can spell lesser or greater hardship if you're a small emergent Caribbean nation, from a few goods less on the supermarket shelves right up to the possibility of the apocalypse (and you should hear what it's like trying to get an American visa if you're a black Jamaican...)

Also, the home where Inner Circle have lived now for some three and a half years may be visually splendorous in all its sunlit glory to eyes accustomed to the cramped acreage of grey London Town but, in fact, all it provides is a bedroom apiece for the people living there, plus a reasonable-sized living-room.

If they were English rock stars Inner Circle would have one of these bungalows apiece.

Early one morning, as we nibble from a plate of fried plantains, Ian Lewis fills me in on the Inner Circle historical background — though for whatever reasons he seems reluctant to discuss the split with the Third World members.

His right leg moving almost in spasms of nervous energy, the bassist constantly sniffs, sinuses blocked by too many hours in the air-less smoke-filled atmosphere of Channel One, the band's favoured studio both for their own work and for artists being recorded for their Top Ranking label.

On the Isle Of Springs the band's status can be measured from last year's Peace Concert. At that historic event the band— who had been largely responsible for actually putting the gig together — were topped only by Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Big Youth and Ras Michael. And anyway, according to Ian, Youth only followed them onstage as the result of pulling a prima donna's moody: "We say to Big Youth, 'We not come fe fight but fe play music. If you coming fe war you can have your own war.' "

It's well over ten years since the Lewis Brothers left their home in Jamaica's original capital of Spanish Town (where, Ian tells me, they lived "four in a room", though this should not necessarily be taken as a suggestion of a ghetto upbringing) to come to live in the present capital and form Inner Circle.

By day they followed the almost cliched path of recording for Coxsone Dodd's Studio One and receiving no payment while by night they played countless sets of Top Forty material wherever they could.

Though the split with Third World appears to have been a cathartic event for the Lewis Brothers it was one from which both bands ultimately emerged far stronger, for it was after this that *both* bands put aside covering top forty hits and set about establishing an entirely original repertoire.

When Jacob Miller came into the outfit, says Ian, " 'Im not 'ave no food, no nothing.

"We used to live together in this tenement building where we could hardly survive: that's how we named our first record, 'Dreadlock Can't Live In A Tenement Yard'. Couldn't do nothing ina peace — one of the most frustrating times of our lives.

"Once we stopped playing top forty music our income was cut off. To earn money we had to go and strum some calypso and make some ickle rum guys smile — so we leave that out. And we just sit in this yard and the people look upon us and see we can't pay rent and we just go *'Who-ahhh!* Dreadlocks can't live in a tenement yard'.

"And from that is the whole start of everything."

SINCE those days the central three-piece core of the Lewis Brothers and Jacob Matthias Miller have steadily stepped forward with countless discs of varying quality — Jacob himself, who is also an adept drummer (he's behind the kit on Hugh Mundell's classic of last year, 'Africa Must Be Free By 1983'), reckons to have appeared on at least *500* cuts!

In 1976 Inner Circle signed with US Capitol and made two LPs, largely of re-cuts of earlier Jacob Miller hits.

They were not happy dealings, these.

Despite several US tours Capitol, Jacob claims, later did almost nothing to promote the band: "Capitol wasn't ready for us. At least we got onto a major label, I suppose, although what good that can do when they're not doing anything for you, I'm not sure. They just didn't want to spend any money on us at all. I think we were just signed as a tax loss."

Ian Lewis, however, believes the experience to have been invaluable: "Them jest mek it more frustrating more than anything else, mon. Them put us on a tour of a rock 'n' roll circuit, playing to people who had never heard of reggae music.

"But still it was a good experience, because it helped in our production towards energy music. And that is important: to learn how to build the songs and really get into an audience like that.

"Because I can understand how if a man is not really into reggae and doesn't totally understand it then after he has heard about fifteen or twenty reggae tunes it can seem monotonous for him. To some people, it does all sound the same, you know: them just hear the drums roll off and check that it's the same tune."

It was, then, on those States tours — and particularly at one particular Toots-supporting gig in San Francisco when a lack of time prevented Inner Circle from threading up in their stage gear so they just stepped out onstage in their "roots clothes" and never looked back — that the band's stage act was honed together. Though I've yet to see it myself, Neil Spencer, who saw the band live in JA in both 1976 and at last year's Peace Concert, regards Jacob's performances as splendidly over-the-top, with the expansive Miller belly apparently acting out an integral part of the show.

Eat yer heart out. Leslie West.

IT'S now two years since the band, which in addition to the Brothers Lewis, Jacob and ex-Wailer Touter, also has Calvin McKenzie on drums, supplied a suitable antidote to Capitol's thoughtless years when Jacob Miller's 'Forward Ever' became the

■ *Continues over page*

# 'IM ME BROTHER

*Pic: Adrian Boot*

*INNER CIRCLE: l. to r. Roger Lewis, Bernard Harvey (token thin man no. 1), Jacob Miller, Carlton McKenzie (token thin man no. 2), Ian 'Munty' Lewis.*

# A TALE OF TWO CITIES CONTD.

■ *From previous page*

first hit for the band's own production company and label, Top Ranking, a set-up which Roger Lewis has an ever-increasing role.

"A 'ole 'eap of artists," says Ian "have been trying this kinda things since they see Bob Marley building his studio. It better that way because them 'ave more trust in the Youth them work with. Them musicians, too, and them go through the same ickle changes."

Since then both Jacob Miller's 'Killer' and 'Wanted' albums have come out on the label, in addition to sides by David Jahson, The Electric Dread, Ray I (featured with Jacob on his hilarious 'Natty Christmas' LP!), Junior Tucker and Israel Vibration.

Top Ranking appears to be yet another of the indications one sees, or even just *feels*, all over Jamaica that certain of the often quite appallingly obvious iniquities within the music business there are finally being levelled out.

"Some people make the music and some people run the business," comments Ian Lewis, "And the people who really make money out of music are the business people. And they're not interested in musicians at all — just figures.

"People take up a magazine and read about what's happening down here, and it just sounds *gree-aaat*. But they don't learn what is really happening to someone: that that person might be feeling that he is going off of his head.

"That's why we personally don't really love this manager thing. It's not always exactly a rip-off but it's still weird that you have this man between you and the company, and 'im go to the company and take money from it and tell you that you owe 'im money. And yet it's *your* money coming from the company and 'im taking to and transacting all his personal business and giving you a ickle phone call now and then.

"And 'im don't know if you live or if you eat or if you are suffering — 'im don't care."—

They are largely like parasites, aren't they?

"Of course! All you need is one man who can deal with the money for you. Just pay him for that. When you go on the road employ a tour manager. Don't 'ave the man come be lord over you and make you sign up some big fat paper and take some big fat percentage."

"HELLO, could you tell me if a Mr Jacob Miller was on the 9.30 flight to Kingston, Jamaica, this morning?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I can't possibly release that information to you."

"But it would help me greatly if you could."

"Sir, I can only release information to the FBI," is the curt response.

Obviously I am no longer in Jamaica.

His PR, Alan Edwards, had been elusive / eluded / plain confusing / plain confused about just why the Killer was staying in New York.

Jacob is apparently a contentious political musical figure. "The same sort of thing that happened to Peter Tosh might happen to him if he returns to Jamaica from the States," I am told.

Somehow this didn't really seem on. A Peter Tosh or a Tapper Zukie, artists whose very herb exhalations are filled with the thunderclaps and lightning crackles of political oratory, he certainly didn't seem on the one occasion I'd previously met Jacob.

Along with Althea, with whom he was then stepping out, and her ranking songstress chum Donna, he'd come round to visit photographer Kate Simon at the Kingston hotel where I was staying last year.

Jacob said very little, just sat there, refusing a spliff. He didn't flop his stomach down on to his knees like I'd been promised he would.

He'd hardly struck me then as being exactly a Tosh figure.

Cuddly, more like.

Of course he wasn't in New York because he was in danger of a machete slicing off a few of those extra pounds of flesh. "Killer in love," Roger Lewis had informed me, " 'Im find an ickle sistren."

Jacob, I was told, would be meeting the rest of the band in Miami, before they flew to England to start their current tour. It was imperative that I fly to New York from Kingston and talk with him there.

Reluctantly I boarded an Air Jamaica plane and arrived in the creepily chilly city of the Big Apple.

I arrived at my hotel — the Essex House of Donny Hathaway suicide fame — to find a note waiting for me. Jacob, it said, would be waiting for me to interview him in a bedroom a couple of floors up. All I had to do was go upstairs, knock on the door, and slip him my microphone.

I did. There was no reply.

The next morning I spoke to the New York Island press person.

Jacob had flown back to Kingston that morning.

The press person couldn't figure out why Jacob hadn't answered my knock on his hotel-room door. He had had, she recalled, some very strong herb with him. Maybe he'd fallen asleep. Pausing only to watch *High Anxiety* on the hotel's VTR system, I caught (courtesy of Island Records, I should add) the next flight back to Kingston.

As long as Jacob's Air Jamaica flight hadn't disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle I should manage to nab the Killer.

AS Jah probably intended it to happen whether I flew to New York and back or not, I bumped into Jacob Miller at 8.30 the next morning in the street in New Kingston.

Along with Ian Lewis in the passenger seat and Jacob's son in the back, the island's ranking vocalist was driving his Vauxhall Viva in the direction of Beverley Hills. I climbed in and accompanied them up there.

What had *actually* happened to Jacob Miller in the Essex House was a lot less romantic, though a lot more socially interesting, than the Island New York press office had come up with. Realising that in the peculiarly paranoid city of New York it was probably not a good idea at all fe a dreadlocks to be found watching TV and feasting on room service on his own in a hotel-room registered in someone else's name, Jacob had gone and waited for me downstairs in the hotel lobby.

I was late. Jacob split back to his mother's place in the Bronx — which, along with Brooklyn, has loads of Jamaicans living there — and flew home the next morning.

I'm filled in on these details by Jacob on the drive up to the bungalow.

Once inside Jacob sits himself down on one end of a couch that still permits him to gaze out of the open patio windows and up to the Blue Mountains in the far distance.

He is easily summed up by his favourite phrase, "Evert'ing is *great*."

I mention last year's previous fleeting meeting to the Killer. I tell him that I heard the reason Althea and Donna had to stop working together was that Althea had got pregnant and that initially I'd assumed Jacob Miller to be the cause of this loss to Virgin Records.

"You thought it was mine? Well, I don't know whose it is," laughs Jake with the quite distinct US accent he's picked up over the past few weeks in the States.

Oh, I know it's not yours. Wailers' keyboards player Tyrone Downey, Althea's new swain, is the father, I'm told.

"Oh," laughs Jacob, stretching and yawning very sensuously, "I don't know. *Evert'ing is great!*" Mind you, you are supposed to be a bit of a lad with the ladies . . .

"Oh yeah. I have a lot."

Voice off: "Yeah, lots of talk and no action."

"I just like," continues straight-faced Jake, "to multiply the girls and have them all. Can't take the lonely life. You have to have a lot of girls.

"How's the girls in England?" he inquires. "Lots?"

Oh yeah. I'm sure you can have a good time.

"Yes, dread," utters this Casanova of the Caribbean. "Just send them come. *Evert'ing is great.*"

It was a girl you were seeing in the States then, was it?

"Oh yes. It was a girl I had to visit in Washington: Donna's sister, Debbie."

IT WAS in 1967, when he was thirteen, that Jacob cut his first sides. Predictably, they were for Studio One — 'Love Is A Message' and 'Keep On Looking'. Equally predictably, he didn't earn any money from them.

Like so many Jamaican artists Jacob is not embittered but almost affectionately philosophical about the experience: "You go to a musical school you must pay to learn, but this is a school where you weren't charged anything . . . so it's okay, really."

He adopts the same attitude towards his similar experiences with other producers.

With Joe Gibbs, he tells me, he recorded at the studio boss's instigation as *Ted* Miller which makes him sound more like a bookie than a musician. As to the current occasional confusion over his recording as both Jacob Miller *and* Inner Circle he comments, "Well, it's no different to the situation in America where you get Parliament, Funkadelic and Bootsy's Rubber Band — who're all the same people operating under one name."

Though born in Mandeville — Jacob grew up, he says, "around the Russell Road — the main road to Trenchtown."

It was musicians like The Delfonics, The Stylistics and The Beatles who strongly influenced his approach to vocalese.

So what first got him into music?

"No," he admonishes, with a wave of a forefinger, becoming

■ *Continues page 54*

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MC 7208 602
Wind And Wuthering
MC 7208 611
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MC 7208 557
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MC 7208 558
Holy Grail
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MC 7208 618
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# MUSIC TO PASS EXAMS BY

## Singles reviewed by ADRIAN THRILLS

**SINGLES OF THE WEEK**
**'O' LEVEL: We Love Malcolm (Kings Road)**
**THE RUTS: In A Rut (People Unite)**

Singles of last week might be more precise. Both these little gems have been around since the end of January, only to be inexplicably ignored by this paper until now.

Four two-minute stabs of wry, witty, inspired nonsense make up the 'O' Level EP, a cataclysmic refining of the primitivism of their "East Sheen" debut single last year. And the change is for the better — 'O' level now sound like a garageful of Patrik Fitzgeralds impersonating The Merseybeats. "We Love Malcolm" is their tongue in safety-pinned cheek hymn of praise to the Brian Epstein of the blank generation.

Flip it for "Everybody's On Revolver Tonight", Paddy 'O' Level's retort to The Rezillos "Top Of The Pops": *"They've all gone to see the Banshees/They're on next after X Ray Spex/Think I'll have a cup of cocoa/While my friends are out, and pogo / Revolver / Revolver / Everybody's on Revolver / Part-time punks / Psuedo-punks / Everybody's on Revolver tonight".*

But for the finest exposition of their naive, fumbling genius turn to "Stairway To Boredom", where a falsetto Buddy Holly singalike tries to get to grips with rock steady: *"We're all on a stairway to boredom/'cos we've got nothing else to do/We're all on a stairway to boredom/'cos we've got something we can prove."*

"Sounds like a severe case of Punkus Disillusionus," a doctor's voice whispers in my ear, but anyone who can make records with the wit and sparkle of this knows that there's life in the old dog yet. Quite right. But will they do *Top Of The Pops?*

South London rock and *RARIlers* The Ruts don't quite recapture their devastating live form on reggae band Misty's People Unite label, but still manage to come up with the first real singalongapunk anthem of the year, even if their guitarist's big moment of glory does come a bit too close for comfort to the weird bit in Dead Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love".

Hear it before a joyless cynic convinces you that groups like 'O' Level and The Ruts should be consigned to pogoing in their bedrooms to the first Clash album. The world would be a sorrier place without them.

**● MARKETING PLOY OF THE WEEK**
**BARBARA RANDOLPH: I Got A Feeling (Tamla Motown)**
A Tamla dance floor classic reissued in the old-style brown and white Motown sleeve with the old style silver and black Motown label in the middle — a black vinyl disco single in 7" format only!!! The blurb says that Motown chose the old bag and label to tie in with the concept of nostalgia which will undoubtedly surround the release.

Ah, for those nights of trying to footsie the plastic palm trees the Stevenage Locarno!

Made in 1967 — and one of just three songs that the lass got to record for the label, originally done by the Four Tops, is timeless. This is Soul!

**MOSKOV: Man From Uncle (SRS)**
Assured attempt at crossbreeding hard, new rock with TV series music of the *Persuaders / Thunderbirds / Hawaii Five-O* variety by five men from Trowbridge. This squeaks and bubbles like something out of one of those Doctor Moors Plays Back — stereophonic demonstration records, but is neatly propelled along by great drumming and a concrete bass line. Not quite as danceable as *Hawaii Five-O* perhaps, but better than a 'progressive' Howard Devoto/John Barry re-write anyday.

**BOOKER T JONES: Let's Go Dancing (A&M)**
**BLUES BROTHERS: Soul Man (Atlantic)**
Of the original Booker T and The MG's line-up, only drummer Al Jackson is not featured on either of these two records, one of which is instantly disposable, the other a must for parties north, south, east and west of the river. While Booker T wraps his tonsils around 3.47 of easy late-night slush, guitarist Steve Cropper and bassman 'Duck' Dunn wisely keep their faith in their axes to back current Stateside megastars the Blues Brothers on a live rendition of the "Soul Man" classic.

Their playing has lost none of its edge. It is rhythmic simplicity itself. These guys have more soul in the dirt under their fingernails than most rock players dream about mustering in a lifetime. How ironic that this brash, strident Stax revamp appears and hit on a groove so out of date — at least three years — that it sounds like fifth-rate Brass Construction. Dreck of this order makes "One Bad Apple" and "Down By The Lazy River" seem like halcyon days. No more, mon.

**JILTED JOHNL True Love (EMI International)**
**JULIE AND GORDON: J-J-Julie (pogo)**
**HELPLESS HEW: Still Love You In My Heart (Universal Spirit)**
Last year, Julie jilted John, who has now hitched himself to Karen across the sweet counter and in turn given the elbow to the fricative frenzy of his debut single in favour of a glossily over-arranged ditty with a non-tune. I like the line *"I asked her out and she said alright and I was in heaven/What time shall I meet you, about half-seven"*, but if this is anything to go by Graham Fellows would do well to think about accepting all acting parts.

Julie and Gordon, meantime, have again teamed up for a second pathetic attempt at cashing in on JJ's misfortune. Undeterred by the dismal failure of "Gordon's Not A Moron", their latest offering comes replete with a lordly grown-up brashness and sexual innuendo totally at odds with The Jilted One's re-created 'pre-pubescent' world. Heap don't keep.

Surbiton's own acoustic balladeer Helpless Hew finds himself in the same position as John was last year — jilted. Like the latter, he has no voice to speak of and musical finesse to match, though there is a certain endearing charm about the way he wallows in his self-pity. (Available from 81 Burney Avenue, Surbiton.)

**SAMSON: Mr Rock And Roll (Lightning)**
**JOE LETHAL: Don't Come Back (Lethal)**
**BAD COMPANY: Rock And Roll Fantasy (Swansong)**
**GIRLS SCHOOL: Take It All Away (City)**

Mucho wacko macho rifferama time. Whereas the Blues Brothers' single above captures the excitement and feel of '60s Memphis soul with praiseworthy clarity and energy, not one of these records capture whatever fleeting excitement 'umble, 'eavy early '70s British rock provided in its dubious heyday.

Samson and Joe Lethal are standard-issue power trios from England and Scotland respectively. Like Generation X, Samson's main lyrical concern is with the insular rock and roll lifestyle and its fantasies: *"We're playing so loud, got my head in the clouds/Just to please the crowd if it makes you happy/I'm doing alright, I've been drinking all night/Even had a fight 'cos it makes me happy."*

Uh, consciousness raising stuff. At least, Joe Lethal has his feet a little closer to the ground, and is happy enough to merely *"get tight, now that I got rid of you."* But even if it is gen-you-wine ponderous riffing and bombast that you're after, then there's no-one as reliable as Bad Company. Not even the introduction of electric bongoes — Rose Royce style — can save their meagre offering.

Girls School are four ladies on red vinyl. I saw them once supporting Sham 69 in front of an audience of baying skinheads at the Harlesden Roxy. Then they seemed like a club heavy metal band who had suddenly discovered Punk. Now, they've got a record out and sound like a club heavy metal band who suddenly discovered Punk, but reckoned they'd be a shade better off sticking with what they know best.

But don't despair. There are bands who have proved conclusively in controlled tests — the Gang Of Four are one — that hard rock can actually be played with drive and economy and without all its attendant old myths.

**KEITH RICHARDS: Run Rudolph Run (Rolling Stones Import)**

Great to see Keef getting back to his roots innit, eh? Well, no actually, even if this does knock lumps off anything on "Some Girls". Kris Needs sings his praises of this record in the latest *Zigzag*, but in reality it is quite ordinary. Like the recent Public Image offshoot single "Steel Leg" on Virgin, it's an example of what you can get away with dumping on loyal fans just because you are a name.

The old Chuckleberry number is done the only way old Chuckleberry numbers can be done but it's the flip, a version of strugglin' man Jimmy Cliff's epic "The Harder They Come", that's the real insult. In place of the flowing sensuality of the original (from the film score of the same name), you get an embarrassing stoned jam

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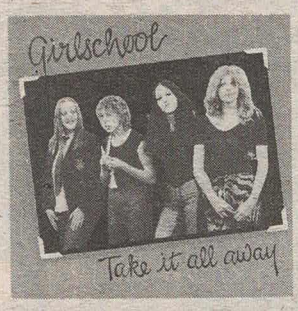

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● *Continued from previous page*

studio workout that should have been gently erased from the tapes the morning after. But no, British release soon come.

**MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND: You Angel You (Bronze)**
Another old Bob Dylan song, streamlined and crafted in the smooth inoffensive way that Manfred streamlines and crafts old Dylan songs for a slice of 'chart action', wisely consigning the inferior Earthband compositions to B-sides. A hit! At least he's kept off any more Bruce Springsteen songs.

**TONTRIX: Slipping Into Life (Townton)**
**STOPOUTS: Strange Thoughts (Skeleton)**
Liverpool has been a musical backwater for years now and there is little in these two independent releases to suggest any change in the Mersey status quo. From their name to the infuriating Barney Bubbles touch to the graphics on the sleeve, I expected Tontrix to come on all grey and moderne. But "Slipping Into Life" is too quirky-jerky for that, built around a majestic organ riff more rendolent of one of Steve Harley's baroque Cockney Rebel arrangements. The Stopouts are a missing link: the one between earthy English wackiness and West Coast psychedelia. They are a three-piece with a well-voiced lady singer but the song sucks.

**KIM FOWLEY: Rubber Rainbow/In My Garage (Illegal)**
Kim Fowley wrote and produced "Nutrocker" for B Bumble And The Stingers in 1961, learned to survive on the streets of Los Angeles, invented the Runaways in 1975 and released a double A-sided single on Illegal in 1979 as a trailblazer to his first all-new album in five years. Bear with him, please. The San Andreas fault opens more each day.

**THE CARS: Just What I Needed (Elektra)**
Speak for yourself, bub.

**BILL NELSON'S RED NOISE: Furniture Music (Harvest)**
I spent ages trying to work out why a never-was like Nelson should feel so affronted by the rise and rise of reggae to be moved to sing *"I'm not fond of Jah music"*, until I looked at the song title. It's these awfully mannered, 'psychotic' enuniciations, y'see. They really throw me. Anyway, pseudish space-age glam rockers do not good comebacks make.

● **(I LOST MY HEART TO A) US IMPORT**
**NERVUS REX: Don't Look (Cleverly Named Records, Import)**
**THE LAST: LA Explosion (Backlash, Import)**
**THE STRAND: Just Like You Lonely (Import)**
**WHITE BOY: Heavans Of Hell (Doodley Squat Import)**
**HALF JAPANESE: No Direct Line From My Brain To My Heart (Import)**
**BATTERED WIVES: Uganda Stomp (Bomb, Canadian import)**
Yankees, dontcha just pity 'em. Most of these singles sound like the products of mind that got to hear the first Ramones record through The Dickies, they're that bad.

Worst of a dull bunch are the sub-Devo duo Half Japanese from Maryland who're pseudish enough enough to want their music to be felt totally as noise. The Last (California), Battered Wives (Toronto) and White Boy (Washington) vie for Punk credibility among gullible, warped American minds by writing songs about things like 'Hitler's brother', 'rock star enchanters' and 'killing bloodhounds'.

Only slightly better is The Strand's pleasantly poppy "Just Like You Lonely", which leaves just Nervus Rex, a New York five-piece who stand out like Osvaldo Ardiles in Tottenham's midfield amid all the depression and confusion. Rex are a crisper, sparser Talking Heads, with a clenched-teeth David Byrne soundalike out front, a similarly brittle, funky rhythm section but a feel that is all their own. "Don't Look" is the most refreshing record to come out of the Rotten Apple since the first Cramps single. A single of the week, were it readily available over here.

**PANKRTI: The Beautiful And The Void (Yugoslav Import)**
Collectors corner? Pankrti (The Bastards) reckon that theirs is the 'first true Punk record made in YU'. Backed with "Lublana (their home town) Is Sick'.", a sort of Balkan "London's Burning", it joins the growing legion of Europunk platters, although it lacks the startling originality of Kleenex (Switzerland) or the barely-suppressed rage of the Rude Kids (Sweden). The main disadvantage to English ears is the fact that Pankrti sing only in their native tongue, which leaves the lyrics, if not the sentiments, a mystery. (Available from Pankrti, Tabor 9, 6100 Lublana, YU.)


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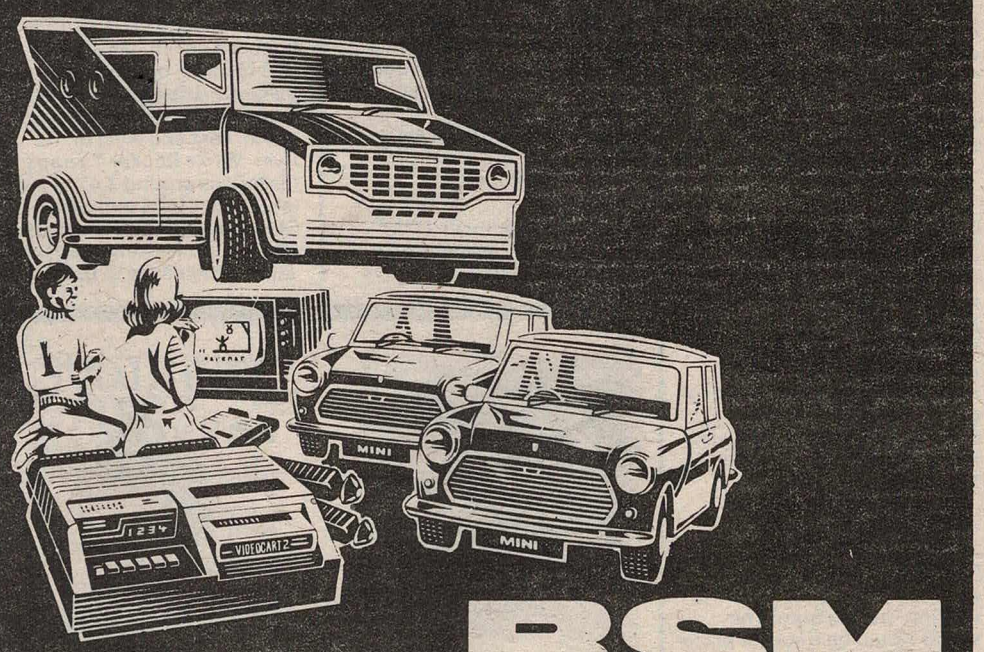


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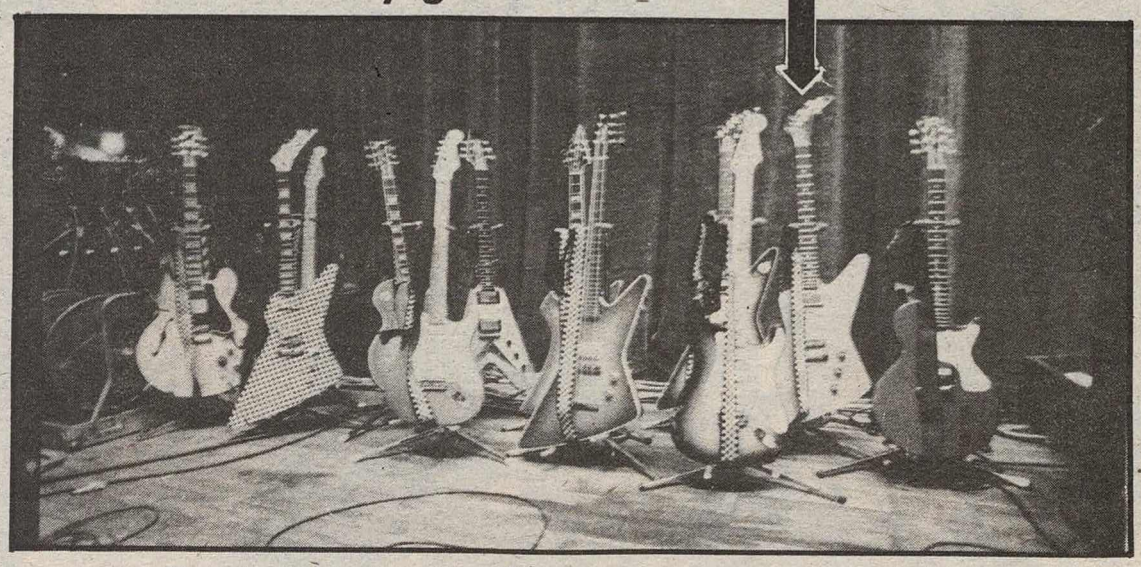
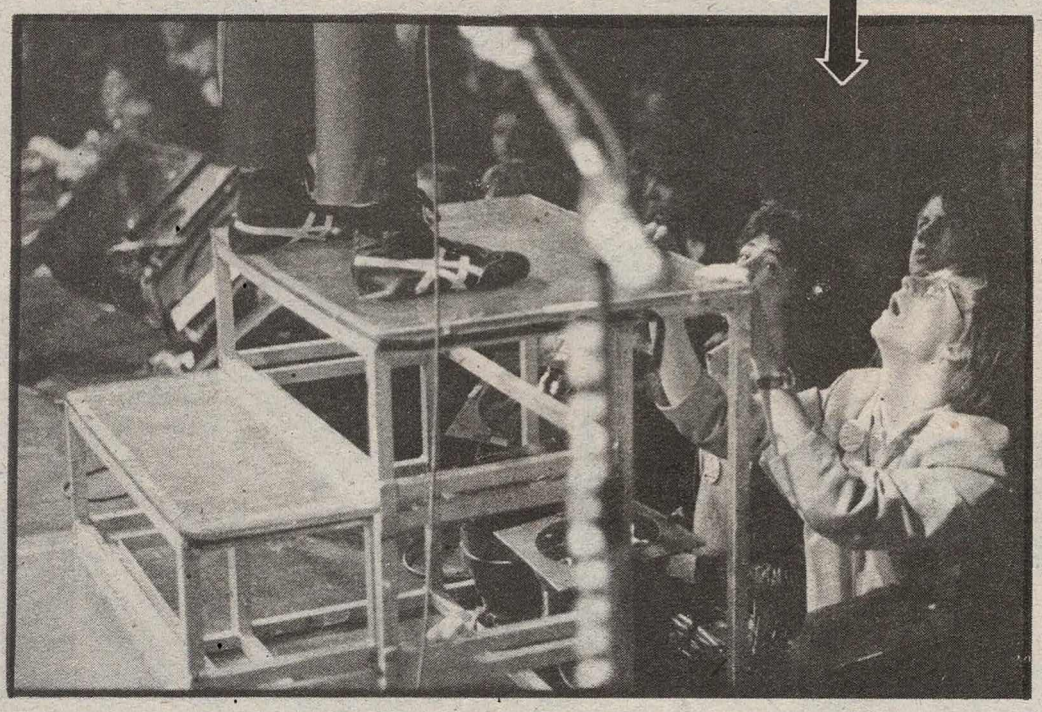


*. . . And this is my fan . . .*



# A Study in Megawotsit

AS CHEAP TRICK have demonstrated, you can't always go by appearances.

On the surface, singer Robin Zander and bassist Tom Petersson may make just about everyone from Hall & Oates to Buckingham & Nicks look positively flakey, but that's not the only reason for their presence in the line-up.

The cover concept of "In Color", Trick's first UK album (their second Stateside), reveals all.

Against a technicolour sunset, this winsome twosome languish astride symbolic chrome choppers as if modelling for a *Playboy* magazine fashion spread. On the reverse, the rumpled vision of guitarist Rick Nielsen and drummer Bun E. Carlos presents a grotesque monotone parody. Says Tom: "If you look at the photograph of Robin and myself, you'll immediately think, who are these two assholes? But when you look at the back and see the state of the other two, you go phew . . . *saved!*"

As it transpires, on whatever level you choose to approach Cheap Trick's split-imagery, they never luck-out. In one guise or another, it's taken something like a dozen years for the four musicians to reach the entrance to Lucky Strike.

The journey hasn't always been smooth. Along the way, image-manipulator Kim Fowley insisted that if they were ever to amount to anything, not only must they promptly change their name, but also Bun E. Carlos' appearance: he must grow his hair and cut the carbohydrates for starters.

Blue Oak Arkansas' macho-mania manager further suggested that Rick Nielsen abandon his Huntz Hall histrionics, trade his baseball cap for a silk headband and come on like Jimi Hendrix.

Before eventually being picked up by Epic Records, the Tricksters were *twice* rejected by the Mother-company (Columbia) as having no commercial potential.

"A lotta good ideas," Nielsen reminisces over Chinese chow, "and I don't know why we turned 'em all down!"

They may well be on the short-list for This Year's Thing, but to some extent Cheap Trick's incongruous public image has overshadowed just how good a band they really are.

Cheap Trick represent the antithesis of such grossly over-patronised anonymous platinum megabucksters as Boston, Styx, Kansas, Rush and Foreigner: bands who, in person, are even more faceless than their vacuous music and, to quote Petersson, "wouldn't get headlines if they died tomorrow."

At this moment in time, El Cheapo are close as dammit to perfecting the difficult trick of producing albums positively overflowing with instant four-minute hard-pop classics. On this score, they've already lapped both Tom Petty and The Cars.

Nielsen sees Cheap Trick's evolution as, *"Perhaps* being an *avant garde* commercial pop group."

I'll buy that. One thing is certain: like Costello, Edmunds, Lowe, GP, Dury, Springsteen, Southside, Willy DeVille, Blondie and The Ramones, they've approached the '80s by skilfully reconstructing the past in their respective highly individual images.

They're a select band of artists who have reintroduced into rock a new coherence and a thoroughly revitalized understanding of rock music's three main basic elements: rhythm, tension and energy.

Mere revivalists they most certainly are not.

Trick are near to fulfilling the Angophiliac Fab Four fantasies pioneered — with various degrees of cultist success — by The Nazz, Big Star, Blue Ash, The Raspberries and Dwight Twilly: the synthesis of the Best Of British into an American totality.

The Cheapsters claim that, apart from such pitfalls as unsatisfactory management, the lack of success of such Critics' Darlings wasn't just that they weren't sweet enough for the girls or sufficiently nasty to rock out with conviction. In the majority of cases, they say, the inspiration was second-hand.

In 1968, both Nielsen and Petersson were so intrigued by the British Invasion that they came to London to check out for themselves precisely what *was* happening.

Petersson speaks first: "When the British thing happened, it just about crushed every American band. Compared to The Beatles, The Kinks and the Stones, American bands were just a joke. They couldn't compete on any level."

Their pilgrimage was to change their entire outlook, for among other things they came across two bands to whom they are inspirationally indebted: The Who and The Move.

Nielsen: "First-hand experience beats browsing through magazines, buying copied clothes and adopting an attitude you've only read about."

The duo's European Experience has previously been documented in these pages, save to say that at one juncture Nielsen unsuccessfully tried to get a job as Family's roadie with the intention of working his way up.

Undoubtedly, the most important trait they picked up on their expedition was a Pythonesque British sense of humour, a characteristic which, with few exceptions, has always been lacking in American bands.

However, juggling with as many diverse aural and visual images as proliferate throughout the Trick trip could have spelt disaster; for not only is America no longer as image-conscious as Britain but, in terms of mass appeal, American audiences prefer their music safe, straight down the middle and stereotyped.

"In Britain," Petersson observes, "it's entirely different. The Sex Pistols, Ian Dury, Elvis Costello and even a band like Generation X monopolised the media even before they proved their worth on the charts.

"In America, it's different. A band like Blue Oyster Cult starts out projecting a certain image but then they back off. Unlike British artists they're reluctant to go to extremes and that's where they eventually lose out. The only band that has done it is Kiss . . ."

"But," interjects Nielsen, "now they want to go back and try and get musical credibility which —something they have to understand — they'll never achieve."

Nielsen continues: "We're serious about our music, but we recognise the humour that exists all around us. Cheap Trick wasn't put together because of how handsome I was," he jests, "but because of the music. If you put Bun E. and me with a bunch of girls, it sure as hell puts a different light on it, than if they were photographed with Robin and Tom. Yet, it's the same girls, the same setting, it's just the individual personalities that alter it."

Nielsen is adamant. If they were only in it for the money, they'd be called The Southern Boogie Kings and be multi-millionaires in the bargain.

The Southern Boogie Kings is the ultimate gross-out concept. The band perched on a stage designed like a mssive Stetson hat, going crazy and making lots of noise against a backdrop of unfurling Confederate flags and Star Spangled Banners, guns and cannons firing over the heads of the crowd and Robin riding a Brahma Bull as part of a rodeo.

"All we'd do is boogie and talk about whisky, wimmen and dope. With that kinda show," Nielsen insists," "we'd be the Southern Kiss. Now that we've given away the secret someone will probably go right out and rip-off the whole schtick."

To hell with the Southern Boogie Kings. When Cheap Trick take the stage nothing is sacred. They shower the crowd with more intentional cliches than Nielsen does plectrums.

From the "Rip It Up" hedonism of "Clock Strikes Ten', through to the surreal "I Want To Hold Your Gland" plea around which "I Want You To Want Me" *innocently* rotates, to the downright radio-orientated subversiveness of "Surrender" (one of the late '70s truly great singles) and Nielsen's Gonzo guitar hero perody, Trick connect on every conceivable level.

With songs like the aforementioned "Surrender" not do Trick demonstrate the art of creating simple yet stirring pop anthems but, like Costello, they have realised that radio still is rock's most immediate medium. Without compromising their values, they play the radio

■ *Continues page 61*

**Verbiage: ROY CARR**
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*The Village policeman . . .*

# THE ANNALS OF DISCO

DANNY BAKER tests the dancefloor action 1979 from uptown Manhattan to downtown Rotherhithe, interviews THE VILLAGE PEOPLE people, lays on a historical overview of Disco, and offers some thoughts on the most popular music in the world.

"NEW YORK, just like I pictured it . . . sky scrapers and everything . . ."

*" 'Sa coupla minutes before eight o'clock-Satday nite in the city Disco 92, WKTU. How y'doin this evebabe? I'm Trip Reed, whooo say this Bee Gee's forya . . . thru ano' haff houra music, WKTU."*

The DJ trick of bringing in the next record the instant the old one begins to fade, and thus making the illusion that the hits keep gettin' louder, is struck so perfect that I pull myself high in the back seat and inhale so hard it's something of a miracle the old spleen didn't come flying down the back passage.

The cabbie feels it too, alternately bashing the wheel with either palm, shoulders taking turns to surge out a mouthful of air that he occasionally will expel in long noisy shifts.

The traffic is slow and it's drizzling like you have to get to work. The night lights are mutated and dissolved through the windows and Broadway appears as it does in the opening credits of *Taxi Driver*.

The inevitable manic whine of the police siren is cut short by the punched pace of the intro to 'Stayin Alive', the cabbie now visibly bobbing up and down in his seat — "C'mon man, c'mon man. OK, let's g-alright here we go . . .". Walk becomes 'Don't Walk' and off the car glides, my speeding guide humming the track much faster that it's coming from the dashboard on which he has perched the monster radio/cassette.

*"We'you can tell by the way I use ma walk . ."* (Haha, whooha, c'mon godda-alright, OK) *". . for talk . . I bin kicked around since I was born . ."* (Let's go ma man, let's mooove sump'n here) *"We're stayin alive, stayin alive . ."* (Shit, lady, come orn woman, cross this damn roa-OK, OK) *. . ."Feel the city breakin' and everybody shakin but we're stayin' alive stayin' alive . ."*

The cabbie shoots some comment at a passing Mercury Marquee in the harmony that treads water, but has his head back inside to pump along the rest of the song. The man may not be fully in charge of his machine, but as far as he knows it's he alone who's driving WKTU 92 FM. And all the time those windscreen wipers are going swish, swish, swish, in perfect beat . . . . . *"Stayin' Alive, Stayin' Alive . ."*

And this is where musical toes start getting trodden on.

Call me a naive sentimental old fool but I'm going to whip dangerously close to the old 'Backdrop For Saturday Night Ploy', an attitude now so much in vogue with the 'disco is real roots' pretenders.

Over the last couple of months I've read reams of stuff about the music, highbrow and pseudo lowbrow, and stacks of times I've thought, 'that's true' and 'this bloke's got a point', until, after my own ramblings started getting daylight, people started cornering me in atrocious rock conversations on the subject of 'what's this all about?'.

For a while there I was well involved with the stance that disco held the key to romance, fashion and a brave new life here in 1979, and if you wore it like a badge it gave you a certain 'rootsy' flair which, true enough, is enough to win rock'n'roll respect.

If rock'n'roll thinks enough people are doing it to allow participants the luxury of believing it's a closed shop then it's branded OK and articles spring up ten to the dozen.

Another global cult sold.

These days I tend to criticise disco in public simply because I see writers and rags I've always loathed praising it — it's like some bizarre inverted defence of your wife who's just become famous. Only Julie Burchill has any kind of focus on the whole distorted blimp of disco and the rock press, and my heart pumps pisswater for you others.

So what's in it for me? I seriously love disco music because I love the times I have in the great pubs of South London, and the two go hand in hand. And that's all. Which is why I find baffling all this sucking from the Kensington set and our journalist friends.

All that imagery pushing open the pub door to the heat, shouting and the crashing choruses from the darkness within may have overworked by liars, but I do love the nightlife and there lies my crush. Brown ale and Woodbines don't come into it, the word 'pub' itself maybe to you has cockney sparra-all-boys-together overtones, and certainly "Hurry Up Harry" is another universe, but if that's the case then you should ease off the mortice lock and step out more.

Seek out what Americans know as "The Action" and is locally "The Crack", and see how disco press screams from a wheelchair. *Time Out* can kiss "The Dun Cow's" ass.

I WORKED for two years in a record shop that just bordered on Mayfair, off Oxford Street, and consequently netted the odd tourist (about 10,000 odd as it happens), but there was one special strain of foreigner that struck fear into the working day.

Swishing through the door, in wall to wall St. Laurent threads, fit, bronzed and amidst a heavy waft of something which, like as not, cost a tad more than Old Spice For Men, he would place an attache case on the counter and speak the immortal lines:

"Esuse please. I am in England for just a short time to buy some, er, feorty fives for my club in Spain/Italy/Switzerland. Please aff you the latest music to dance to, er the soul . . . Jemms Brown perhaps . . so long as it can be good for a DJ . . . perhaps?"

In 1974 the word Disco was still a twinkle in its mother's eye. Club dance music included anything from ol' James's latest new-new super heavy Godfather of Funk riff and slogan in 'D' to the wet shuffle of The Stylistics' attempts at boogie and even taking in headbanging (we got through more copies of 'Smoke On The Water' than 'Shortstoppin').

In fact, though, it was true enough that these records could be danced to. There was never the impression — as often happens in rock — that they'd been created as trailers for uninspired albums. But in the main they were humourless funk-outs or sweet stringy pop songs with no more guts than any James Last backing track.

The early '70s were truly a desert all around. Rock'n'roll was . . . well you know about that . . . and soul was reduced falsetto saps in tuxedos, with only a fine line between what was 'badass' and what was Bassey.

So soul had turned it in, never to return (one Al Green did not a movement make), and Stax coughed up blood but no money. Yet before it died Soul may have put out the pointer for its heirs. Isaac Hayes took time off from being bald and moody (and those chains, Ike!), to pen the instrumental theme to the *Shaft* movie.

Though not a great record, 'Shaft' cut a lot sharper than its contemporaries when played across a PA, suggesting style without the tinsel glamour dahling. Once amputated from the film, its hard chords and rhythm asked for movement and not visions of the tenements and 'dudes'.

Hardline students of all this could probably point out a thousand records that preceded 'Shaft' but from where I stand/stood, Disco owes a lot to its genes to the much wah-wahed one.

Back at the store, DJs never sickened of snapping up copies of another record, which, like Shaft, was used for dragging life away from the bar. A non-hit, savagely overdue for re-release, it was 'Prisencolinensinainciusol' by Adriano Celentano, I kid you not, and had a lyric that was made up of chanted jibberish over a ferocious, even by Disco 79 standards, repetitive beat that incorporated Red Indian dance drumming, harmonica breaks and a horn riff of unsurpassable delight.

Later issued under the title of 'That Record', it is still one of the top disco 20 and in no need of updating.

'Shaft' gave the genes; here is the open collar shirt. And so enter the fat men.

*"Uh-huh, baby . . . Ohh I swear my love oh baby . . . Uh huh yeah . . right on baby . ."*

IN 1973 BARRY White was 29 and, since the release of his 'So Much To Give' album a year earlier, had cut through the

■ *Centres over page*

# THE ANNALS OF DISCO CONTINUED

■ *From previous page*

Sly/JB's/malefunk monopoly on 'black' records and grabbed dancers by the wallet. He and his back-up singers, Love Unlimited, created a sweet melodic string backdrop over which to either grunt or croon and they bashed out records at a rate of knots.

When White released the rich Sweetex hi-hat with built-in coffee table credibility that was 'Love's Theme' he tapped a vein with more commercial possibilities than Steven Speilberg could throw a stick at. However, his appeal ran from pre-teens to ageing rich jetsetters (the latter really being White's aim if the awful album sleeves were anything to go by — all twenty two carat and mink-lined pools despite the old brute looking more like a Big Mac on legs), there was nothing urgent in his 'work' — plenty of icing but nothing to hint that sweating might be acceptable.

Soon we had Van McCoy, Biddhu and MFSB all thrashing out candy instrumentals ten to the dozen, and grey rinsed Lords and Ladies buying gloss floss plastic as 'with it' as the next mindless aristocrat.

Only the gay community seemed to be bothered to search and employ true gems. Sure, they'd shake to the previous names, but they knew why they liked them and had no need to be seen as trendy. They were playing Jackie Moore's 'Sweet Charlie Babe' or 'Both Ends Against The Middle' in Rod's club long before it was on eight-track in the Porsche.

On the funky side of things Kool and the Gang's 'Funky Stuff', Ohio Players' 'Fire' and Bohannon's excellent 'South African Man' (with old Hamilton Bo being one of the first to realise that extended versions of the songs cut it better in nightclubs), were all fairly healthy extensions of the 'Get down parrrty' way of life.

On the hit parade front it was still all Sweet, Glitter, Osmonds, Cassidy until a glorious union meeting decided the charts would be completely turned on their nut.

The monopoly of 'What *Top Of The Pops* Shows You You Will Buy' had never been stronger . . . until a technicians strike took the show off the air for six weeks and *shazzam!!* I have no idea what the radio put out during that time, but when *TOTP* returned eight of the top 20 records were by artists in the chart for the first time — and the number one record was by a complete unknown with no visual image at all, George Macrae and the sublime "Rock Your Baby".

Macrae was on the Jayboy label — it's first release in the UK in fact — with only White's 20th Century and the great Philadelphia International as the other 'disco' companies operating here.

Philly was a diamond, with winners time after time. Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes' "The Love I Lost", O'Jays' "Love Of Money", People's Choice "Do It Any Way You Wanna", (later to become a punk Vortex sound when covered by Dillinger as "Cocaine In My Brain"), Three Degrees' "Dirty Ol' Man", and the stringy anthem "TSOP" by MFSB.

So by now a trend for a certain kind of dance record was underway, and although 'Purple Haze' or 'Down, Down' would still be slotted besides The Philadelphia Society's "100 South Of Broadway", or "Johnny Bristol's 'Hang On In There", discofiends had scented the real meat and weren't gonna be satisfied with middle-aged jet-setting bland baloney no more.

Exit the Love Unlimited Orchestra, enter Gloria Gaynor.

After the re-hash of 'Never Say Goodbye', Gloria, along with her producers, put out an album that really put the wheels beneath the Discotrain. With just three extended tracks on side one (though a conventional side two), they ran the three fast-paced furious drum-driven cuts into each other, spliced finer than the finest DJ could hope.

The 20-odd minutes passed like two and by the time the needle hit the label the marriage of flair, strings and sweat was a roaring success in deep need of a shower.

But still there was no need for rock music to acknowledge any of this. In rock, rock music is HERE and all other forms of contemporary music are put into the comedy file under pop over THERE. Probably only The Average White Band crossed over, and the rest was just schoolkid bubblegum to the 'serious' fan.

Still, no matter — because pretty soon the schoolkids were to break out and toe the pompous decrepid old snob firmly up the arse anyway.

In 1975 things levelled out for a while until in on import came a trailblazer of a 45 on the new Casablanca label.

"Love To Love You Baby" by Donna Summer sold and sold, LP and single . . . on top of which it was a good record. On the LP it took up an entire side — 17 minutes — created new patterns in discotheques for mood and dancing.

It escaped from the German sound that was expected and can best be heard on Silver Convention's exquisite "Get Up And Boogie", and its, er, climaxes and false endings were murder for any club jockey to follow.

BY NOW DISCO was well away from being a winsome brand of MOR pop and getting into serious production and substantial experiments. No longer was it enough to put out dance beat records. These records now had to *compete*. The old names fell like flies. You were only as hot as the single you got.

The competition went outside the discos too. In the working class areas, the juke box had well and truly had its day, and with the discos of the West End so close, pubs installed disco lighting and threw out the Sabbath and the Purple. PAs were improved and a good DJ mattered.

Y'see, the girls didn't want to put up with the boys' brigade shaking down dandruff over Uriah Heep's 'Gypsy' in the Fort when they could go down the street to the Wellington and hear Hues Corporation or Tina Charles or just about any record thay requested. And, whatever you might say, where you find the girls on a weekend you will also find the boys.

Heavy music was forced out of the clubs and now was only entertained on 'Specialist Nights' — usually something appalling like a Monday — in its last rotten stranglehold, the working pubs.

In 1976 came the first bona-fide disco summer. Lee Garrett's "You're My Everything", Candi Staton's "Young Hearts Run Free", Barry White, with his only truly great single, "You See The Trouble In Me", Melba Moore's "This Is It", Andrea True's dubious "More More More" and The Real Thing's "You To Me Are Everything" were all magnificent.

Yet what was disco and what was pop?

The rhythm of all the aforementioned discs gave themselves to dancing, but only in the same way as any chunky fast track of the last 20 years did. There was a thriving market of albums and singles which, at the time, were thought of as pure disco, and yet even something as swinging as Ganor's "Casanova Brown" (1975) could never be lined with the genre like Edwin Starr's "Contact" (1978).

The former is a poppy, slick tuneful piece whereas Starr's is a Disco smash because of its calculations, its chants, and the lack of any kind of warmth in its production.

The odd exceptions that prove the rule, ("Shame", "Nightlife", "I Will Survive"), are no less disco. But take 100 disco 12" singles and 89 will be colder than a headmaster's glare.

This upsets a lot of would-be disco sympathisers, who can't get into something like Dan Hartman's "Instant Replay" because it's so obviously a construction job and they feel manipulated if they concede to shake a bum. But that don't bother me Jack shit. Let me tell you, I get the same urgent rush from "Instant Replay" as from that other icicle, "Anarchy In The UK".

Should you ask which disc means more, then of course it's easy money on the Pistols. But if we're here to rabbit about music then let's plonk it all on the counter. 'Night Fever' is no more a cynical computer punch-out than "Surfin' USA" — in fact there's a stack of comparisons — and if you get to like a few of the tunes that schoolkids sing on bus tops then don't be a closet case. You won't need to walk the streets with a "Gang Of Four" single out of it's Virgin bag . . . we'll believe you're an individual, honest!

And now we get the Disco is killing live music chestnut. Y'know, the day the music dies they're gonna hold Giorgio Moroder for questioning.

Well, as a person who enjoys the thrill of a live gig slightly less than leaving some silver paper on a Wrigleys so it can wrap around a tooth filling, I could also be seen as aiding and abetting this noble assassination. But more substantially, the whole cliched claim is absurd.

In "live" terms a dance floor is far more active and pulsating, with more people getting dashing to the square inch, than any amount of the distressing art displays that pass for live rock. The artistes perform as on tape and canvas, just like they did at rehearsal, and the audience form ranks and observe.

Here, somebody give the sad old spectacle four nails and a hammer and let it finish the job properly. (And I'm talking of the Wembley Pool/Rainbow/ELP type shebang there).

Elsewhere people are getting creative in the clubs all over and I don't doubt that the whole "punk" circuit is essential (I've been round it enough), but Disco only exists as a recorded medium and therefore for "us" to get "our" "live" music the emporiums are a must.

NEXT WE COME to the ludicrous assumption that Disco artists/followers are on a lower strata of intelligence to all our wonderful rock bands. On the occasions that I've chatted with visiting US bands they were all a little puzzled by this European, though not entirely so, theory. Bernard Edwards of the magnificent Chic was clued to it.

"Y'know, since we been in Europe this whole 'class' thing has really turned our heads, and especially in this country. Back home what we play is accepted as another record and judged good or bad by that. 'Cross here we run into all kinds of shit, s'like th'interviewer cat'll try an' get sneaky an' say, 'Ha-ha, well Bernard you and I know it's all bullshit disco but I guess the bucks are comin' in an' between takes you an' the guys lay some real heavy things on each other, so what music do you really like when you ain't workin'?'.

"Now can you imagine how insulting that is? Sure, I'm classically trained, but I write these songs an' I love and stand by them. An' I won't deny that Disco is money — real money. But if some guy says that . . . OK, if I take two identical bass runs and play one with a disco inflection and the other with a jazz feel, an' you gonna tell me that one is more musically valid than the other then you're truly crazy.

"Goddamn I don't know any musician that will hold himself back from playing what he knows to be musically right no matter what he's working on.

"Europe is a whole musical maze with these . . . these snobs, cause that's what they are. But I tell ya we shouldn't worry cos folks like that . . . they don't never buy nothin' anyway. You go to their houses and they got but three *rekeds*, y'know why? Because they refuse to like *anything*, most stuff they're too good for . . ."

Now, with rock'n'roll rationalising with itself that Disco is either whacky, gimmicky, roots or trendy, everybody bails out to join the new thing. Disco 1979. We all laugh and sing YMCA. Reggae, Public Image, YMCA — some jukebox. But was old Uncle Bernard lying through his patriotic teeth. Is disco 'back home' the real beat of the street? Is there magic in the air? Are the clubs those unreal Fever palaces? Is the bloke in the cowboy suit a roaring old queen? Will I ever see my luggage again?

"WKTU, A HAFF hour of solid music — 92 Disco . . ('I'm going nowhere, somebody help me . .') . . So tomorrow we're back to the 30s again but what a day today was . . Whooo yeah . . W . . K . . T . . U . . Satday Night in the city with Tasha Thomas — 'Shoot Me With Your Shot' . . "

Again the switch cranks it up further, from 'Stayin' Alive' to 'Shoot Me', always the longest versions.

Six months ago WKTU was a country/pop station and wallowing amongst the lowest ratings in the state. Its climb after the abrupt switch to 24-hour solid-paced disco music is without equal in broadcasting. WKTU is now the country's leading outfit, with the minimum DJ interference, (although the annoying outcome is gems coming and going unnamed), and all the ads crammed in for two-and-a-half minutes on the half hours.

Like Wolfman Jack in *American Graffiti*, WKTU is everywhere. The traffic keeps it flowing with you as you walk, the hustlers on 42nd with the massive portables blaring from their shoulder perches, stores — from records to hardware — all anchor at 92FM.

WKTU, 24 hours a day and my cabbie is getting rabid. He's not clued as to the words of 'Shoot Me' but he knows where the horn riff shows up and is improvising like a sonuvabitch. He spots a couple out walking. They're both togged out in full length black thermo wear overcoats, like slimline Michelin Men. Beneath doubtlessly, are their jogging suits. The mad cabman swings the car across to them, whether it's advantageous to my trip or not.

"Hey people! You ma'arfuckers is crazy. You still wearing your goddam sleeping bags, mothers! Just cut the fuckin' feet off is awl! Shit!"

As we drive off again he winds the window back up, chucklin' to himself.

"Guess I tol' dem ma'arfuckers, heheh . ." He's about 25, black and afroed. Real jive tone, "son'abietch", "Kickass", "jack", "gardamn", like a crosslantic "Corluvaduck". I never thought people spoke like that off camera.

No interuptions as 'Shoot Me' becomes 'Love And Desire' by The Arpeggios, but a tingling moment as one of the huge steel and blue local buses turns a corner to face us. Through the front windscreen in the rain the cab's lights illuminate the large ad on the buses front.

It's in large da-glo letters: "WKTU DISCO 92".

The bus is caught directly in front of us. All I can see is this ad. The cabbie leans over his shoulder pointing wildly at this rainy vision and yelping to me, "My man! The mother station! WKTU alright! Aha, you see that?!" I smile back lamely. Somebody somewhere has got to be directing all this.

Le Mouche discoteque is down on E 26th street, home of solid brick, garages, haulage yards, scrap metal, coupla blocks of flats, railway arches. Le Mouche can be located if you turn in at the small grubby marquee that protrudes from the nondescript doorway.

Inside a five-by-five porch you trail down a

**'You want images,**

list of companies and locate the den on the fourth. As I go in there's an old grubby tramp figure munching on what is probably a small pie. He catches my eyes as I wait for the lift and just keeps nodding with the corners of his mouth turned down and his eyebrows raised.

As he turns away he just says "sure", even though I hadn't asked anything, and walks back out into New York.

Exiting on the fourth it's hard to believe I'm in the same warehouse as the outside suggested. And to make things more unreal, when the lift closes behind me it's impossible to tell there's a door there at all. Everywhere there are mirrors. The carpet is lush underfoot and, although it's only two o'clock on a Thursday afternoon, an unseen DJ is working to an empty club.

About five copies of me begin searching for life through the dark passage ways and we come across it in what appears to be the main dancefloor section, though the clubs in town are large enough to house many different halls and many do.

Two young men in shirts and jeans, one bearded, are rucking about something. As I get closer I can tell it's the clean shaven one with a dark complexion who's upset.

"Listen, now I told them special now that I could not accept the type with blue trimming. So what do I get? Blue trimming! Jeez, this is not good. I'm sorry, I'll need the proper thing. You go tell them." Throwing up his hands he leaves the other guy shaking his head in resignation and packing the Indian chief head dress back into its wrapping. A Village People photo session is a serious thing.

Phongram press officer Barbara Salisbury, who's accompanying me on the excursion, approaches the beard, whose name I could never remember, and introduces us. He is very friendly and commiserates with us over how our trip has been this far. (We landed an hour late in a gale that nearly trashed the plane and were delayed at John Kennedy for two and half hours until TWA decided our luggage had gone disappearo. By the way, if you see an airport sweeper wearing red creepers you are entitled to make a citizen's arrest on my behalf).

The band, we are informed, should all be here soon, ". . . and that" — he waves his arm stage left "was Phillipe. He's the Indian of the group."

The Indian, the cowboy, the labourer, the cop, the army bloke, the leather man. Everybody is somebody's favourite for whatever reason. Treading the line between what is deft and what is daft-their visual onslaught could leave only the most committed hatchet face uninterested and unhumoured.

YMCA will be found on juke boxes in Bierkellers and French cafes, in any bar from Budweiser to Bass Charington. Though Village People have less than two hours of records to 'boast' after three albums and a clutch of singles they are solid gold worldwide celebrities growing bigger fast enough to make your head spin.

To a severed Britain their come-on seemed quite plain. A homosexual outfit loud and proud, dressed down in trad butch imagery, bearing the handle of New York's main gay district with enough sense and style not to giggle and get camp like a half dozen fancy dress Charles Hawtrey's.

In the States their biggest following is amongst 12 to 15-year-old kids, which could be seen as a Kiss and make-up shoot off, although the group feel no connection at all in that field. In fact, they see their existence as a total about-face to a science fantasy horror show that strokes the brain of young America so much, and they see some danger in the Kiss set-up which can only extend weirder and weirder.

Into Le Mouche strolls a tall, fit character in a Ritchie Cunningham red college zipper jacket, check shirt and jeans. We meet and over the polite volume of the invisible DJ, I begin to try and suss the first Village Person — Randy Jones, the cowboy:

I always believe the old proverb, "Don't Fuck About", and straightway ask if it's true to say that Village People, through their many sloganeering lyrics, are out to liberate gays from mental repression by means of open celebration.

After our initial chummy introduction ("Gard I'd go crazy if that happened to my luggage"), Randy is not amused. Slapping both palms down onto his thighs he sighs with barely hidden anger and faces away, before sharply turning and . . .

"Look, why is it you guys are so hung up with this gay thing! Jeezez, all we ever get from you guys is this 'are they or aren't they?' crap. My Garrd . . . Look, this band has never claimed to be a Gay band. Why do you suggest we have to be? It's not so goddamn important who I go to bed with, is it? Village People is a Disco band, OK?"

I'm beginning to think somebody thinks I've flown 3000 miles to say 'tell me about your new album'.

I can understand that it must be the hundredth time the question has been put in one form or another, but surely he can't deny the Gay connection completely.

"Look, answer me this." He begins to calm down a bit. "What possible gay overtones does a cowboy have? You gonna tell me that all those Westerns were playing up to homosexual fantasies?"

No, but Randy, you sing and dance Disco routines. There weren't too many dance numbers in *He Died With His Boots On.*

"So Roy Rodgers? Gene Autrey?"

Well?

"So I'm saying the singing cowboy is an established entertainer."

And there lies the nub of the old, old story. What is established entertainment in Williamsville, Arkansas, and New York City is an established curiosity in Fifi's Room, Batley. It's like on US TV it's very rare outside Monty Python that drag is used by comedians, whereas there are hardly any British comics who've never donned the dame's togs for some sketch or other. So although both Rodgers and Autrey are familiar in name, the UK has always been illusive territory for Singing Cowboys. (Now nuns and postmen . . .)

He continues:

"Anyway, taken inside the Disco framework I should have thought anything like us could be observed and interpreted as merely entertainers with something more to offer than the traditional dance bands who are very cliched and boring. People should be able to see us as fun. I feel sorry for people who try and project what they are uptight about, maybe, onto us.

I ask him to explain how songs like 'Macho Man' and 'I Am What I Am' and lines like *". . hang out with all the boys"* could possibly be bi-sexual references. At this he starts smiling and, perhaps, backs down a little.

"I'll agree all our songs are very much open to different readings. Y'know 'Macho Man' and 'I An What I Am' are, to us, songs about — Howdy Phillipe, how are ya? — are songs about strength of character. No matter what you been through, how low you find yourself, and whatever people may think of you, everyone of us survives because of our reserves of strength, our macho. That's what the word means to us and I think to America, and taken on those terms I guess a gay could find a lot to identify with."

Yes but 'Macho Man' is a physical worship, *'. . It's too much my body/Don't you touch my body/Have the kind of body always in demand/Go, man, go/Muscles Glow . .'*

"Sure it's body praise. You can't have respect for anything if you go round like a wreck. To take pride in your body, to be fit, is not a gay trait alone is it? But really, and people have got to appreciate this, the fact is we are all actors playing these given rolls. Everyone, except Glenn, in this band is a professional actor. We've all done soap operas, commercials, what have you, and now we are in this production. Each one of us portrays a certain breed of traditional very masculine Americana — images that go back centuries in some cases — and all we've done is taken them on the stage and make them sing and dance.

"So if gay people want us to be gay — fine. If straight people want us to be straight — fine. We just want to reach as many people as possible and that is the key concept of this group."

And is Village People music Randy Jones' music.

"Me? No, I play a lot of country and Western music. I love country music. Also I'm not what is traditionally a person living a show business life. I don't like going to discos and parties really. I take a much quieter life. But if you're asking do I like Village People music, then of course yes I do. I love our music and I don't think it's conceited to say I think we're very good at our jobs. That's why a lot of people get our image wrong. They miss our humour, which maybe is our greatest talent, and think we really are those characters we portray . . . that's interesting."

He excused himself and walked off to get changed. Phillipe was by now fully changed into an Indian and flitting between mirrors, posing and preening odd bits of headress.

At this time all the members were present, but out of uniform they were hard to pick out from various assistants from their company, Can't Stop Productions, which is headed by producer Jaques Morali, the man responsible for the entire VP concept, the music/sound and the visuals.

Many feel that Morali is in fact the employer of the men, and they merely flesh out his ideas and costumes. But more of the man later.

Fully transformed in slashed shirt, torn, faded denims, waist adorned with chains hammers and screwdrivers, and hardhat, David Hodo strolls over for a rabbit. He's probably the best looking band member out of costume but chooses to hide behind shades, hat and moustache onstage. Less defensive than Jones, he nevertheless runs through much the same answers.

"No, I don't think we are a gay band. The gay inflection is something I am very used to because I was in a long-running play out on the West Coast in which every night I got raped on stage by two guys. So after that, y'know . . . this is playing it down I guess. But I'm an actor and therefore paid to submerge myself in whatever guise a production calls for.

"The only draw back with this set-up really is that when we first got together the guys were given up to a 1000 dollars here to go get outfitted. All I got was 20 bucks and 'go buy a hardhat'. Apart from this hardware round the waist I guess I'm the cheapest Village Person."

He laughs. David Hodo is also another country fan.

The photo session begins with everyone in kit. The band no longer allow unvetted photographs to be published, so the company does the business when a session is needed.

The band pose around a step ladder and it's lead singer Victor Willis who does most of the talking. I never get the chance to talk with him but he comes on like a hip street hustler, singing the odd lines of songs in that voice so like The Four Tops' Levi Stubbs.

He appears to make the forever-onstage Phillipe the butt of some wiceass asides. At any rate, he crack the band up continually.

What sets this photo session apart from all other Village shots I've seen is the inclusion of two shapely female models, who drape themselves around in the group shots or cling on huskily on solo snaps. Willis keeps telling them he was expecting bikinis and jokes as to the availability of a swimsuit for himself too.

See it as you will but Victor Willis, the man responsible for all the "interpretive" lyrics, is also the only married Village Person, his wife being singer Phillisia Allen. Any rate, the traffic cop is loudly enjoying the latest angle to be shone on the group visuals.

Barbara tells me I can meet with other band members the following day up at Can't Stop on E 55th street, so as the photographing develops I set about the Herculian task of trying to find the lift entrance. In the end it takes three other peoples' assistance. La Mouche at chucking out time must be a zinger . . .

THE FOLLOWING day it's up and into the same clothes I've been wearing since leaving Heathrow. By now my socks are strong enough to be worn without shoes and are often up and sightseeing before I am.

Can't Stop Productions looks pretty much like most record offices except it's much more compact, neat and brushed in earth tones, gold records abounding. Apart from Village People, Morali has Patrick Juvet and Dennis Parker.

I'm sitting waiting for Glenn Hughes to show when a large, large fur coat with man attatched glides by. It is Jaques Morali himself. He removes the mammoth garment and begins talking about something to the man with the beard from Le Mouche.

Morali speaks with the classic French accent, wears smart-as-in-Bond Street dress — light coffee woollens — and is quite podgy. He gets shown the *Cashbox* chart with YMCA still at number two.

"Aaaaaah. Iss no good. Chic will not budge now, I sink. Ah well . ."

We get introduced. I believe he thinks I work for Phonogram because he begins a bit of a gripe against journalists.

"I warnt no pub-lissit-ay for myself. Ze group can say for zemselve. All ze press won't me to say is zat Villarge People are shust like ze Monkees an' zat I pull zer strings but zat iz not true. I won't say it. Ze ozzer day I speak with a womarn journalist for two hours at my studio before she tell me zat she is ze press. I open 'er bag an inside is a cars-set mashin! An all ze time in ze back-groun ze new Village people as been playing, an zat is top secret, top secret . . . come I play you ze latest smash I do."

We go into his office and he plays a reel-to-reel of a single by his latest project, Dennis Parker.

Morali gives Parker the phased, full sound that he gets for Juvet, and half way through there's a call from the office below to turn it down.

He also takes care of the re-vamped Ritchie Family, with whom he had a success with updating "Brazil". He, too, will be in charge of Phillisia Allen and I have a lot of time for his recent work though "Brazil" was a turkey.

However later I hear him described as a "ruthless asshole" — even if the Village People and Can't Stop employees do seem very happy with him.

Now in comes Hughes, a stocky, short thin-faced man in a cardigan and Levi's, a million miles from The Biker, with only that massive moustache as giveaway. He excuses himself for a couple of minutes to recover from the bout of gruelling interviews he's just done ón a couple of radio stations.

As he is fixing himself coffee an interesting little point shows through (that can't be right . . ). During a conversation with Beard he is challenged jokily about ". . . being able to afford that with all the money you're making."

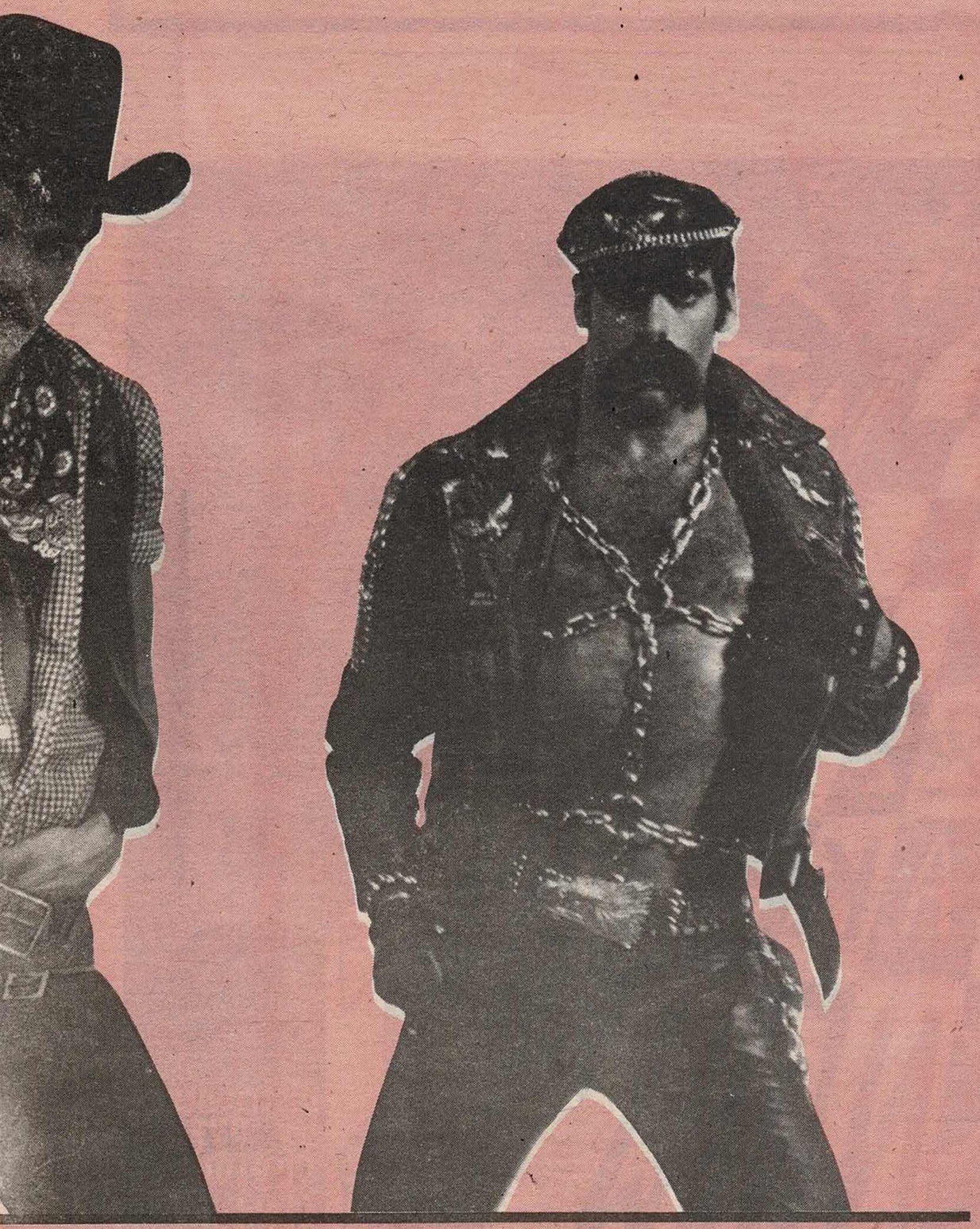
Glenn turns, arms held out and a look of good humoured astonishment.

"All WHAT money I'm making, huh . . ."

It may just have been an in-joke, but it wouldn't surprise me to find VP were on a weekly salary or something.

Hughes sits down and he turns out to be the best interviewee of all, unwilling to dismiss the large part gays have played in the bands growing.

■ *Continues over page*



**'we got images . . .'**

# THE ANNALS OF DISCO CONTINUED

"Y'see, I present what is probably the most recognised sexual, and largely gay sexual, pose of any of us. The others are, like the ad says, are true red white and blue American heroes. But . . . the leather image is only the product of the last twenny, twenny-five years and very much wrapped up in the sexual overtones of rebellion, rock'n'roll, what have you — the hard ass biker right from Marlon Brando in *On The Waterfront* through to today where you have someone like The Fonz.

"And this particular 'hero' does, so much easier than an Indian or hardhat. lend itself to homosexuality because of its butchness, because of its — and I'm using the old definition — macho.

"Now, then, macho was some asshole who swaggered around with a bunch of guys and proved his power by punching his wife around until women got the whole liberation movement together and exposed this character for the asshole he was and fought back against his bullying until we arrive into the early '70s when, and believe me I'm not saying the women's battle has been won, but . . . but in some quarters, and particularly where men too got over involved, things were getting so as it was uncool to be masculine.

"And men to an extent were ashamed of their masculinity in case it be interpreted as anti-women. So for a long while the word macho was not used at all unless describing these brutish morons. Now, no-one in the States today thinks of it in that context. You will hear women and children described as possessing macho just as much as a guy, whether he be musclebound or not."

But isn't it a little dangerous to risk people reading your character wrong.

"Uh huh, and I should imagine more so in Europe, which is quite worrying. Here, though, the only direct feedback I receive, in so far as imitation is concerned, is from women, believe me. You either get a leather woman who's gonna rip the shit outa me for everything this image meant once upon a time or else a leather woman wanting to be beaten, and, seriously, a lot of those show up behind stage. So to a great extent I present the only truly controversial image."

How did you arrive at it?

"Well, I used to be the toll collector on the bridge out in Brooklyn for six years until I read about the auditions for this band. Hundreds applied but usually they had the right voice and the wrong build or vice-versa. I know it's a cliche but I was staggered to get into the band, really. My family were throwing up their hands that I was giving up this 'secure' job with a pension for some hit-or-miss disco band, but now they're pleased.

"The leather is just my act even though I do wear it quite a lot, but that's simply because I ride a motorbike and if you come off that at any speed wearing anything else and it's your skin that gets it. This moustache took only five weeks to grow because I'm naturally very hairy. It's good too because normally I have to shave three times a day. With this I can get away with it because it hides so much." (laughs).

How much did he feel the band owed to the gay community?

"Well the gay clubs certainly are more relaxed, less rigid if you wanna get crazy on the floor."

Why d'youreckon that is?

"Well, if you are a guy in a straight club and you wanna dance, you 99 per cent of the time have to find a girl first. Then you get into the whole mental rigmaroll of, 'Well she might say this and I'll look silly to my friends and I'll wait for the next slow one and is my hair OK,' and even if you manage it before the evening's through you still won't break loose of yourself, you're continually playing at what she'll think.

"Incidentally you find groups of girls will dance alone but the guys'll pretend to be more interested in the bar or somethin'.

"Now in gay clubs I've always found that people will dance alone, in pairs, in groups, no matter — they're just there to have a time and picking-up plays a fraction of the part it does in straight clubs.

"I guess it's because in the clubs gays are a society to themselves whereas outside they can't do what straights can — y'know hold hands and shit — so in their own company they have much more to release.

"I remember at one of our early dates we played the 2001 Oddysey Club, the one where they filmed *Saturday Night Fever*, right, and all the guys were there to be Travolta with the polyester suit and shirt collars out, one arm raised, when out walks David — we come out individually — in the hardhat and the mutual suspicion on both sides was like ice, a barrier wham in between us like that.

"Soon there were maybe three groups just dancing in front of the stage and the others saw how silly it was to be stopped from having a good time by preconcieved ideas of us, and hey, these guys here are getting off so . . . and soon enough the place was alive.

"But if you're talking of Village People as a gay group then no we are not.

How about the lyrics?

"Oh yeh, you gotta be pretty dumb not to see two sides to those, but there again, and I don't wanna sound wishy-washy, it's entirely your choice in the end. I would now hate to play to an entirely gay audience simply because it's a restriction and we have no crowd restrictions."

So what's the point?

"Oh lots of point. I think the re-emergence of heroes is a healthy thing. Way back heroes became real corny, which led to the weird, which gives us Kiss, and when you look at it kids haven't had a real hero since The Lone Ranger.

"And I mean hero, because when someone like John Wayne played a role nobody remembered the character's name — it was always just John Wayne, which was wrong. Someone like The Lone Ranger . . . well I can't remember the actor's name but I sure as hell know The Lone Ranger.

"Fantasy heroes who are based in everyday life . . I think kids prefer that to space fantasy, and that's what the younger kids see in Village People. They don't see all these sexual overtones; they see it in perhaps the best light — six guys in suits, a soul singer backed by these humpy voices. Being nameless too keeps you on your toes. I guess I could be fired at any time for another leather man."

Big Time eh?

"Well I guess we are now a 'Success' " (his quotes) "but to be totally honest in the beginning I had my doubts. Now we're trying to make the switch into the 10,000 seaters and, judging by reaction received at this big open-air Woodstock-type affair we just did in Canada, we can do it — though we must look like coloured mice.

"Our success, though, is understandable on lots of levels. First I think we are very good at what we do, second our particular brand of disco music is different from the norm. Disco got into a one-riff rut during the mid-70s but now it's really moving again. And then you got that whole area of identification. Like, a kid'll see us and look at David the construction worker and maybe his dad is one, so the kid really roots for David . . . or here for all those thousands of cowboys is disco recognition! And they may laugh but they still enjoy and identify with it all. All the Indians too. I think I may run into some problems though . . . (laughs)."

Later that day I walked down Christopher Street in Greenwhich Village. It's easy to see how Morali, on his first New York visit, formed the band on aspects of the area. Full leather and cowboys abound all over and apparently have done since way before VP brought it all out of the 'closet'.

Whatever, and whether he really is a "Ruthless asshole" is another matter, I'm indebted to Morali for channeling a whole new side to the surging tide of disco. In the brief time I observed Village People, I think only Phillipe could have been a bit of a prawn, a bit of a prima donna, whereas the others seem to appreciate the lot they've landed with.

"LOVE AND DESIRE" segues into "At Midnight" by T-Connection as we pass two bedraggled hopefuls trying to get a cab on the Expressway.

"Hotdamn, only way those ma'afuckers gone get attention zif mother set's fire to his ass! Fuckin Fooooool! Heh heh . .", my driver keeps swinging his head from side to side and with the car at nearly 50 I don't feel that secure.

'At Midnight' moves cleanly into 'Keep On Jumpin' ' by Musique but out here on the motorway and away from the city something is definitely missing, until, breaking the track, the DJ announces he's giving away tickets to the rollerskate disco and just the thought of the crazy place gives things perspective.

Had my cabbie been sane I might well have asked him to go all the way back.

"Alright, TWA buildin' JFK, get to it mistah . . butcha bedda give his nigguh 18.65 right here first."

I give him all the American money I have left, about 29 dollars.

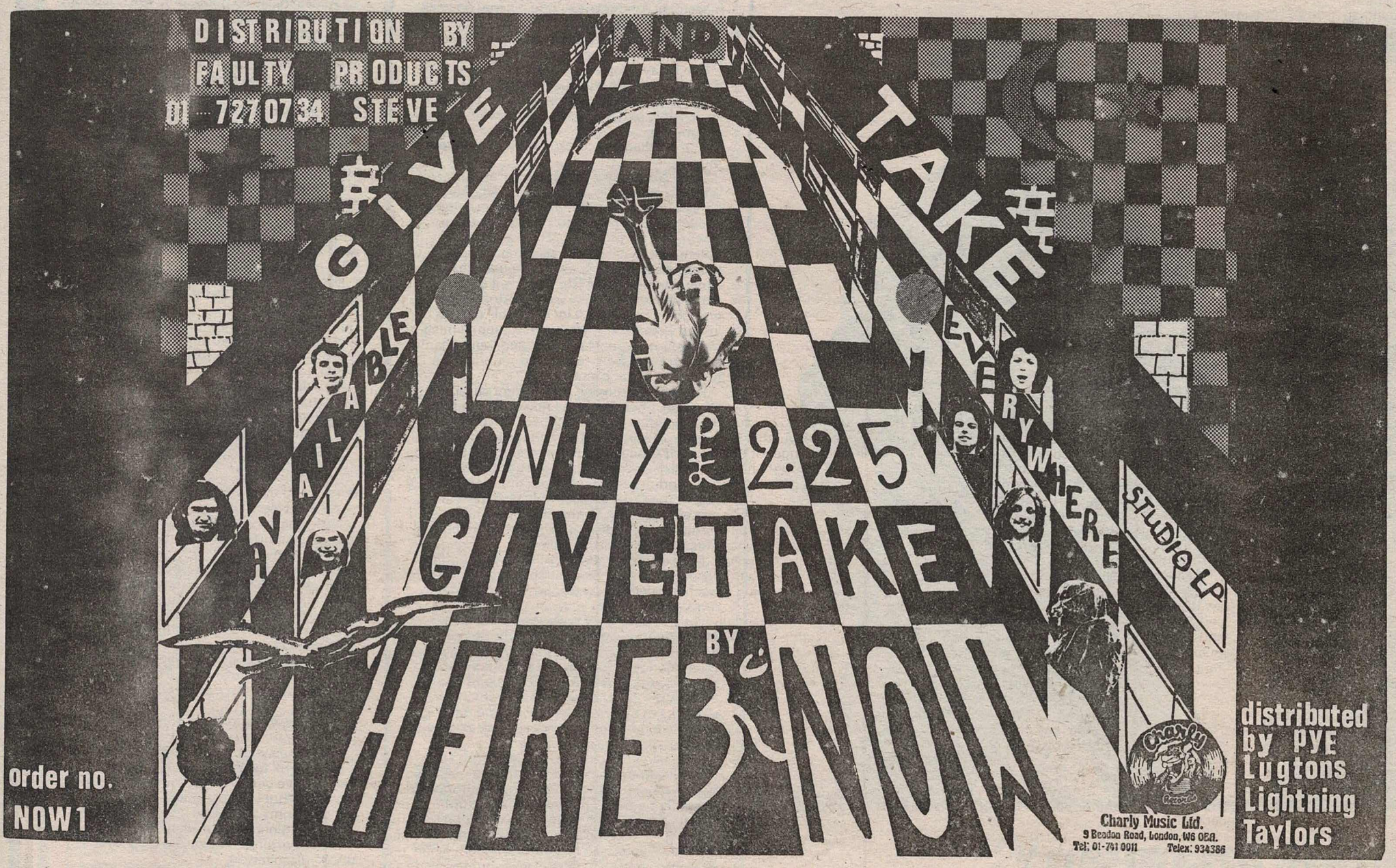
"Goddamn, I think I'll sit right here an' wait for yo' ass to fly back . . OK . ." The DJ didn't say a word as 'Keep On Jumpin' ' floated into 'Fire Night Dance' by Peter Jauques Band which then floated under the wet radials as the speedfreak in the chequered cab slid away. Inside the TWA block it was the first time I'd been without WKTU in a week. Striding up to the check-in I plop the odds'n'sods holdall down on the scales and address a long face hanging beneath a peaked hat.

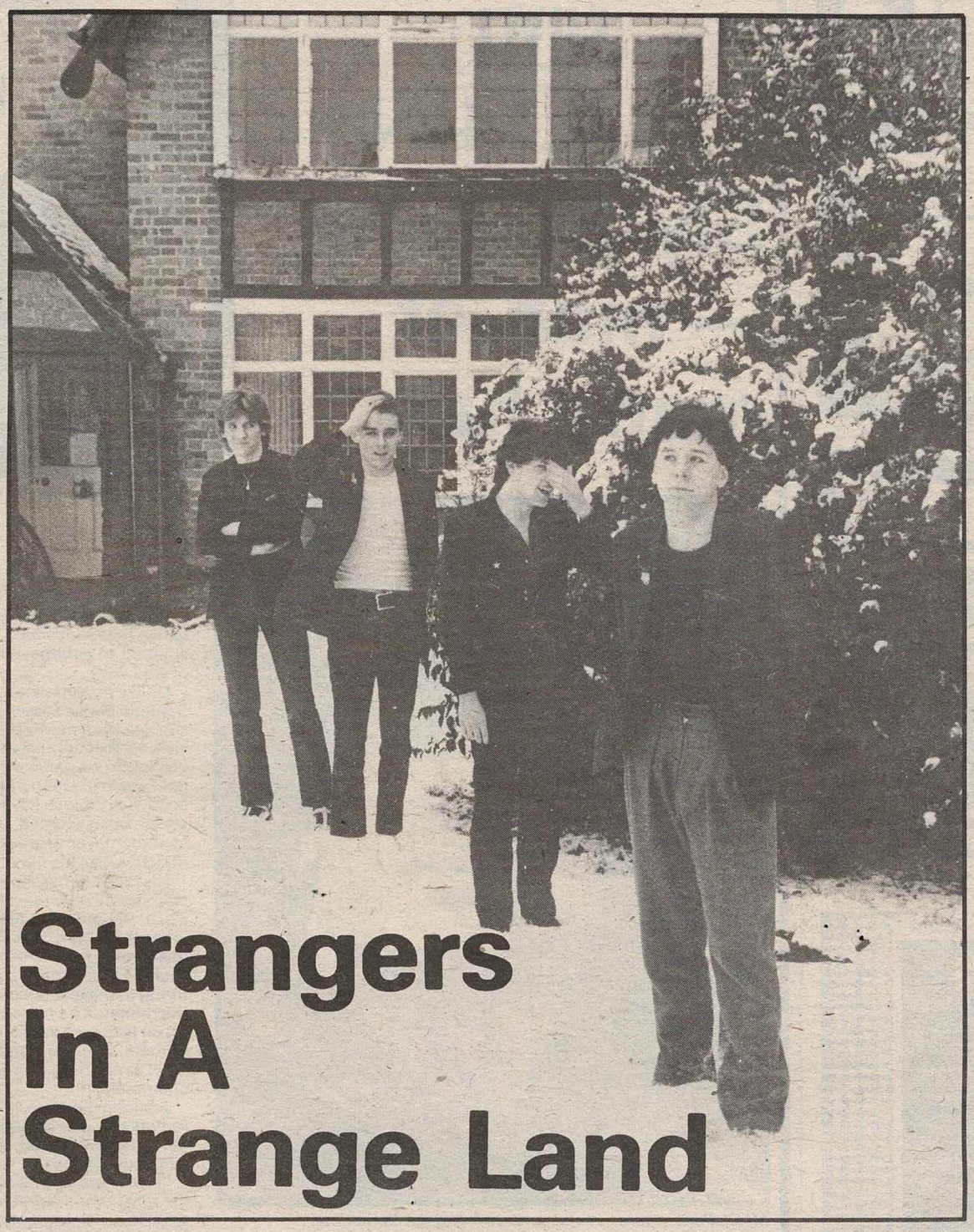
"Now you're not gonna lose this again are ya chief?"

"I'm sorry sir?"

"I said look after them, it's my new clothes and I wanna go out tonight . ."

That's the way to do it. Twenty four hours a day . . .





# Strangers In A Strange Land

*SIMPLE MINDS: Derek Forbes, Mick McNeil, Charlie Burchill, Jim Kerr. Pic: ROB HALL*

**SIMPLE MINDS, five young Scots innocents with a heavy boiled sweets habit, take their first tentative steps on English soil. TONY STEWART records the touching scene.**

SIMPLE MINDS were fidgety as they sat around the kitchen table, some of them exhaling long streams of cigarette smoke while the others rattle boiled sweets around their mouths.

On their first professional trip south of Hadrian's Wall, the five Glaswegians were recording backing tracks at the Farmhouse in Little Chalfont, then moving on to Abbey Road studios to complete their debut album.

Outside, the Rolling Stones mobile, an ancient army truck still painted camouflage greens, was parked on the snow-packed yard. Inside, producer John Leckie — a mild mannered man renowned for his work with Bebop Deluxe, XTC and Magazine — smiled benignly as he made a pot of tea.

The Minds mumbled muted greetings. They still hadn't encountered the excessive flam of the London biz and were uncertain about dealing with the media.

If they'd ever played the Hope, Marquee or Nashville, those traditional if grimy shopwindows of the rock industry, they'd have already met the usual parade of hacks and chancers and developed their own line in perfunctory chitter-chatter. But they haven't, so instead they offered round the Bensons and what remained of the sweets.

Signed to the Edinburgh independent, Zoom when two Minds visited London recently for a celebratory lunch with Arista (the major which markets and distributes their label). they sat there self-consciously with only a salad and glass of lemonade each. The panjandrums apparently made pigs of themselves.

Inevitably they'll soon pick up the affectations; the promotion machine will corrupt their innocence and personas will be created.

Because for Arista they are an *investment*. And their lawyer and moneyman was at the Farmhouse to check on their progress. Admittedly he was the person who got them his bosses' backing, but his practised pleasantries were those of a businessman keeping a sharp eye on 'the product': his words prodding the livestock as sure as a farmer's stick.

The dishevelled and hung-over Zoom managing director, Bruce Findlay — who spent three months with the group, going to all their gigs, offering advice and pestering Arista to travel north and investigate — was understandably paternal. He insisted they all go out to eat lunch. But when they hedged, unwrapped more sweets and mumbled excuses, he reluctantly gave up.

"But I promised your mothers I'd make sure you ate regularly," he protested.

SO FIVE young Scots go south . . . But they don't represent the camps of pop inanity, punk recklessness or muscular meat-headed heavy metal which have attracted so many of their better known countrymen. Simple Minds are a rare and persuasive fusion of '70s high-tech rock: their lyrics impressionistic fragments, their music brave exploratory textures.

Untarnished by those redundant R&B chords embalmed during the '60s, uncluttered by the obvious cliches of social realism, political dogma and urban despair, theirs is a distinctive sound. All aged 19 except bassist Derek Forbes who's 22 ("It's the first time I've been the eldest in a band; I've always been the youngest"), their influences cover the last eight years: from Roxy through Bowie to Television, Talking Heads and Magazine.

It was a demo tape of seven songs which first convinced me of their stunning, versatile and adventurous talent. The material ranges from the manifestations of vocalist Jim Kerr's obsessively monochromatic scenarios inhabited by grey enigmatic characters in pieces like 'Pleasantly Disturbed', 'Special View' and 'Murder Story' to the punchy pop hooks and direct rock of 'Someone' and 'Chelsea Girl'.

With Charlie Burchill's sharp, abrasive guitar gnawing at their soft, springy bellies, the songs have an intimidating power. And with a show that visually counterpoints the material's menace, inevitably a mystique has grown around the group.

To them it is unjustifiable.

"Weird," explained Kerr when we were all settled in a small living room. "People said we were *deliberately* weird. "But we're not trying to be super-weirdos; but we're no Joe Ordinaries either."

Spongy faced, black mascara eyed and his dark hair pudding-basin cut, Kerr spoke softly with a slight stammer. Although all five were there, he and the fresh-faced Charlie Burchill quickly asserted themselves as the spokesmen: friendly, naive, unspoiled.

They went to school together, did the usual semi-pro dry-runs and then in early '77 formed Johnny and the Self Abusers with the Minds' present drummer, Brian McGee. They recorded a "scandalous" 45 called 'Saints And Sinners', and disbanded the day Chiswick released it.

Both sides of the single were the futile thrashing of pseudo-punk, Berry colliding with Bowie. "But the whole thing just came out of the excitement of what was happening," Jim justified. Nondescript as it was, it enabled both Kerr and Burchill to leave their respective 'respectable' trades in a way tolerable to their parents.

They thought their sons might be pop stars.

"But," Charlie added, "we knew things couldn't go on anymore and we split. The unsatisfactory element of The Self Abusers left, and the good element went on to form Simple Minds . . ."

So with drummer McGee they were free to pursue more illustrious musical visions. From the start they were consumed by a positive idealism.

"I think that comes from the bands we liked," said Jim. "The first gig I saw was Genesis when Peter Gabriel was in the band. I really liked the presence of him especially. His approach to things was pretty intense, one minute he could be some monster on stage, then the next he could be gentle and soft.

"The bit in between was unnerving because I couldn't decide whether he was a headbanger or else perfectly sane; and I thought he did it well. I always got off on Bowie and Harley."

"And we know we're a good band," continued Charlie, "and we're sure of what's happening, confident. When we begin a show, it's a menacing thing, intimidating, as if we're taking a stand against the audience.

"But it isnae really; it's a case of projecting yourself above them, ultimately for them to enjoy it. People think it's an arrogant pose, but it really isnae."

TO FULFIL a high ideal of fusing proven theatricality with musical innovation, they engaged another guitarist for a while, but eventually they settled on the present lineup: Kerr, Burchill (doubling on violin), McGee, Forbes and keyboardist Mick McNeil.

For six months they were deep-frozen by the rock biz. Curious but timid A&Rers went to see the band, but preferred to spectate passively, slugging the atmosphere yet clutching closed their purses. The multi-national corporation men had little sense of adventure — such an inhibiting sense of conservatism that they should be stuffed and put on display at the Victoria and Albert.

They told the Minds their demo-tapes were "badly mixed", that they sounded like T. Heads — "But you're not as good". Then when the critical acclaim appeared and one corp bravely made a contract bid, the rest grovelled around the band at every gig. The Minds still laugh about the CBS person who was initially coolly non-commital.

"We can always take comfort that in the end he phoned us every day and said he'd changed his mind," Jim chuckled. "When I said that I was only an office boy, I didn't have the power to sign you'.

"We always had the attitude that we were gonna be too good to get ignored," Jim asserted.

"When we first came down in July I felt the companies that we got in touch with had got their fingers burnt . . . and the bands they'd signed didn't seem to be taking off. I got that impression from Polydor and CBS."

Ironically, in the same way that the business was reacting against the jumbled plethora of 'punky', 'new age' beat combos, so too were Simple Minds. They regard that period with unconcealed disdain; a brief era when 'real music' was shunted aside and lost in the confusion of verbal vulgarity and parched personas.

"We felt that what was pumped out in that last year was a challenge," Charlie explained. "Almost on a parallel with boogie bands, the punks did that exact same speed of numbers — guaranteed to shock and get people going. And that really isn't the function of music."

"We'd like to keep an edge," interjected Jim. "We always like to gamble and be adventurous.

"It was much the same in '77 when as The Abusers we were *in vogue;* and now Talking Heads and Magazine are in vogue. But although they are, none of these bands sell as much as, say, the Rats or even Sham.

"XTC are really pissed off, and Magazine don't seem to be favourites with the press. But the Rats and Sham are almost guaranteed airplay now. As soon as we had the real bands, like The Stranglers and The Clash, you had so many copyists," Jim explained. "To us it was a turnoff. It seemed every band was talking through anger; it was more pretentious than things they were knocking.

"Attacking the National Front was *in vogue;* but Glasgow didn't have an NF because we don't have enough blacks for there to be any bigotry.

"We didn't feel a part of that. You can only take your circumstances where you are, and Glasgow hasn't changed since our granddads went there."

"So much of the punk era was a political movement," Charlie continued. "And it got to the stage where guys were singing about boring nine-to-five jobs and life on the dole . . . and it was really, like . . . boring. Just t'say something like 'I'm bored' fullstop, didnae appeal to me."

NOW, OF COURSE, rock audiences are less tolerant of fatuous nihilism and more appreciative of *musical* experimentation. And Simple Minds undoubtedly belong in the same progressive school as XTC and Magazine. But their emergence made it easier for the Minds, and strengthened their resolve.

"We feel they've been martyrs, taking knocks," Charlie claimed. "And we've gradually become less inhibited in what we're doing."

But as they talked on it was clear their lofty rock'n'roll ideals were partly linked to the late '60s/early '70s; and when discussing their own theatricality and expanding musical parameters, they spoke of Yes, ELP and other old guard giants without scorn.

So, paradoxically, couldn't the Minds' music be regressive, their experimentation a recycle?

"Obviously you want to be above the last era of bands," Charlie answered, "where you can be competent but people don't have to put up with a lot of technicalities. The difference between this and the Yes era is that they were self-indulgent and we're not."

The suggestion, partly a journalistic trap, tumbled them, put them on the defensive. They funbled for words, thankfully unable to describe their music in practised metaphors or offer the quotable quote. Bruce Findlay joined the conversation, conjuring strained imagery . . . about the Minds being adventurously exploratory . . . unable to predict their course . . .

Already the Scottish fanzines and journalists are sceptical about the band, and they *must* justify their initial success: it's the usual unwelcome pressure that accompanies a 'newest and brightest prospect' once the hyperboles are draimed.

And in the confusion of aspirations, ambitions and loyalties, Jim eventually relied on his sincerity to express himself.

"I think the only thing that'll make us good is ourselves.

"Perhaps if we'd done a couple of singles and lots of gigs and got round to doing an album at the end of the year, we would have had a lot of reviews and perhaps could have been affected by them.

"But we start off recording tomorrow almost as . . . virgins," he blushed.

Virgins on a voyage of discovery? I laughed.

"Yeah," piped a voice, "and we're just waiting to get fucked."

# SEX PISTOLS NOW UPDATED

Just when you thought they'd left us in peace, Public Image spewed recklessly on the scene and Sid finally lived out his tragic fantasy. So we've updated the SEX PISTOLS FILE to include the further activities of Sid and Johnny, tastefully ripping-off sensationalised news clippings, cute quotes and grainy-but-groovy pix in a flat-out bid for gutter credibility. Saved from the cruel jaws of the paper shredder by some fast legal footwork, this large format, scrap-book history - and we do mean 'scrap' - is available from all smart booksellers for £2.25. Or by post from Mail Order Music, 78 Newman Street, London W1. Plus 30p for postage.

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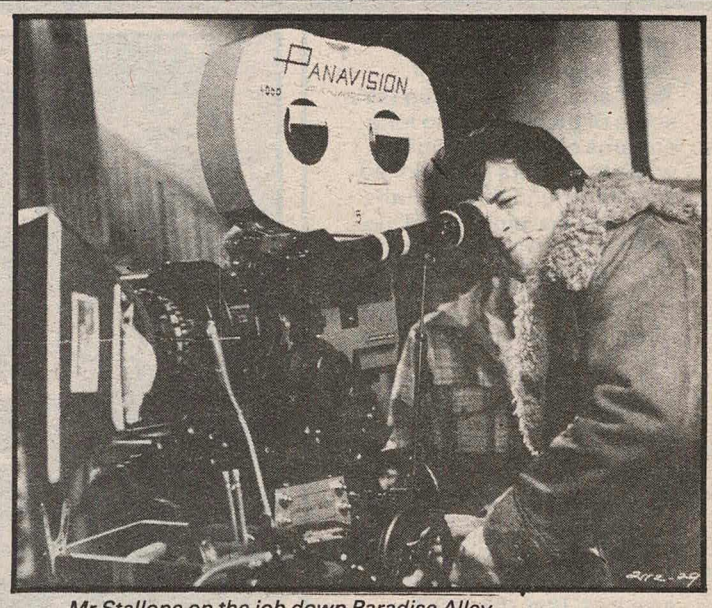
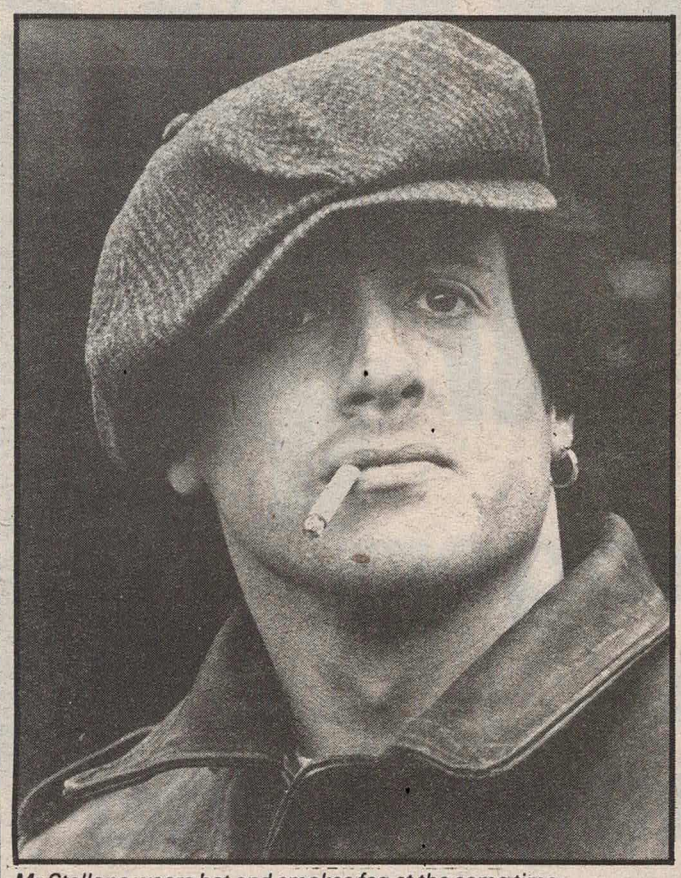
# SILVER SCREEN

# Sly Stallone — man of many hats




*Mr Stallone on the job down Paradise Alley.*



*Mr Stallone wears hat and smokes fag at the same time.*

## The director-star talks about Hollywood's rocky road

Sylvester Stallone is a man with a problem. Two years ago he was the poor boy from the tenements who wrote and starred in the Rags-to-Riches *Rocky,* which became a box office smash.

But Hollywood's Cadillacs-and-golden girls life style proved to be even tougher to take than his mythologised slums. While as Rocky he was able to beat the world boxing champion in a glorious set battle, the relentless gnat-like sniping of the critics has been far harder to take.

After *Rocky* came *F.I.S.T.*, in which Stallone played an American union boss with a heart of gold. The critics didn't like it and it bombed.

"I put a lot of work into that movie, but there were a lot of people waiting to get me, and did they ever."

He shook his sculptured head as if still hurt and puzzled at the memory.

"They said things about me having a limp *F.I.S.T.* and knowing where I could shove my *F.I.S.T.* — that kind of thing. It was very hard to take. So I said things about them in the heat of the moment but now I've made amends. I realise that it's part of the game and I've gone on TV and said that I love them all."

He sounded like a bear telling how much he'd enjoyed an outing with a pack of wild dogs.

Unlike most movie stars, Stallone doesn't seem to have shrunk when met in the flesh. He's six feet tall and an open black shirt revealed a delicate gold chain gleaming against a solid, hairy chest. It wasn't stylish but it seemed sentimental and was crudely effective, like his films.

His latest film is *Paradise Alley* (reviewed last week in *Silver Screen).* Like *Rocky,* it is set in the New York slums, this time at the end of World War II. Three brothers are trying to make it out and into the money. The route they hit on is to turn the youngest of them, a benign handsome ox of a man, into a wrestling champion.

Stallone this time is, remarkably, the smallest of the three, the hustler, the one who fixes things up.

"I was happy to be out of the ring in *Paradise Alley,*" he says, in his charmingly laconic Noo Yoik way. "Those guys were massive. I mean, they were like three hundred pounds of meanness. Three hundred pounds of throbbing scar tissue.

"We got hold of 40 of the best wrestlers in the country and filmed a bout between each and Lee Canalito, the guy who played my brother, over a period of two days. Can you imagine what that means? Twenty fights a day. The guy was in so much pain at night that he needed medication.

"Those men were ferocious. They had stiches all over their bodies, and most of them had cracked skulls and broken noses, the lot. So of course, they see this patsy film-star in the ring and they think that it's one hell of a joke to give him a hard time. Forearm smashes into the face, the lot. I could see the pain in his eyes but never once did he complain."

However well *Paradise Alley* does, and so far its performance at the American box office hasn't been too sparkling, it's *Rocky 2* that is carrying the full weight of Stallone's now somewhat punch-drunk reputation.

"The film is finished and due out in June. It carries on from the end of *Rocky* but it's technically more refined. It's really what happened to me after becoming famous. The descent into Hell, the horror of going back to poverty, the pressures they put on you when you are at the top. Once you've had a touch of luxury and fame, it's hard to go back."

Stallone is a great believer in the power of diets to affect personality.

"I went on a heavy shellfish diet for the fight scenes in *Rocky 2.* Food from the sea is something that takes a long time to digest, it sustains you but it doesn't give you a full stomach. Then for when I was acting I would eat a lot of beef so that I came all over aggressive and blank.

"Shooting the fight scenes was really exhausting. We did them much faster than even in *Rocky.* After about three takes you have nothing in your arms. It's completely draining. One day I fucked up real bad and had five false starts. After that I had to go back to the dressing room and have oxygen and shots of Vitamin B12 to recover."

The only time that Stallone's laconic charm was ruffled was when I asked about girlfriends. There had been rumours about him and the girl in *Rocky* — Joyce Ingalis — for whom he was supposed to have left his wife Sasha, and their child Sage Moonblood.

"What do you mean girlfriends? I'm married. That whole thing was blown up out of all proportion. That girl just latched onto me when I was depressed. I haven't seen her for six months."

Since Rocky and Stallone are so tied up I had to ask the obvious question. Does it all come out right in the end?

"Yeah," he says, with a wry smile. "You can't have a sad ending for Rocky."

**Jerome Burne**

*Mr Stallone wonders if he'll ever get another job.*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# This trick's a treat

*One of the unfortunate young ladies who experiences an unhappy Halloween.*

## Halloween

**Written and directed by John Carpenter**

**Starring Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis *(Miracle)***

A modest chap is John Carpenter. Although convinced Hollywood made its last real movie in 1948 — the year of his birth — he doesn't set much store by the coincidence, simply marks Howard Hawks' *Red River* as almost the last of its line.

By 'real' Carpenter means a movie that entertains first and foremost, also holds form high above content. It's an old-fashioned ethic that's paradoxically made him very fashionable; Carpenter abhors 'meaningful' cinema, preferring to hold "a special affection towards science fiction (and) horror films".

*Dark Star* was his first feature. Strung on a threadbare budget, it tracked three astronauts as they destroyed 'unstable' planets with talking nuclear bombs, one of which, non-plussed after a metaphysical argument with the crew, decided to take them out too. Weird and witty, *Dark Star* won golden cult status in both the UK and USA.

*Assault On Precinct 13* followed, a fast-talking and faster-shooting yarn about an unlikely alliance of cops and cons pinned down in a derelict Los Angeles police station by an equally unlikely alliance of suicidally murderous street gangs. Well received here and superbly made, *Assault* was Carpenter's knowing tribute to the American B-movie and

Carpenter still neutralises all 'character'. The cops and cons of *Assault* were stock off the shelf, the gangs mindless directors Hawks, John Ford and Sergio Leone; it only managed another cult round in the States.

Undeterred, Carpenter wrote the original script for *Eyes Of Laura Mars,* a psychic murder romp through the high fashion demi-monde, then made *Halloween.* Whereupon America suddenly 'discovered' him, critics tripping over each others' columns to claim Carpenter as their own.

Shameless homage to Hitchcock and other horror maestros, *Halloween* swaps gore and guts for a ghoul. The blood stays in the ketchup bottle, but the Bogey Man gets well out and about.

zombies. The psychopath in *Halloween* is given a name (Michael Myers), a knife and nothing else. His psychiatrist, an intentionally typecast Donald 'Domehead' Pleasence, describes him as "pure evil". Enlightened or enlightening Freudian theories are strictly off-set.

Myers isn't even allowed a face when, freshly escaped from the funny farm, he returns to Haddonfield, Illinois, 15 years to the Halloween night after his precocious first killing at the age of six; his features remain behind a grotesque white mask which he removes at one point, only to replace it immediately.

His intended victims' character references are as good as their chances — bad. They're mostly wholesome teenagers more into necking than locking doors: suckers for slaughter. The only girl to escape Myers' odd advances is a swat at school and pointedly uninterested in boys (or girls): an age-old morality that Carpenter, faithful movie hound that he is, lays on with shovel and spade.

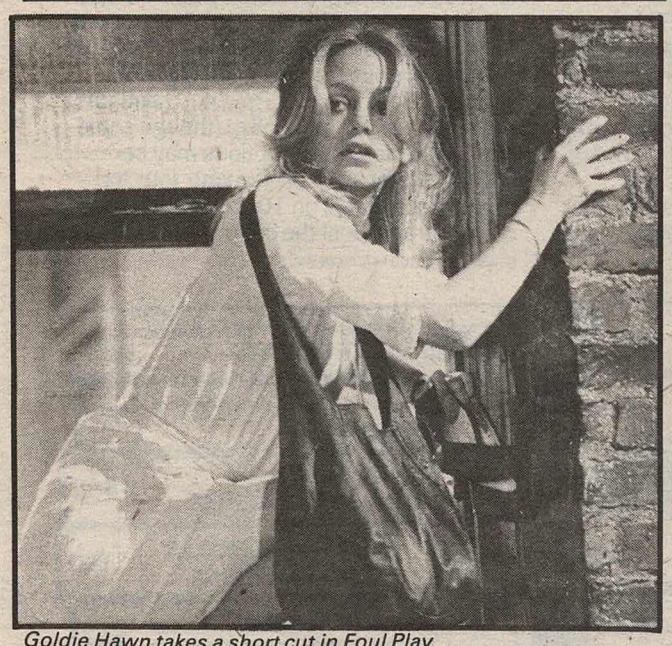
But Carpenter's films are much more than enjoyably elaborate exercises in screen-spotting (note Hawks' *The Thing* on the household TV, the stair-stumbling quotes from *Psycho,* etc.). In another age his effortless visual flair and fluency would have been declared God-given; it makes even the most unoriginal format exceptional.

*Halloween* almost falters mid-way with a surfeit of melodramatic ironies (Blue Oyster Cult fans, tick here), creaking shutters and false trails to the garden shed, but always *looks* good. Its first four minutes are devastating. Although you're not allowed to know until it's much too late, you spend them gazing through the killer's eyes. You may baulk at what he's doing, but he doesn't — and the sneakiest suspicion that you're some sort of hapless voyeur nags on throughout. Not 'nice'. Not meant to be.

Cinematographers would call that opening flourish a tracking shot. Not that it matters — Carpenter's much too mature a film-maker to let method interfere with medium. *Halloween* scares just like it should.

But I wonder how long Carpenter can stay with 'real' film. He might be better employed creating new style instead cloning the old, however dazzlingly. He's currently working on a US TV Presley biopic. Hope he stays off the hamburgers.

**Angus MacKinnon**



*Goldie Hawn takes a short cut in Foul Play*

## Foul Play

**Written and directed by Colin Higgins**

**Starring Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase**

***(CIC)***

Oh dear — yet another spot-the-movie movie. Writer-director Colin Higgins obviously assumes that repetition steeped in tradition equals inspiration of the modern kind, because in *Foul Play* images of Hitchcock, Bogdanovitch — and even *Kojak,* for Christ's sake — follow with the speed of the inevitable car sequence in San Francisco's hills. A pity.

Parody is one thing, pastiche another, and when utilised skilfully — as in Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye* — recollections can break new cinematic territory. But with Hitchcock nothing more than a parody of his former self anyway, upstarts like Higgins ought to find fresher ground to plough.

Goldie Hawn plays a librarian who looks just like Goldie Hawn but called, oddly enough Gloria Munday. She wrinkles her nose, looks cute and by virtue of her stock screen persona — innocent, gullible, almost downright stupid — finds herself in the midst of an assassination plot.

Enter Chevy Chase, strong and brave, assigned to guard her body, which he only manages successfully by covering it with his own in a horizontal position.

His fine comedic skills are totally unexploited, unfortunately and ironically, because *Foul Play* is billed as a comedy thriller.

Which in itself is a paradox. One depends on plot and a build-up of tension; the other on the controlled use of spontaneity. The best thrillers use light relief to embellish, rather than to blitz any subsequent tension. All the Goldie/Chase action falls into the slapstick department, far too heavy-handed to match the slick sophistication of the mystery moments.

A shame, really, because the black humour Higgins employed in *Harold And Maude* might have been just the counterpoint required Dudley Moore as a feisty fetishist tries his hardest to comply.

That said, *Foul Play* has one effective visual even the fat master himself might have enjoyed. Blood coagulating on popcorn ... m-mmm.

**Martha Ellen Zenfell**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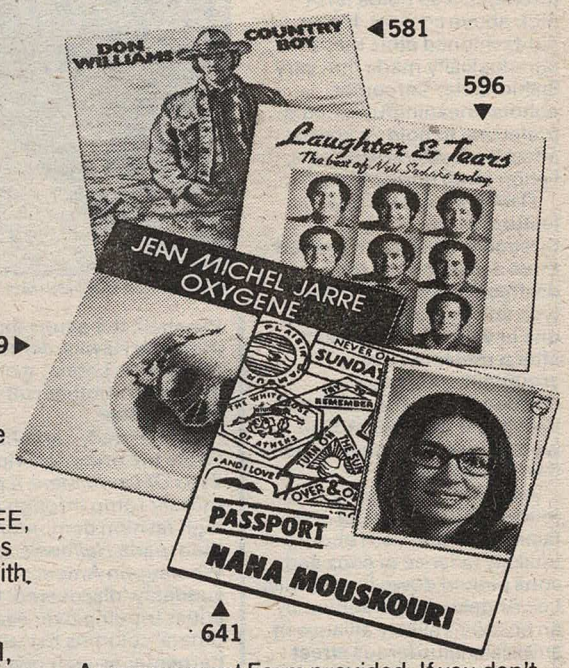


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# ALBUMS

## Keeping up with the Cheap Laughs

**CHEAP TRICK**
**Live At The Budokan *(Epic)***

Give the Nips their due — when they latch on, they latch on fast, and in teeming multitudes, to boot.

It doesn't take a Gypsy Rose Lee to prophecise that Cheap Trick, The Cars and Elvis Costello are going to hit platinum status in the States this year. All the omens are there, waist deep. It's also no coincidence that both The Cars and Trick are heavily Beatles-influenced — as is Costello though, typically, in a far more devious way — and that both ensembles flex their collective muscle on purely Anglophile protein.

Whereas The Cars' image is slick in an utterly calculating way, moulding their hard pop tunes around a look which craftily swipes its visuals from the saftest 'new wave' fashions, Cheap Trick are both slick and recklessly whacky in a manner that is, if anything, even more calculating but deserving of commendation by virtue of its inspired chutzpah.

Two pretty boys and two geeks make up a quartet that would be merely an amusing non sequitur were it not for the fact that musically they obviously *do* have what it takes.

Trick themselves are very much of the Raspberries and Big Star mould, early '70s U.S. Anglophiles who hardly carved out a lucrative market for themselves. Yet Cheap Trick have virtually succeeded due to constant touring, shameless gimmickry, a good sense of humour and a musical panache which swags from all the right sources — basically, the melodic impact of The Beatles' '68-'69 output meshed with guitarist Rick Nielsen's assiduous usurping of Pete Townshend's powerchord 'oompah'.

Everything in Cheap Trick's stable is perfectly formulated, from Robin Zander's excellent vocal range, Bun E. Carlos' meat and potatoes drumming and Tom Pettersson's solid bass playing to, most spectacularly, Rick Neilsen's parady of the guitar hero stance while still possessing all the ability of the genuine article.

And as if that weren't enough, Neilsen specialises in penning grand power-pop (not the cliche, the real thing) anthems that are often as sardonic as they're effective, having all the force of obvious fare like Kiss' dumbell songs while lacking the condescension prevalent in the work of *that* noxious quartet of clowns.

Although by no means a lame duck, "Live At Budokan" isn't the perfect introduction to Cheap Trick. Initially released in Japan as a souvenir of the gargantuan success they met with on their first visit, the record has been hastily whipped out over here in a limited edition (10,000 apparently) pressed on piss-yellow plastic to provide potential U.K. Tricksters with instant vinyl gratification.

What you get for your ackers is a good old fashioned live rock album, the band pumping out an agreeable cross-section of their repertoire whilst being engulfed in a blitzkrieg of Nipponese screaming and all-purpose hysteria. If anything, it resembles The Beatles' "Hollywood Bowl" album as opposed to any number of those dourly tedious double live efforts — for which one should give thanks.

The band don't attempt to rehash their old work by using mismatched, elongated arrangements but instead simply amp out their set: "Hello There", the perfect preface, is followed by amiably energetic versions of "Come On, Come On", a meticulously impressive "Big Eyes", a sturdy heavy metallic work-out on Fats Domino's "Ain't That A Shame", an unbearably coy "I Want You To Want Me" that cuts the original by dint of an 'oomph' previously absent, a respectably concise "Surrender" and, finally, an encore of "Clock Strikes Ten" that, again, neither adds nor subtracts from the original.

Though it doesn't match up to "In Colour" as the best Cheap Trick initiation, "Budokan" is no disgrace. A live album of the old school — like "The Kinks Live At Kelvin Hall" or "Got Live If You Want It" — it's nothing essential or ground-breaking; just a fair approximation of the band in a live context.

And the key word is 'fun' — nothing to do with po-faced musical extrapolations before the salivating masses.

**Nick Kent**

*Rick Nielsen, Sensible Party, 3½ votes.* *Pic: Pennie Smith*

## Thirty-four varieties of every which way, kind of

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**
**Business Unusual: The Other Record Collection**
***(Cherry Red)***

The equivalent, perhaps of a small literary magazine . . . a random selection of the best short stories of the year. Like last year's "Streets" album only better, "Business Unusual" grabs up a bunch of indie singles — some celebrated, some obscure, some both, some neither — and gathers them into one artefact. Only one thing to buy instead of fourteen. Convenience and cheapness.

In sardonic counterpoint to Polydor's glossier but less varied "20 Encounters Of Another Kind" objectified, "Business Unusual" runs the gamut between brash good-natured pop like Vice Creems' "01-01-212", nostalgipunk excess courtesy of the Leyton Buzzards' "19 And Mad" and rock and roll broadsheet stuff like Dave Goodman's "Justifiable Homicide" to underground reference points like Throbbing Gristle's brilliant, eerie "United", the hideously overrated Robert Rental and Thomas Leer singles . . . and at least one gem that made me sigh and curse aloud that it took this compilation before I even knew it existed.

The track in question is "China's Eternal" by The Tights, a track so insidious and mesmeric that I've been playing it every few hours since I got the album. If this album does nothing other than get that Tights track heard by a few more people, then it will have more than justified its existence.

Albums like this are a great idea: they exist to bring a representative cross-section of indie stuff to people who haven't got the time, money and facilities to chase down obscure singles which may not have had a pressing of more than two or three thousand copies. They do *not* exist to push a major record company's New Wave product by padding out with leased items from other major labels and a couple of credibility-boosting indie items. "Business Unusual" fulfils its laudable objective.

Good track not previously mentioned: The Skunks' "Good From The Bad", originally issued on Pete Townshend's Eel Pie Records and deserving of larger sales than it actually received. The album also features Cabaret Voltaire, The Dole, The Record Players, The Outcasts and U.K. Subs.

Buy this object.

**Charles Shaar Murray**

*Leyton Buzzards make Albums page on strength of dodgy single shock. Pic by P Pole and Bert Multhead.*

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**
**20 Of Another Kind**
***(Polydor)***

An insulting, corny joke from Polydor and hopefully an intentional parody of the established K-Tel, Arcade, Ronco con guides. The Punk Compilation done quickly, crassly and carelessly before the K-Tels ever get round to it — it's not worth buying, just write to Polydor and ask for a free copy. If you haven't got the singles contained, you don't want them or you're not prepared to pay for them.

The parody/package is wrapped up colourfully and crudely to match much of the rubbish inside. On the sleeve, back and front, and on the label, a token punked up model pulls faces; green skin, yellow hair, fillings in the teeth, but no acne or cold sores ... so no authenticity (huh huh).

This wild, wicked, whacky, weedy cover is totally apt considering a lot of the frivolity and feebleness inside-part of the plan, eh?! In another world we'd adore the cover for its yukitsch and acknowledge that this is the one LP that you're forced to buy from Woolies and perversely revel in the sickening humility of even entering the store (although I'm know to slip in for the pick'n'mix) but here and now we merely giggle at the joke, miss the joke or conclude that there is no joke at all.

Siouxsie And The Banshees sensibly decided that there is no joke and declined permission for "Hong Kong Garden" to open this flat collection of pop hits, near misses and cults, and indeed their sublime single would have been well out of place. Ironically and significantly, its place is taken by the pitiful Plastic Bertrand's mindless "Ce Plane Pour Moi" and such an artificial eclair sets a much better tone for the comedy.

Of the nineteen other sweeties, only the two naturally dumb Sham rocks "Borstal Breakout" and "If The Kids Are United", Stiff Little Fingers' (yay! the best rock'n'roll group in my world!) "Suspect Device", Gen X's darling, dotty "Ready Steady Go", 999's inspired "Emergency" and The Cure's bouncy, irresistible hype "Killing An Arab", are in my singles box.

So there's all these others . . . It's the New Pop and it may often be boring but at least it's colourful and alive; and at least it can parody itself: The Jam's "In The City" and "A Bomb In Wardour Street", Otway and Barret's "Really Free" and "Beware Of The Flowers", The Skids' "Sweet Surburbia", The Adverts' "Gary Gilmore's Eyes", 999's "Homicide", The Stranglers' "No More Heroes", The Boys' "The First Time", Patrik Fitzgerald's "Irrelevant Beetles", The Jolts' "No Excuses", The Heartbreakers' "Born To Loose", The Lurkers' "I'm On Heat".

It's the New Pop! It's a good laugh! It's good live! There's lots of it!

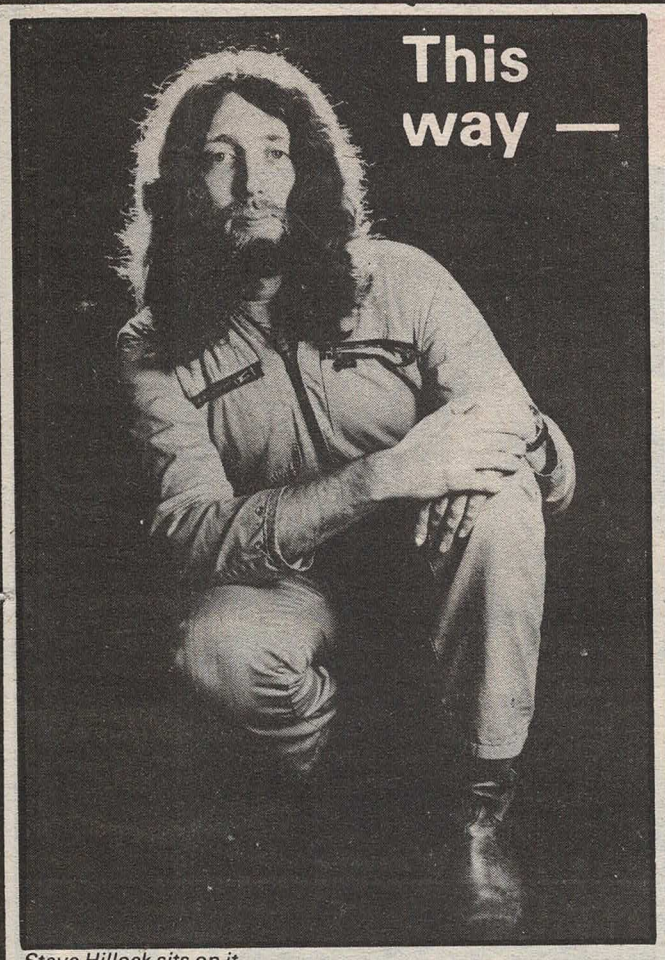
This joke / commercial weapon is a fair sampler of recent developments. Polydor prove that they've got fairly hip A&R men, that they can compile a popunk album as bad as anybody, that they're after your money, that they spend most of their days smiling. There should be more of these types of records and they should be free. It might well be a collector's item one day. Who knows?

Only "Suspect Device" would be on *my* New Pop collection, alongside "Hong Kong Garden", "What Do I Get?", "Shot By Both Sides", "Public Image", "Denis", etc.

But I'm only a fan. This album isn't the alternative, it's the mainstream. But it is funny.

**Paul Morley**

# This way — or that?



*Steve Hillock sits on it.*

**STEVE HILLAGE**
**Live Herald *(Virgin)***
**GARY MOORE**
**Back On The Streets *(MCA)***

Hardy perennials, these guitar hero chappies. Fretboards angled at the teeming stratosphere, gunning for the music of the spheres, they set their controls for the meaningful *twa-a-ang* that will cause the lame to sprint, the ailing to leap from their sick-beds and testify to the God-given attributes of the gilded light-guage Picato strings spun like silken thread around those timeless machine-heads.

Steve Hillage, mind you, would probably prescribe to just such a lofty vocation. "Live Herald" — a double album concocted from three-quarter live workouts and one-quarter new studio output — is the definitive statement of intent from the grinning buffoon thus far.

Every angle of what Hillage doubtless considers to be his slant on the hippy-dippy ideology of the psychedelic '60s in this era of jaded cynicism is thrown up but, even as one applauds the accent on hyper-positivism, the actual contents of "Live Herald" are mostly soppy, self-indulgent and redundantly quaint.

Hillage's sound is aural granola, sub-"Baba O'Reilly" synthesizers irritatingly doodling in and around the usual jazz-rock dynamics with Steve's quavering guitar sustaining layer upon layer of drippy glissando swoops.

Things would be almost tolerable were he to concentrate on instrumentals but it gets truly unbearable when the guitarist vocalises in that feeble, feckless 'say cheese' monotone. And, as if the voice itself wasn't bad enough, the lyrics are bilge of such dopey pseudo-cosmic offensiveness, they make even Paul Kantner's sci-fi piffle seem credible. Thus we have to bear drivel about Hillage being one of the electic(k) gypsies, building the temples of the electric age ad nauseum. The nadir is reached with "Light In The Sky", in which Hillage intones, with a depressingly gung-ho sincerity, *"In 1977 the light shone from our hearts and from our eyes."* (Oh really!)

The one real achievement of this album is that our Steven can tackle the dire "Hurdy Gurdy Man" and make an even more horrendous hash of it than Donovan Leitch did.

On the studio side Hillage attempts to embrace the sounds of the modern world, with similarly wretched consequences. Chief offender here is "1988 Aktivator", his token 'punk' effort; welding together the worst cliches of the style, its actual dynamic is closer to Hawkwind than anything remotely 'new wave'.

Bah! Steve Hillage is the sort of fool who gives hippies a bad name.

Gary Moore is an altogether different prospect. He's one of those guitarists who's been hovering 'twixt the easy options of crass guitar herodom and the burgeoning desire to be a 'serious' musician. Thus he's been zigzagging from the likes of power trio Skid Row through to Colosseum 2, in which he played a surrogate Jeff Beck role in a surrogate Jan Hammer set up.

Wisely, Moore's finally opted for a permanent tenure with Thin Lizzy, the wisdom of his move re-emphasised by those tracks on this first solo effort which Phil Lynott orchestrates.

Moore himself isn't really adequate solo album material, a fact nailed home with a vengeance in the clumsy juxtaposition of styles from track to track. Approximately half the fare is redundant, nothing more than wretched jazz-rock whack-offs.

But saving graces are provided by Lynott, whose three or so originals give Moore actual songs to work on. Inevitably, they sound not unlike Lizzy outtakes.

Potentially best of all is "Don't Believe A Word", which Moore and Lynott choose to slow down to a sultry "Black Magic Woman" tempo, maintaining a simmering, sensuous feel to an already excellent song. Unfortunately, Moore can't see it through opting for the predictable heavy amp-up finale which all but ruins the initial effect.

And there, in a nut-shell, is Gary Moore's problem. Even after years of concerted self-improvement, he still can't get it quite right.

*Gary Ramone leans on it.*

Meanwhile, when the urge to be titillated by the fretboard whizz-kids next strikes, I'll stick with my spartan assortment of Hendrix masterworks.

**Nick Kent**

# Who cares? Chappo's back!

*Roger Chapman admires Keith Weller's tights as he tucks another one away.*

**ROGER CHAPMAN**
**Chappo *(Acrobat)***

Solo albums made by renowned frontmen when their bands have split are always suspect — a desperate dash into the spotlight for one last bow and then a graceless descent into oblivion, the last bet placed, their career foreclosed.

There are many such cases of reputations euphorically wagered as security, but the public are too cynical to listen yet eager to sneer at the luckless gambler. It's a cruel, humiliating business that the talentless arrogantly ignore, but the gifted warily acknowledge and try to avoid.

For Roger Chapman, a distinguished member of the second faction, it'd be a travesty if he lost his reputation and his shirt after a dozen years in rock.

Any time up until the demise of Streetwalkers nearly two years ago, he could have made a safe, perhaps even self-indulgent album as an appendage to his group recordings. Certainly when at the height of commercial success with Family such a project was in demand. He didn't. That observation isn't meant to enhance his integrity, merely to illustrate that he has a lot riding on "Chappo" — his future.

But this solo debut is confirmation that one of British rock's too few classic vocalists hasn't allowed his throat-plumbing to rust and reaffirmation that his talent is more than a distinctive vibrato and forceful, intimidating aggression.

The set's ten songs, all but two of which he had a hand in writing, show a protean performer: sensual and savage, just as expressive on the tricky melodic loops of Tim Hardin's "Hang On To A Dream" as he is riding the biffs of his own R&B with "Midnite Child".

Although the LP follows the lines from his past — first with the solid power-rock of "Face Of Stone", which he wrote with Streetwalker Bob Tench, and then "Pills", a humorous advocacy of birth control pills that Chapman and his long-time partner Charlie Whitney co-wrote — a large part of it is a personal statement.

Although he extends his reputation as a fierce rock 'n' roller with "Always Gotta Pay In The End", as choppy and stormy as its lyrical imagery of sea adventure, his ability as a formidable soul and R&B singer is the set's most startling revelation. No longer compromised by band responsibilities, his real influences — mostly found in the American black music of the '50s and '60s — manifest themselves in his performance and writing.

Two of his own songs, "Moth To A Flame" and "Shape Of Things", are stunningly soulful, brilliantly poignant melodies — his vocals matched only by the sensual reading of "Hang On To A Dream". Two more Chapman pieces, "Midnite Child" and "Who Pulled The Nite Down", are along with Leiber and Stoller's "Keep Forgettin'", the dark rage characteristic of classic black R&B.

Dense rhythmic blows counterpointed by consistently excellent solos from Billy Livsey (piano), Geoff Whitehorn (guitar) and saxist Ron Asprey, the hard-nosed band are perfect accompanists. Even the support vocalists hesitate with the ad libs, preferring true charted arrangements that work so well on "Forgettin'". Producer David Courtney sharpens definition and prevents the excitement degenerating into chaos.

Having written four of the songs alone, there are occasional signs of lyrical strain resulting in cliches on "Flame". But they are only slight blemishes on material that otherwise deserves to rank with Family favourites. And only the final cut, "Don't Give Up", co-written with Courtney, lacks the discipline of the others; it's also an excercise in dynamics, the reins on the musicians appreciatively slackened.

Like "Music In A Doll's House" and "Chapman-Whitney Streetwalkers", "Chappo" is the start of another phase in Roger Chapman's career. Vital, imaginatively creative, composed and striking, it augurs well.

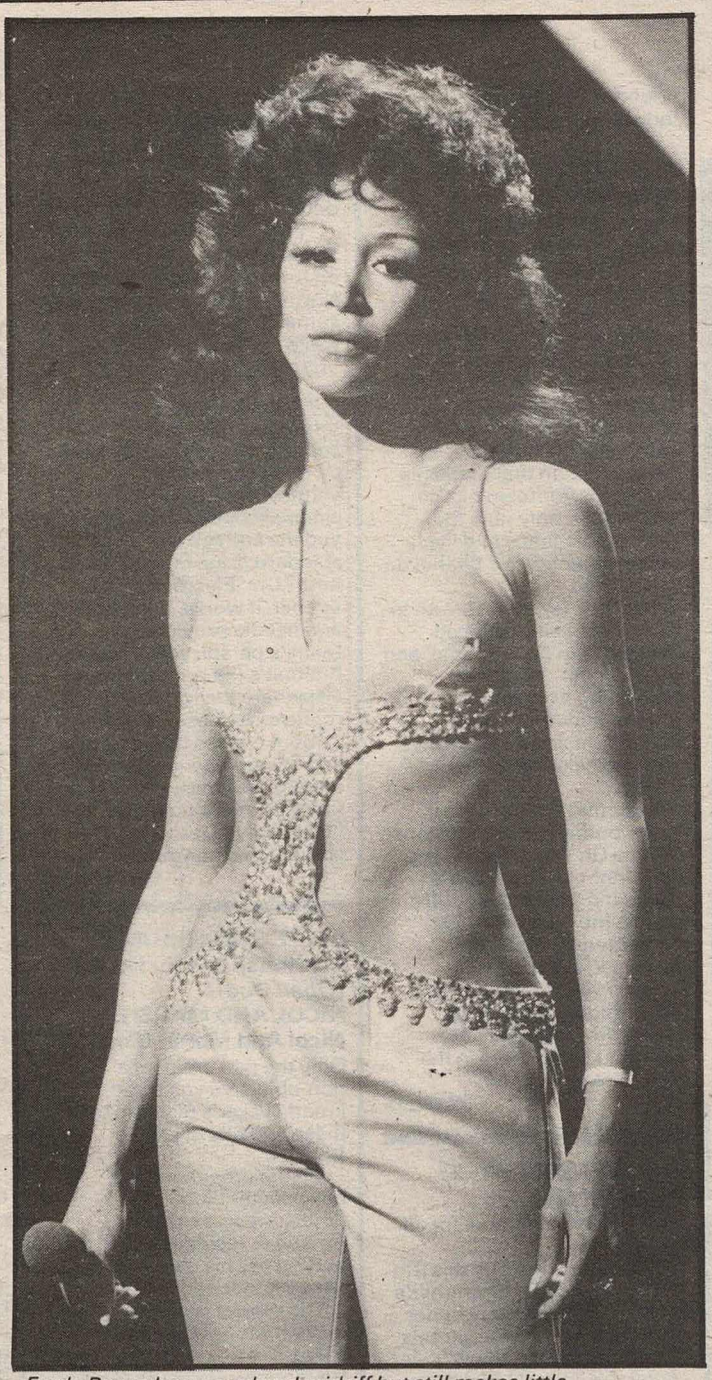
**Tony Stewart**

# Black girls bare teeth ... an' ting

**FREDA PAYNE**
**Supernatural High**
***(Capitol)***
**CHAKA KHAN**
**Chaka**
***(Warner Bros)***

Black girl singers just want career opportunities. And something *has* changed — black chanteuses haven't had such credibility and chart chances since around 1969, just before Motown women lucked out and ducked onto other labels who didn't understand how a Hit Factory *works.*

Look at the girls who've come up since 1977: Donna Summer (whose very own voice, popularity and charm have given her the headstrong sense needed to tell Giorgio and Petey exactly what she will or won't do, who's written herself one good song, "With Your Love", and will probably write another, and who has become a British habit); Evelyn King (startlingly young, sympathetically handled, vastly respected, impeccably talented); Taste Of Honey (great bass player, good looks, promising songwriting gestures, a marvellous single and stunning *Top Of The Pops* showing to their credit); Chic (well-voiced, tasteful, habitual chart-climbers); plus Rose Royce's immaculate, heart-havoc-wrecking Gwen Dickey.



*Freda Payne bares soul and midriff but still makes little impression on callous reviewer. Pic by Michael Putland*

When you realize that gutless wonders such as Amanda Lear, Boney M and Hot Gossip are referred to as established disco artists, you may as well split hairs and call the previous paragraph's-worth 'soul singers'; they've certainly got much more in common with Baby Washington than Andrea True.

There was a big batch of new black girls fresh in the early '70s, too; a good deal of them had a great deal of credibility (Ann Peebles, Minnie Ripperton, Labelle, Denise Lasalle, Pointer Sisters) and couldn't scrape up a fistful of hits between them.

Chaka was hip; Freda had a hit (or three, in America — here, just the lovely, lonely "Band Of Gold"). Chaka has a hit now, but not the credibility — why, there hasn't been a 58 page thesis on her navel for at least three years in the *NME!* Never mind, they still buy the album of the belly button in the States and the single has sold healthily enough both here and there to enable Chaka to afford a Swiss sleep-cure, if she wants one (she could use one).

Still, her voice sounded *much* better when she was with Rufus. I like the way a lot of girl singers sound when they stretch their voices — they sound dumb and endearingly brave — but Chaka *always* sounds stretched rigid, reedy and uptight. She sounds like a boastful booby-prize.

And never more so than on "I'm Every Woman". Lacking even the common sense of Peggy Lee's swaggering torch, the single is a funky, grandiose grovel, 'emancipated' only in that one can imagine the narrator taking the 'active' sex role, leaving *you,* big buyer, to just lay back and enjoy it. (Chaka didn't have the nerve to say "This song sucks.")

There are also songs called "Life Is A Dance" and "A Woman In A Man's World" — they're very funky, you bet they are! Chaka leaving Rufus means girls' voices instead of mens' in the background, and more names than usual meaning nothing on the sleeve. You have your congas, your clavinets, your SRM synthesizers, all doing what these instruments are wont to do very well; it took 61 musicians and singers to make this record. I DON'T KNOW WHY.

Chaka blands out (not even murders, you can't kill a blank space) unknowns by Ashford, Simpson, Benson. But when as a finale she perverts Wonder into *"Chaka wore pigtails!"* I just want to yeukkk; how can a black singer treat a black singer this way! Still, it's very ethnic; a strained atmosphere of 'partying' pervades the more up-tempo tracks, accompanied by a stray *"Get down!"* or *"Hey!"* when things get really out of hand. It's definitely a swinger's record; I'm too boring for it and vice versa.

Most interesting thing is the lipstick-print motif which links the sleeve-sides.

This is the nicest thing I can think of to say about the record.

Freda Payne's album was cast out with not even a hit single to shield its ragged back from those who could be bothered to snipe. Frankly, I'm amazed she's still making records nine years after her career actually became worthy of the word for a week or so.

In the past, Freda has played the game of selling albums per tit (just as Chaka is now, swinging her bulky bosom all over the show like she's trying to swat flies). A little wiser and much less young, she throws her fine head back in pseudo-joy on the front sleeve and stares out in tight-lipped, thickly made-up anxiety (trying hard to be provocative

*Chaka Kahn: "Tough, Freda honey, but she likes bits of me." Pic: Joseph Stephens*

vulnerability) on the back. Yes, Freda, nine years! Shocked me too, dear!

Her voice is no longer the swooping scrape it was on that flash, massive, worthy bit of enigma that whetted her unit-shifting appetite that age ago. She has a TV actress crossover voice now, a Cheryl Ladd voice singing Helen Schneider songs. A thin little voice trying slightly on songs that barely ever existed. Not a disco or a dancing record, not a supernatural high, more a phantom pregnancy.

Cabaret in Montana by 1985, girls?

**Julie Burchill**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# Twangs ain't what they used to be

*Top: Duane in 1960. Above: Duane in 1975 — and **nuthin's** what it used to be; check the guy in glasses for a really impressive transformation. Pic. by Photofeatures International.*

**DUANE EDDY**
**Duane Eddy** ***(RCA)***

My upbringing took me through the Reinhardt, Charlie Christian, and duck-walking Chuck way of guitar things and Duane Eddy's bed-spring twang came as an unmusical must to avoid. True, he was distinctive — so were Victor Sylvester and Tiny Tim.

True too, his discs often included great chunks of slap-tongued sax, for which I'm a sucker. And though such early cuts as "Rebel Rouser" and "Cannonball" proved the cause of much shoe repair, following bouts of torrid terpsichore, my affection for Eddy as a guitarist has hardly been ace high.

The tracks on this particular disc stem from 1962-64 and document the final successes of the Eddy-Lee Hazelwood ball team, following an amazing run of 20 hits on Jamie Records. Things thinned out a bit when Eddy moved on to RCA, so not many real biggies are included here — the only true monster being "Dance With The Guitar Man" — though "Ballad Of Paladin", the theme tune from Richard Boone's *Have Gun, Will Travel* TV series, and a rendition of the icky "Deep In The Heart Of Texas" both Top-20'd.

However, if you've ever been prone to slicking on Brylcream to the strains of an Eddy accompaniment, then you'll doubtlessly approve of this re-issue.

Me — I pass. After all, who in their right mind would trust the judgement of a man who's let the dishy Jessi Colter slip through his fingers?

**Fred Dellar**

**DUANE EDDY**
**Greatest Hits** ***(Ronco)***

There was a time when I diligently saved pocket money to rush out and buy each new Duane Eddy single on the day of release. So I trust that 'Members of The Duane Eddy Circle', whoever they may be, realise it is with some affection that I have long since come to the conclusion that Eddy is a likeable man of limited musical ability who temporarily captured the spirit of the time with a unique guitar sound.

Unlike the hits of many of the rock 'n' roll vocalists of the era, his original recordings only sit in today's world as period pieces.

The 20 tracks on this TV-advertised release are not even the originals but fairly faithful reproductions — recently cut in Britain, I believe.

Although they're not incompetent or crass they add nothing to Eddy's diminishing stature, except perhaps a welcome fee from Ronco.

An album for Very Special Friends Of Duane Eddy and indiscriminate TV viewers.

**Cliff White**

**EDWIN STARR**
**Clean** ***(20th Century)***

A daft, misleading title for a halfway decent comeback by a generally under-rated performer.

Starr's voice and the impact of his records have never in the past been 'clean'; neither are they on this new release, thank God. He still attacks a song with the husky determination that made his old Ric Tic/Motown hits so essential — only now the memorable tunes and lively arrangements are a bit thin on the ground.

Side one is the best, with his two recent self-produced singles, "I'm So Into You" and the disco hit "Contact", bracketing a reasonably tuneful mid-tempo soul ballad, "Jealous", co-written and produced by Lomant Dozier.

After that things regress from routine (Dozier's "Storm Clouds On The Way") to the downright boring (Starr's "Working Song") through a couple more album fillers, co-written by Starr but produced by Dozier.

Stick with the singles this time round but watch for future developments. He seems to be heading in the right direction again.

**Cliff White**

**PHILLIP WILSON TRIO**
**Fruits** ***(Circle)***

Phillip Wilson is a man for all motels.

What made me buy this trio LP was the leader/drummer's recent work with teeny tenor hero David Murray — on sets like "Flowers For Albert" (Ayler not Tatlock) and "Low Class Conspiracy" — but prior to that unit's modal machismo Wilson had drummed behind practically every all-sort, from the secular protest of the Art Ensemble of Chicago through Butterfield's bombastic Blues Band — come back Plasticman!

"Fruits" is Wilson, Johnny Dyani on bass and Leo Smith on trumpet, trapped live at the Northsea-Festival in Den Haag summer 1978, at which I wasn't present. *(What? And it still took place? — Ed)*

Wilson's playing throughout the four compositions is restrained, a cymbal-ic seaspray somewhere between the cinemascope of John Stevens and the cottage cheese of standard issue ECM. Best of both? On "Electricity", the opener, it works, punishment and needle provided by Dyani's perspicacious bass. But that's the prize track and elsewhere the formula is repeated to lesser effect.

More cruises than crashes, and if your listening tends toward the linear you may find that everything after "Electricity" lacks a comparable hardness.

**Ian Penman**

**CLETE STALLBAUMER**
**My House Is Your House** ***(Open Door)***
**NICOL AND MARSH**
**Nicol And Marsh** ***(Polydor)***

Only the perversity of a non-objective voice and Freddy Laker's Skytrain binds these two bits of plastic together.

On the other hand we have Mister Clete Stallbaumer, ex-patriot American residing in Wilts, putting out his own work on a genuine independent.

The project is worthy and all that entails — hopelessly naive, slipshod but capable of evading the critical cut and thrust by dint of an unashamed four track scrimping and scraping. I admire the chap's cheek in direct inverse ratio to the finished product — frankly awful every which way, including loose.

In the green corner, Messrs Nicol and Marsh inveigled Polydor into sticking their brand of spineless mush through some fancy Californian hit factory with the discredited clergyman — Randy Bishop — swinging the censer and counting the collections. Bill Payne (geddaway), Leland Sklar and Craig Doerge earn themselves some spare scratch as we yawn into Nicol and Marsh's great divide, an abyss where

*Nicol and Marsh: "He likes it! I think he likes it!"*

the listener is insulted by half-baked berkisms like "Streets Of The Angels" — CSN advertising Martini — or "Lady of Windermere" and "Holdin' On To You", fatal for diabetics.

Where Stallbaumer can't honestly expect anyone to take his non-scanning, hit and miss songs about imaginery cars, fantasy women and all-nite parties at *all* seriously, Nicol and Marsh obviously linger under the misapprehension that they have something meaningful to offer. They haven't.

**Max Bell**

# What does Snow sound like?

Find out for yourself. Listen to 'Against The Grain', an incandescent new album from Phoebe Snow.

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**Phoebe Snow. The album 'Against The Grain' which features the single 'Every Night'.**

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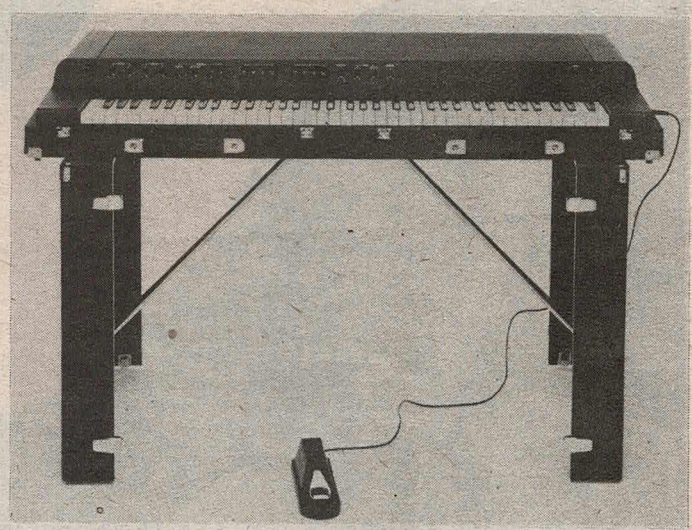

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# Music Not To Break Wind By

**POINTER SISTERS**
**Energy *(Planet)***

The fax sheet accompanying the promo copies of this album coos that Richard Perry (founder /boss of Planet Records and producer of "Energy", the label's first release) is a serious collector of Art Deco, Art Nouveau and fine wines and that his goal is to make Planet 'the Tiffany of labels.' With that attitude of mind at the controls you can bet your booty that nothing remotely funky, in any sense of the word, is about to leap from the grooves. Nor does it.

'Tasteul' is the byword. Everything must be tasteful, chaps; let's have no-one perspiring or breaking wind in public.

Not an unreasonable business attitude, given the current tight-balled conservatism of the American record industry, but one that has inevitably resulted in a prim presentation of three well-mannered ladies that bears scant likeness to the raunchy trio who sweated up a storm for the press at Ronnie Scott's recently.

Energy? On stage, yeah. But here, zilch.

Still, it is for all that an immaculately groomed 'piece of product' that at least allows the girls to be heard to good advantage, singing popular songs by Stephen Stills, Bob Welch, Loggins & Messina and others, over inoffensively professional soft-rock accompaniment. A distinct improvement upon all that camp old nonsense that they used to perform.

Dunno what on earth possessed British WEA to issue the indifferent version of Sly Stone's "Everybody Is A Star" on single. The American choice, Bruce Springsteen's "Fire", is by far the strongest cut on the album, and their version of Steely Dan's "Dirty Work" is pretty tasty too.

Very naice I'm sure, in an undemanding sort of way.

**Cliff White**

*Pretty Pointers pout and preen for Pennie Smith's Pentax*

**JAH THOMAS**
**Stop Yu Loafin**
***(Greensleeves)***

An album of mindless, gibbering drivel designed to appeal to marijuana smoking degenerates of limited vocabulary, low intelligence and romantic outworn definitions of liberty.

Did you know, for instance, that a long term effect of cannabis ingestion is that it encourages individuals to associate *freely* with people of other races? Eh-eh. A true! We here at the Ministry of Truth believe Freedom is Slavery.

Superior people support Chelsea, sit in Wimpy Bars and insult Indian waiters, chant "National Front is a white man's front" in unison, approach unaccompanied females over their coffee to broach exalted conversations on the subject of big tits, and believe that reggae music is a plot by Jewish journalists to subvert the human race.

Niggers, like proles, are not human beings.

But watcha daughter! Jah Thomas is young, black and a propagandist of the Ras Tafari persuasion. He does not have an honourable nomenclature such as David McNee or Ian Smith; he is not scared, repressed, gay bachelorish, sexist nor racist.

He says: *"The girl them love me, awoah! The Syrian girl says she love I so. American girl says she love I so. Jamaican girl says she love I so. Canadian girl says she love I so. The African girl says she love I so."* Jah Thomas extols the word love a great deal on "Stop Yu Loafin". He would appear to hold untenable beliefs like love. The Thought Police have been duly notified.

Also, he associates freely with people of other races. His LP was recorded for the Chinese Channel One studio and has been released in the UK by white traitors Greensleeves. For the propagation of his ungood crimethink, Thomas utilises rhythms such as The Tamlins' Maxfield Avenue recut of Mr. Horace Andy's "Skylarking" (the title track), John Holt's "Anywhere" ("Send Me The Pillow"), Earth And Stone's "Where Is The Love?" ("Bicycle Skank"), The Revolutionaries' "Top Rank" ("Mr Nkruma"), Leroy Smart's version of Bob Marley's "Wait In Vain" ("Love And Happiness"), and Horace Andy's big 1977 hit "Girl I Love You" ("Uncle Lester").

But watcha star! Jah Thomas is witty, sharp, entertaining, eminently danceable, and on his debut LP a reflection of youthful thought circa 1979. You have been warned.

**Penny Reel**

# Imports

The down-homey series of Woodstock jams that began with the release of "Mud Acres", now continues with the appearance of "Pretty Lucky" (Rounder).

Once more, **Artie and Happy Traum** figure among the leading protagonists and again the supporting cast list is fairly impressive, musical donations being contributed by **Jim Rooney, Eric Anderson, John Sebastian, Rory Block, Bill, Bernie Leadon** and other casual labour. The atmosphere is one of party night at the ranch house. Nearly everyone chances a lead vocal somewhere along the way; Leadon slots in a blues solo at one point; Murray Weinstock provides portions of piano that sound distinctly beer-stained; and Gordon Titcomb picks some of the neatest pedal steel since Lloyd Maines last made it onto disc — with Joe Ely. All-in-all, everything is as laid-back and welcoming as a last-rung deckchair on a balmy day. Naturally, I liked it. I mean, any album that contains material penned by Woody Guthrie, Jack Clement and Tom Mitchell has got to be worth sniffing around, right?

I'm less estatic about "Homemade Songs" (Flying Fish), the latest offering from **Tracy Nelson**. It's hard to actually put my dodgy digit on what is wrong though. Certainly Tracy still blues-bawls with considerable conviction; horn men Wayne Jackson, Billy Pruett and Donny Sanders add a taut, tough Memphis surround-sound; and country cuties Dianne Davidson and Carlene Carter make an effective back-up vocal squad.

But though the ingredients are right and nobody actually cocks up the cooking, the completed dish seems as ultimately stodgy and boring as plain suet pud. Maybe I was just off my food at the time of tasting — or possibly I wasn't the right Ronay for the mob. Either way, I found "Homemade" disappointing. Burp!

Back at the car-wash, a compilation of hot rod specials has arrived, courtesy of German MFP. Titled "Big Hot Rod Hits", the 24 track double-album, which retails for around £4.75, contains such **Beach Boy** footdowns as "Custom Machine", "Our Club Car" and "Car Crazy Cutie", associated zoomers from **The Eligibles, Dick Dale, Hot Rod Dog, Super Stocks** and even the sleepy-eyed **Robert Mitchum**, who once more opens the clutch on "Ballad Of Thunder Road", a two-time hit that charted in both '58 and '62.

Filling our "Gee whiz! Are they still around?" spot for the week are **Trapeze**, who have also been seemingly pitching woo to the Volkswagen market. For their latest LP is on Shark, a Stuttgart label — though most of the tracks would appear to have been cut in downtown Walsall. Just for the record, the personnel listing shows that original members Mel Galley (guitar / vocals) and Dave Holland (drums) are still hangin' around, together with the long-serving Pete Wright (bass), while the lead vocal spot has now been allocated to Pete Goalby. Fax'n'info freaks please note.

Finally, the terrifying news that the whole FunkaParliamentaryBootsieThang has laid claim to yet another label as "All The Woo In The World", an album featuring Parliament keyboardist-vocalist **Bernie Worrell**, emerges on Arista. Will the ubiquitous George Clinton (who co-produced this one) finally conquer the world? Can mankind be saved by Superman, Luther Blissett or a combination of both?

Don't forget to read this exciting column next week...

**Fred Dellar**


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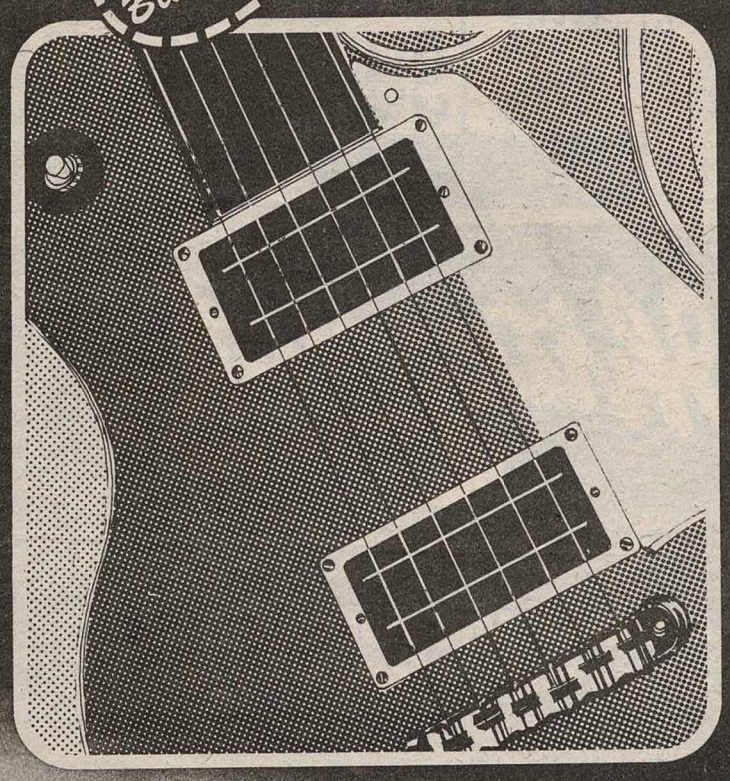

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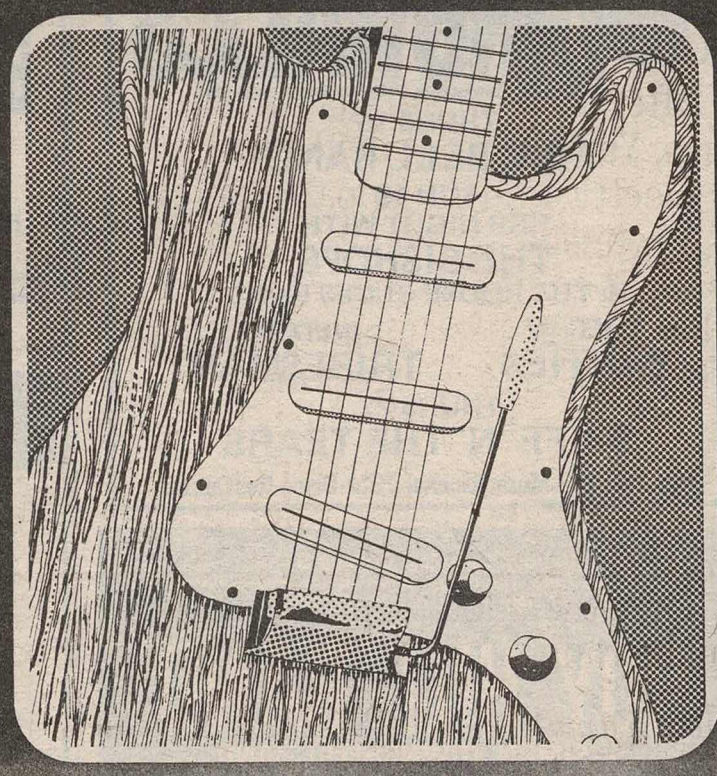

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**Friday, March 2: Braintree Institute, BRAINTREE, Essex**
**Saturday, March 3: Rhodes Hall, BISHOPS STORTFORD**
**Friday, March 9: College of Further Education, St. Peter's Street, LOWESTOFT**
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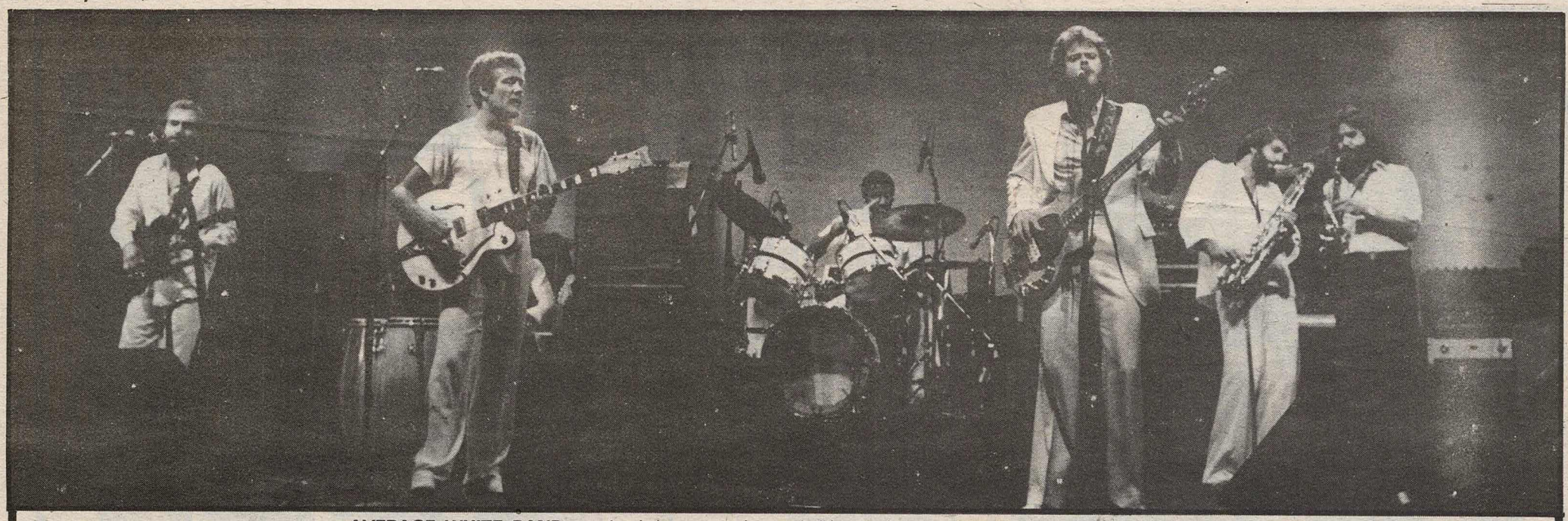


*AVERAGE WHITE BAND are back home again, and this week sees the opening of their UK tour with concerts at London Rainbow on Saturday and Sunday, followed by Birmingham (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). Jamaican reggae band Inner Circle are special guests.*

# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

## Thursday

Ampthill Folk Club: **Dave Walters**
Basildon Double Six: **Sta-Prest**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Dangerous Girls/The Surprises/The Denizens**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bishopbriggs Memorial Hall: **Friction**
Blackburn Bailey's: **Slade (for three days)**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Enid**
Brighton Hungry Years: **The Tinsels**
Bristol Granary: **Daylight Robbery**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Pressure Shocks**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury Kent University: **Darts**
Cardiff Grannies: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental & The Normal**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Horslips/ Ronnie Paisley Band**
Coventry Warwick University: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Spinners**
Derby Bell Hotel: **Medium Medium**
Durham University: **Billy Connolly**
Exeter Routes: **The Fans**
Falkirk Maniqui Club: **Generation X/The Cuban Heels/The Heat**
Glasgow Mars Bar: **Sneeky Pete**
Gosport Atlantis Club: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Grantham After 8 Club: **Vesuvius**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Motels**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **The Bombers**
Helston R.N.A.S. Culdrose: **Flying Saucers**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **TV Surf Boys/The Flobs/The Vermin**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **China Street**
Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
Leeds Fan Club: **John Potter's Clay/Shy Talk**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Red Eye/The City Limits**
Leeds Trades Council Club: **Belt & Braces Band**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Ethel The Frog**
Lincoln Technical College: **Cheap Trick**
Liverpool Eric's: **Anniversary**
Liverpool University: **Dave Cousins**
London Brixton Town Hall: **U.K. Subs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Eric Bell Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **Tribesman/Electrotunes**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Bumpers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Edge/The Accelerators**
London Ealing College: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Epping Folk Club: **Paul Downes & Phil Beer**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Head Boys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scandal**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UFO**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Piranhas**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Human League**
London Leytonstone Plough & Arrow: **Matchbox**
London Marquee Club: **After The Fire**
London Maunkberry's: **Midnight News**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Sucker**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tour De Force**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cygnus**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Rednite**
London Southgate Royalty: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Dogwatch**
London Victoria The Venue: **McGuinn, Hillman & Clark**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **The City Waites**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
Manchester Mayflower: **Steve Gibbons Band/Straight 8**
Manchester The Factory: **Pink Military Stand Alone/The Nives**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Salford Jets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Peterhead Rendezous: **The Squibs**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Nightrider**
Portsmouth H.M.S. Collingwood: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Natterfack/Pat Ryan**
Seaford Third World: **N.W.10**
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Joe Jackson Band**
Sheffield Psalter Lane Art College: **The New Jets**
St. Andrew's Festival Cafe: **Lol Coxhill**
Stirling University: **Swingle II**
Stockport Country Club: **White Plains (for three days)**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Alan Price**
Sunderland Fusion Disco: **Light Of The World**
Tain Clan Ross Rooms: **The Tools**
Watford Carey Place: **Flat Earth**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
York Barge Club: **Brian Jackson Quintet**

## Friday

Aberdeen 72 Club: **U.K. Subs**
Aberdeen University: **Gordon Giltrap**
Abertillery Six Bells: **Nightrider**
Annersley Miners Welfare: **Vesuvius**
Ayr Darlington Hotel: **Light Of The World**
Basingstoke Technical College: **Wild Horses**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Birmingham Aston University: **Steve Gibbons Bad/Straight 8**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Bombers**
Birmingham Mr. Sam's: **Midland Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham St. Chad School: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Birmingham Univeristy Mason Hall: **Gillan**
Birmingham Westhill College: **Armpit Jug Band**
Blackpool Opera House: **Showaddywaddy**
Bournemouth Rooftop Hotel: **The Equators**
Bradford University: **Add Nauseum**
Brighton The Centre: **Frank Zappa**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Horslips/Ronnie Paisley Band**
Bristol University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Cambridge Homerton College: **Racing Cars**
Cambridge The Alma: **Spring Offensive**
Derby Kings Hall: **The Enid**
Devizes Corn Exchange: **The Fabulous Q-T's**
Dingwall Town Hall: **The Tools**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Split Rivitt**
Edinburgh University: **Generation X**
Farnworth Veterans Club: **Cadillac**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Jacksons**
Glasgow Kelvin Hall: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
Glasgow Mars Bar: **Sneeky Pete**
Glasgow Stonelaw High: **the Deft Jerks**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Guildford Star Hotel: **Matchbox**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Gaffa**
Hemel Hempstead Dacorum College: **The Commuters/Vince Pie & The Crumbs/ Ted Dripping & The Nosepickers**
Hereford Technical College: **Capital Letters/The Crash Of '79**
Horwich Crown Hotel: **J.G. Spoils**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Prisoners**
Hull City Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Hull New Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Swingle II**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kingston Eel Pie Rock Club: **The Accelerators**
Kirklevington Country Club: **China Street**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Hot Vultures**
Lampeter St. Davids University: **The Bishops**
Leeds Polytechnic: **China Street/Wolfrace**
Leeds University: **Gonzalez**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The City Limits**
Leighton Buzzard Hunt Hotel: **Warm Jets**
Liverpool Eric's: **Joy Division/Cabaret Voltaire**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Pam Nestor**
London Camden Brecknock: **Spare Parts**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Head Boys**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Music Machine: **Ramrod/Short Stories**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lea Hart**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Nancy Kramer & Shy**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Eric Bell Band/Steve Linton Band**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Scandal**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Pumphouse Gang**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **Rednite**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Exzibitor**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **Mungo Jerry/The Monos**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Human League**
London Marquee Club: **David Kubinec's Excess**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Zilch**
London N.W.1 Musician's Collective: **The Inevitable**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Herbie Hancock**
London Regent's Park Bedford College: **Lene Lovich/Fingerprintz**
London Roehampton Digby Stuart College: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **English Folk Dance and Song Festival (also Saturday)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lightning Raiders/The Crooks**
London University College: **World Service**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Star Syndicate**
London Victoria The Venue: **McGuinn, Hillman & Clark**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Passions/The Nips/The Distributors**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Jade**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Monochrome Set/Neon Darts/Data Panik**
Maldon Jubilee Hall: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Manchester The Factory: **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental & The Normal**
Manchester University: **Kevin Coyne**
Manchester Valentine's: **Desmond Dekker**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Nightmare**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Press**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Roy Hill Band**
Newport Village Club: **Radio Stars**
Norwich Boogie House: **Stops**
Norwich City College: **The Next Band**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Adam & The Ants**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **General Accident**
Oxford Westminster College: **Quasar**
Plymouth St. Mark's College: **Writz**
Reading Target Club: **The Meanies**
Reading University: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Cheap Trick**
Sheffield City Hall: **Darts**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Sniff & The Tears**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Sheffield University: **Streetband**
Silsoe National College of Agricultural Engineering: **The Troggs**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Orphan**
Stirling MacRobert Centre: **Humphrey Lyttleton Band**
Tamworth Arts Centre: **Special Clinic**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Eyes**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Supercharge**
Watford Red Lion: **Flat Earth**
Welwyn Garden City Avdel Social Club: **Kestral**
Wokingham Rock Club: **Thieves Like Us**
York Barge Club: **Swaledale**
York Revolution: **Dog Watch/Staa Marx**
York St. John's College: **Red Eye**

***BILLY JOEL** flies in at the weekend, hot on the heels of his chart successes with his My Life single and '52nd Street' album, to headline a major concert tour. His first two shows are at Newcastle (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).*

## Saturday

Aberdeen Bobbin Mill: **The Squibs**
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
Aberdeen University: **Generation X**
Abertillery Six Bells: **Special Clinic**
Baldock Victoria Hotel: **Quasar**
Barnsley Civic Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Basingstoke Magnum Wine Bar: **Thieves Like Us**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Joe Jackson Band**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Bill Cream & The Dispensers**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Fred Wedlock**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Mr Sam's: **Atlas**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **New Town Neurotics**
Blackpool Norbreck Hotel: **Zaine Griff**
Bridlington Spa Theatre: **Alan Price**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Chas & Dave**
Brighton The Vault: **Segma & The Cheesybits/The Chefs/The Accents/Kemptown Rockers**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol University: **Gaffa**
Burton Alrewas British Legion: **Strange Days**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Breathless**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: **Cimarons**
Colchester Essex University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Human League/Punishment Of Luxury**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Streetband**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Racing Cars**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Herbie Hancock**
Evesham Public Hall: **RPM**
Glasgow Saints & Sinners: **Sneeky Pete**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Cheap Trick**
Grantham Fossway Hotel: **Vesuvius**
Inverness Muirtown Hotel: **The Tools**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Wild Horses**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds University: **Darts**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Anniversary**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Enid**
Letchworth Icklefield Hall: **Heinz/Earl Sheridan/The Houseshakers**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Hot Water**
Liverpool Eric's: **Stiff Little Fingers/ Essential Logic/Robert Rental & The Normal**
London Acton The Windmill: **The Accelerators**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Landscape**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Softies/ Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Camden Music Machine: **Supercharge**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cruisers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Hackney All Nations Club: **Immigrant**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frank Zappa**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **First Aid**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Local Operator**
London Kensington The Nashville **The Edge/The Molesters**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Samson**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Rednite**
London Marquee Club: **The Flys/Squad**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Crooks**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: **Pete & Chris Coe**
London School of Economics: **Steve Gibbons Band/Straight 8**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Star Syndicate**
London Victoria The Venue: **McGuinn, Hillman & Clark**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **Wayne County & the Electric Chairs/90° Inclusive/The Leyton Buzzards**
London Waterloo Action Centre: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **The Tannahill Weavers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Hi-Fi/White Lightning**
London Whitelands College: **The Young Bucks**
London Wimbledon Southlands College: **The Bumpers**

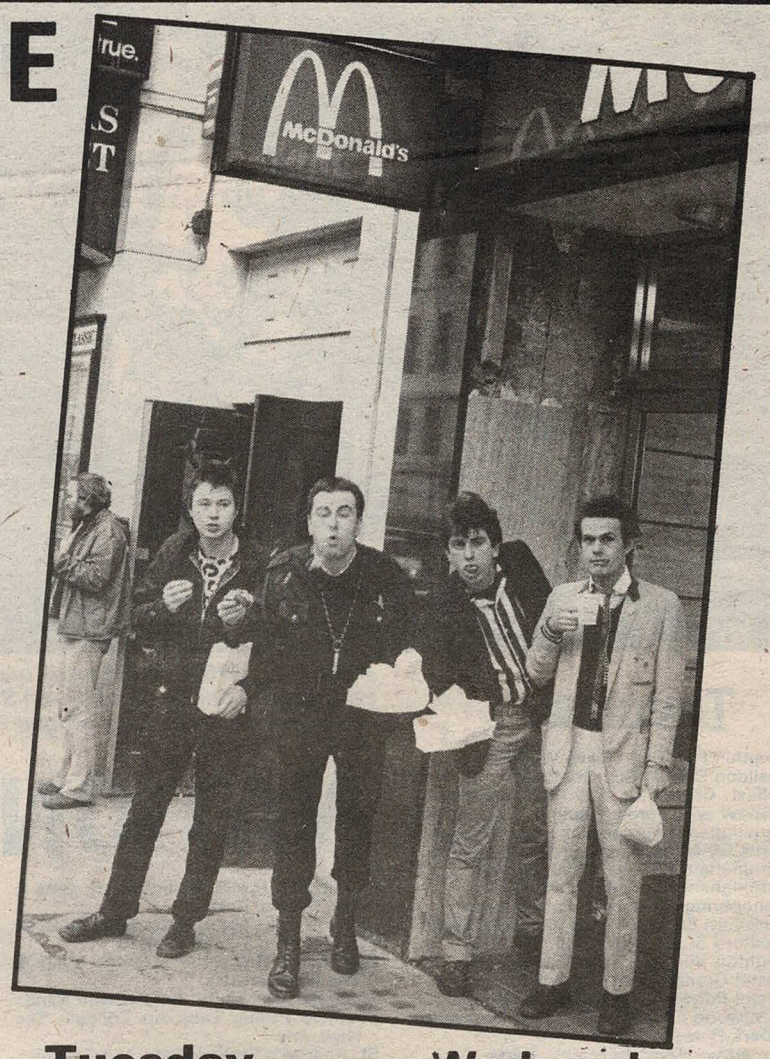
**CONTINUES OVER . . .**

# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

## Compiled by Derek Johnson

***ROGER McGUINN*** *(centre), Chris Hillman (left) and Gene Clark are the three characters in our picture on the left. They are, of course, all former members of the near-legendary Byrds — who, since the sad demise of that outfit, have been fronting their own bands. But now they're back together again as a trio and, with backing musicians, play three nights at London's Venue on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.*

***999*** *are pictured right, getting up their strength in readiness for their big London show on Sunday, the first of the new season of rock concerts at the Lyceum — where they're supported by The Members and Pressure Shocks. We're not sure if they disapprove of the camera or the hamburgers! It's their last British gig for some time, because — as reported last week — they're about to begin a lengthy U.S. tour.*




London W.9 The Chippenham: **The Physicals/Oxeyes**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Shocking Stockings**
Loughborough University: **Lene Lovich/Fingerprintz**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jacksons**
Manchester De La Salle College: **Horslips/Ronnie Paisley Band**
Manchester Osborne Club: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels/Matchbox**
Manchester University: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Manchester Valentine's: **Desmond Dekker**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Nightmare**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **U.K. Subs**
Nantwich The Studio: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Newcastle City Hall: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
Newcastle University: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Northampton County Ground: **Radio Stars**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Next Band**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Quartz**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Gotham City Swing Band/Forwards**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Bound**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Medium Medium/The Distributors**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Eric Bell Band**
Preston Charter Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Preston Polytechnic: **Staa Marx**
Reading University: **After The Fire/World Service**
Salisbury Shrewton Royal Oak: **The Fabulous Q-T's**
Southend Minerva: **Flying Saucers**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Scandal**
Tamworth Hurley Club: **Freebird**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Kestral**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Split Rivitt**
Watford Technical College: **Flat Earth**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**
Winchester Guildhall: **Daylight Robbery**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Revolution: **Screens**

## Sunday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Lene Lovich-/Fingerprintz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **The Jacksons**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **U.K. Subs**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **999/The Members/Pressure Shocks**
London Tooting The Castle: **Rednite**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Boys Of The Lough**
Milton Keynes Bletchley Leisure Festival: **Showaddywaddy**
Newcastle City Hall: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **C. Cyclops & The Cage**
Nottingham Hearty Good fellow: **The Press**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Billy Connolly**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Kestral**
Oxford New Theatre: **Horslips/Ronnie Paisley Band**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Shep Woolley/The Hughes Brothers**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Warm Jets**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Alan Price**
Southport New Theatre: **Darts**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park: **Orphan**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Birmingham Odeon: **Herbie Hancock**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Tracks (lunchtime)/Swing Street (evening)**
Blackpool Jenkinson's Bar: **The Bombers**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Adam & The Ants**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Brighton Crockers: **Dave Cousins**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bankhall Club: **Vesuvius**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Club: **Slade**
Cork City Hall: **Van Morrison**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Armpit Jug Band**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Dundee University: **Generation X**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Cheap Trick**
Glasgow City Hall: **Swingle II**
Glasgow Glen Douglas (lunchtime) and Greenock Victorian Carriage (evening): **Sneeky Pete**
Ipswich The Kingfisher: **The Next Band**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Roy Hill Band**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Binnsband**
Liverpool Rumford Coach House: **Matchbox**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Bishops**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Chalk Farm Downstairs at the Roundhouse: **Ted Milton**
London Charing-X Rd. Astoria Theatre: **"Oh Boy" with Alvin Stardust/Joe Brown/Les Gray/Shakin' Stevens/Freddie 'Fingers' Lee, etc.**
London Chiswich John Bull: **Zilch**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Head Boys**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Jasper Carrott**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dogwatch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Lee Fardon & The Legionnaires**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Panties**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frank Zappa**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Punishment Of Luxury**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Racing Cars/Electrotunes**
London Kingsway Royalty Theatre: **Kevin Coyne**
London Marquee Club: **Little Bo Bitch-/Sucker**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Planets**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Quasar**

## Monday

Ayr Pavilion: **Generation X**
Barnstaple Queen's Hall: **Wire**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Rednite**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club**
Bristol Crockers: **The Wild Beasts (for three days)**
Chester Smartyz: **Adam & The Ants**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **The Damned**
Corby Civic Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Corby Nags Head: **Gaffa**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Cheap Trick**
Exeter University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Halifax Civic Centre: **The Jacksons**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Jersey Behan's: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Matchbox**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **The Invaders**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Elevators**
Leicester Bailey's: **Slade (for a week)**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Herbie Hancock**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bombshell/The Streets/The Innocents**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Warm Jets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Books**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Joe Brown & The Bruvvers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frank Zappa**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Young Bucks/Pinpoint**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Bumpers**
London Marquee Club: **The Undertones**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Cousins**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Johnny Griffin Quartet (for two weeks)**
London S.E.1 (London Bridge) Cockney's: **Supercharge**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Deal/Blood Brothers Blues Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Horslips/Ronnie Paisley Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Moonlight Surprise**
Newark Bowling Green: **Art Failure**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **C. Cyclops & The Cage**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Sneeky Pete**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **The Enid**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Darts**
York Barge Club: **Andy Hampton Quintet**

## Tuesday

Aberystwyth University: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Van Morrison**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Cartoons**
Birmingham Odeon: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Enid**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Dutch Courage**
Brentwood Hermit House: **Robin Dransfield**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Piranhas**
Chester Smartyz: **Zorro**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **N.W.10**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Billy Connolly**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Tools**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
Glasgow Glen Douglas: **Sneeky Pete**
Jersey Behan's: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Leeds University: **Dave Cousins**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Monitors**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Jacksons**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Panties**
London Camden Music Machine: **After The Fire/Staa Marx**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Little Rooster**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bobby Henry**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Accelerators**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Psychadelic Furs**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Whirlwind/Stickers**
London Marquee Club: **The Extras**
London Maunkberry's: **The Voice Squad**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Kestral**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Clerks/Scandal**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Spare Parts**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Boys**
London W.14 The Kensington: **64 Spoons**
Maidstone Technical College: **Fischer-Z**
Newcastle City Hall: **Billy Joel**
Norwich Scamps: **The Next Band**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Plymouth Metro: **Wire**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Supercharge**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Generation X**
Stoke Jollees: **Showaddywaddy**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

## Wednesday

Amerhsam The Long Bar: **Heinz/Earl Sheridan/The Houseshakers**
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Van Morrison**
Bellshill Iron Maiden: **Sneeky Pete**
Birmingham Albany Hotel: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Writz**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Moonshine**
Bournemouth Maison Royale: **Gillan**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Tours**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Darts**
Bradford University: **Lene Lovich/Fingerprintz**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Molesters**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Jacksons**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
Chatham Town Hall: **Chas & Dave**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Dawlish Grand Hotel: **Ex-Directory**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Stan Tracey Octet**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Steve Hillage Band**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Billy Joel**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
Grimsby Western School: **Swingle II**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Generation X**
Ilford Oscar's: **Dogwatch**
Keele University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Leeds University: **Red Eye**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Dean Ravido**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Billy Connolly**
Liverpool University: **Gruppo Sportivo**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Psychadelic Furs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tribesman**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Out To Lunch**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Vipers/The Physicals**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Zaine Griff**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fischer-Z**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Fame**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Gina & The Rockin' Rebels**
London Maunkberry's: **Eric Roberts Band**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix Quartet**
London Southall White Hart: **Flying Saucers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Modern Beats/Blue Screaming**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Peter Ind Duo**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Prag Vac**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **The Sinceros**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Gaffa**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
Newport Stowaway Club: **Wire**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Bill Anderson Show with Faron Young**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Roy Hill Band**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Cheap Trick**
Sheffield University Union: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Thieves Like Us**
Southampton University: **Joe Jackson Band**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Andrews Festival Cafe: **Head**
St Helens Theatre Royal: **Alan Price**
Stockport Poco A Poco Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for four days)**
York Barge Club: **Motel**
York Pop Club: **Stiff Little Fingers / Essential Logic / Robert Rental & The Normal**

***DARTS*** *are going out on their first tour since their two enforced personnel changes last year. They've lined up an extensive schedule, starting at Canterbury (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Southport (Sunday), Wolverhampton (Monday) and Bournemouth (Wednesday).*

.... UNTIL HE FALLS OFF, BREAKING A COUPLE OF RIBS (BET JEAN-JACQUES NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE BB)..
RECUPPERATE USING A BODY-BUILDER UNTIL HE CAN SNAP THEM IN TWO! GOOD STORY EH... BILLY?
NOTHINGS SO GOOD AS A GREAT BRIAN B LIVE PAGE HEADING, 'CEPT BEATING BOURNEMOUTH
DNO SOI
THANK YOU BILL AND NOB! HOPE I DONT OFFEND YOU BY SAYING THAT YOUR STORY SUCKS. SOD OFF BACK TO MANAGING PUTRID LITTLE FOOTBALL CLUBS WHILE I TRY TO FIND A DECENT HEADING FOR THE LIVE PAGE!
DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND BRIAN B. SUPERJUMP WILL NOT NOW TAKE PLACE. COMPLAIN ON 261-6153

## HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

***ALTERATIONS TO CELLAR BAR INCLUDING REAL ALE, ALMOST COMPLETED!***

IMMINENT RE-OPENING

PHONE 359-4510 FOR DETAILS

## THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday February 15th — Free
**IRON MAIDEN**

Friday February 16th — 50p
**★ LEA HART JNR ★**
with Ex Members of Roll-Ups, Grand Hotel & Tom Robinson Band

Saturday February 17th — 40p
**WARM JETS**

Sunday February 18th — 40p
**REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**

Monday February 19th — 30p
**WARM JETS**

Tuesday February 20th — Free
**LITTLE ROOSTER**
+ The Corvettes

Wednesday February 21st — 40p
**ZAINE GRIFF**

Thursday February 22nd — Free
**BELT 'N' BRACES**

## DOG WATCH

Thursday Feb 15th
**STOKE NEWINGTON**
Pegasus
*(Free admission before 8.30 p.m.)*

Friday Feb. 16th and Sunday Feb 18th
**EAST HAM**
Ruskin Arms

Wednesday Feb. 21st
**ILFORD**
Oscars, Green Gate

Thursday February 22nd
**STOKE NEWINGTON**
Pegasus
*(Free admission before 8.30 p.m.)*

Tuesday February 27th
**CANNING TOWN**
Bridge House

Last minute alterations beyond the band's control have resulted in the unfortunate recent cancellations at Chadwell Heath and Oxford. Sincere apologies to all our friends.
Band enquiries to Helle at Sound Scene Agency
01-261 9741/9774

## THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Only British performance of the former Byrds
**McGUINN, HILLMAN & CLARK**
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, February 15th, 16th, 17th
Doors open 7 & 11, Show times 8.30 & 12, £4

Monday, February 19th
**HORSLIPS**
Doors open 8, show time 9, £3

Thursday February 22nd
**ROY HILL**
Doors open 8, show time 9, £3

Friday, February 23rd
Final London performance of
**MIKE WESTBROOK'S MAMA CHICAGO**
Doors open 8, show time 9, £3

Saturday 24th Feb
**RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON**
Doors open 7 & 11.30, Show time 8.30 & 12, £3

Tuesday February 27th
**THE RONETTES**
featuring Ronnie Spector
Doors open 7, show time 9, £3

Wednesday February 28th
**JOE JACKSON BAND**
Doors open 7, show time 9, £3

## THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981

Friday, February 16th
**999** + Pinpoint

Saturday, February 17th
**ROY HILL BAND**

## DOWNSTAIRS AT THE ROUNDHOUSE
SUNDAY, 18th FEBRUARY, 1979 at 9 pm
**TED MILTON's MR PUGH's BLUE SHOW**
starring Inspector 'Deep Throat' Parker, PC 'Nosey' Parker, PC 'Nosey Parker, PC 'Nosey' Parker and PC 'Nosey' Parker.
*Box office: 267 2564* *Tickets: £1; Non-members: £1.20*

BOGNOR EMERGENCY AS SEWAGE PIPE BURSTS
25,000 Jobs Lost Shock

## STAA MARX
Ring Dave, WAM 01-935 6720

Fri. Feb 16
YORK: Revolution
Sat. Feb. 17
PRESTON: Polytechnic
Tues. Feb. 20
LONDON: Music Machine

## JACKSON'S ROCK CLUB
Archway Road, opp. Highgate Tube
*Saturday, Feb. 17th at 8 pm.*
**LOCAL OPERATOR**
+ ZERO-ZERO
Admission 75p

## VIPs
EVERY SATURDAY.....WHEATSHEAF, KINGS ROAD (WORLDS END)
FRIDAY FEB 16.....GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE ROAD.
SUNDAY FEB 18.....TWO BREWERS, CLAPHAM COMMON.

BOOKINGS
01-673 5631

## Royalty Theatre
PORTUGAL St., KINGSWAY WC2
MILLIONAIRES AND TEDDY BEARS ON PARADE
A CONCERT WITH
**KEVIN COYNE**
**Sunday 18th February 8p.m.**
TICKETS £2.75, £2.25, £2.00, £1.50

## RED TAPE
MANAGEMENT
ROBIN BROWNE
734-0331

## FOR FULL DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
Ring Brian B on
01-261 6153

CRAWLEY TEC. STUDENTS ASSOCIATION
**FESTIVAL WEEK**
(In aid of the Mentally Handicapped)

Tuesday February 20th — £1.25
**LANDSCAPE**
+ DISCO

Friday February 23rd — £1.00
**AGNES STRANGE**
+ DISCO

Saturday February 24th — £1.50
**SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS**
+90° INCLUSIVE

Doors open 8 pm | *Tickets from S.A. Office or on door Enquiries: Crawley 25686. Ext. 63* | BAR

## ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

## IMPERIAL COLLEGE ENTS.
(Prince Consort Road. Tube South Ken. Bus: Albert Hall)

Sunday, February 18th 8 pm — Tickets: £1.00
**PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY** + Support
In The Union Concert Hall

Friday, February 23rd 8 pm — Tickets: £1.00
**AFTER THE FIRE + 64 Spoons**
Union Concert Hall

*Coming Soon . . .*
Only London Appearance
U.K.
March 3rd, Great Hall

## TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS
AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

Feb. 15th U.F.O.
Feb. 17/18 AVERAGE WHITE BAND
Feb. 18/19 FRANK ZAPPA
Feb. 18 KEVIN COYNE
Feb. 18 999 + THE MEMBERS
Feb. 23 ALAN PRICE
Feb. 23/24 JACKSONS
Feb. 23/24 CHRIS DE BURGH
Feb. 24 HERBIE HANCOCK
Feb. 25 GENERATION X
Feb. 25 CHEAP TRICK + WRECKLESS ERIC
Feb. 25 BILL ANDERSON & FARRON YOUNG
Mar. 2 THE ENID
Mar. 2 STEVE HILLAGE
Mar. 3 MICHEL LE GRAND
Mar. 3 WHITESNAKE
Mar. 7 URIAH HEEP
Mar. 8/9 AVERAGE WHITE BAND
Mar. 9 BAD COMPANY
Mar. 10 DARTS
Mar. 10 BOTHY BAND
Mar. 11 LOU RAWLES
Mar. 12/13 JOAN ARMATRADING & GEORGE DUKE
Mar. 13/16 JOHNNY CASH
Mar. 13 ROGER CHAPMAN
Mar. 16/17 GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
Mar. 17 CHARLES AZNAVOUR
Mar. 18 BO DIDDLEY & RAY CAMPI
Mar. 18 BILL NELSON
Mar. 18 SLIM WHITMAN
Mar. 25 STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Mar. 26 JOURNEY
Mar. 29 NANA MOUSKOURI
Mar. 29/30 BOOTSIES RUBBER BAND
Mar. 30 EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Apr. 1 MOTORHEAD
Apr. 1 BUZZCOCKS
Apr. 2/7 PAUL ANKA
Apr. 2/3 GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
Apr. 9/13 BILLY CONNOLLY
Apr. 22/23 THIN LIZZY
Apr. 22/28 NEIL SEDAKA
Apr. 28/29 MIKE OLDFIELD
Apr. 29 STYLISTICS
May 4/6 RUSH
May 28/29 JUDAS PRIEST

*For further info send s.a.e. to*
**LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS**
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1.
*General Enquiries: 01-439 3371*
*Telephone Credit Card Bookings: 01-240 0681*

## HERMIT LIVE
Brentwood Youth House, Shenfield Road, Brentwood

Monday, February 19th
**VIPERS**
*+ Special Guests*
**REDNITE**

If in doubt phone recorded programme on Brentwood 218897 anytime

## DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, New Barnet (beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday February 15th
**SUCKER**
Friday February 16th
**CANIS MAJOR**
Saturday February 17th
**CROOKS**
Sunday February 18th
**GENERAL NUISANCE**
Tuesday February 20th
**WILD LIFE**

## ACCELERATORS
*Machine Age R 'n' B*

February dates
Thursday 15th
LONDON, ROCK GARDEN
Friday 16th
KINGSTON, EEL PIE CLUB
Saturday 17th
ACTON, WINDMILL
Sunday 18th
DERBY, OLD BELL
Monday 19th
HOUSE OF CRIMSWORTH
Tuesday 20th
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# ON THE TOWN

# Intelligent, Brilliant, Emotional

## (and the band was OK, too)

### The Only Ones
### The Invaders
### Robert Gordon

**New York**

Our chaps abroad again! The Only Ones kicked off their American debut with a three night stint in a converted New York disco, Hurrah's.

The next few months will witness several more assaults on the great North Eastern frontier by the more ambitious of the homegrown breed but none will be as suited to the climate.

Come Saturday the club off off-Broadway, is packed solid with locals who know the words, bought the album on import. *Village Voice* heralded the arrival of The Only Ones with a cross reference — "The Velvet Underground meets The Kinks" — neatly encapsulating this band's cosmopolitan depth for the uninformed punter.

While England can export other 'new wave' bands who thrash and pose to little avail (Little Englanders), or else lay a line of musical red herrings on the gullible Yank (XTC, Wire, 999), The Only Ones offer extraordinary modern rock; intelligent, brilliantly played, emotionally delivered songs with variety.

Unlike The Stranglers and The Sex Pistols, they don't insult the customers but work for them. In return the kids listen, eventually dance, enjoy themselves.

And it warms the heart to see a British group knock the colonials over with some fancy two step expertise.

First on are genuine New Yorkers, The Invaders playing a mixture of dumb oldies and horrendous originals. A dreadful band in the long tradition of dreadful New York bands, over here they wouldn't get a gig at the village fete.

The Only Ones are back at square one, without their own advanced equipment and Mike Kellie battling with an alien kit. Troupers still as in the days at the Rochester Castle, two sets a night and jet-lag instill the performance with pitfalls, unusual mistakes and near accidental highlights.

They ease into the groove, uncovering the massive breaks and hooks from past triumphs like 'Immortal Story'. Peter Perret unsettles the crowd with his choice of 'Watch You Drown'; cold, stark misery, it's an oldie they once taunted pure punk crowds with. The effect is shattering.

Polite bafflement turns into whooping abandon when they turn over 'Peter And The Pets', 'Lovers of Today' and 'Another Girl, Another Planet'. Everyone loves them now, recognising something new and fresh. The girls come down to the front for 'City Of Fun' and the best front-line rock attack in Britain — Perret, Alan Mair *the* bass man and John Perry (who said guitar heroes were dead, they never liked rock'n'roll that's for sure) — drop 'em in the deep end.

Once you've become acclimatised to the Perret vocal the rest is easy — a habit, a drug.

The material from their up coming masterwork, 'Even Serpents Shine', is the acid test. A growing maturity in composition and a greater understanding of the basics has made The Only Ones proud owners of their name; 'In Betweens', 'No Solution', 'Curtains For You' and the epic metallic reverberations of 'Miles From Nowhere' are combining to take the band out of the clubs.

These performances were not the best or the worst I've seen from them. At present a delicate state of amateur anarchy prevails: a set alters, there are no routine solos, the band sits on a knife-edge, the panic of deadline.

Kellie and Mair taunt and feed off each other's playing while Perret and Perry alternate distortion with sweet melody. Perret's growing stature as a songwriter and vocalist pulls the pieces together when the band are, as now, dead beat. Fundamentally, an Only Ones gig is about surprise, balance and thrust; ideas that the contemporary darlings of the media will never match.

Later in the night Robert Gordon unveiled his new band and it was a lot like the old one. Chris Spedding is on lead guitar with the excellent Tony Garnier (ex-Asleep At The Wheel) on double bass.

I like the sound Gordon makes but as a performer he rates with the least scintillating. He grinned and gestured as always through 'Fire' ("thank you Bruce," yuk!) 'The Fool', 'Boppin' The Blues', 'Lonesome Train', 'Sea Cruise'.

His lack of conviction and stiff movements prevent him and his otherwise excellent band from striking the hidden nerve.

So the night belonged to The Only Ones, they're the deliverers of promise. America drank up and went home.

**Max Bell**

### The Scars

**Edinburgh**

It's an odd city, Edinburgh. Well served for both major names and the best of the new voices, its lack of regular small rock venues means that the only local talents to get exposure are those who play easily consumed mainstream music as support to the big boys.

As a result, a whole underground of vigorous young bands playing unsafe '70s rooted music has grown, virtually unknown to the Edinburgh public and reduced to taking gigs where they can find them, such as this RAR event.

Headlining are The Scars, the leading lights of this new underground and Fast Product's latest proteges. They are, however, different to anything Fast have put out so far. Effusive where the Gang Of Four are sparing, harsh where the Human League are seductive and contrived where The Mekons are direct, The Scars' dense, aggressive song structures are nobody's placebos.

Jangling, jarring guitar themes come from Paul Research on the left, and clipped, urgent bass patterns from John Mackie on the right. Behind them drummer Calumn Mackay thunders away; all three musicians concentrate furiously on the tightly arranged music, all three instruments are equally deployed. The songs are tricky to find, but dead catchy when you're there.

Ths fierce musical complexity tends to obscure frontman and lyricist Rab King's vocals, which is a pity because of the surprising degree of lyrical sophistication in his writing.

Harsh, uncompromising vignettes about computer dating, fixations about horror films, extra-marital affairs ('Adult/ery') and Clockwork Orange synopses (('Horror Show') — these last two recorded for a single — I'd say it was this lyrical detachment and The Scars' awareness of presentation that fits into the Fast Product scheme of things.

Ironically it's their show that puts a lot of people off; especially if The Scars are trying to impress, they're liable to go completely over the top with Rab screaming and falling all over the place. Don't be put off by these visual histrionics, perserverance with the music pays off handsomely.

Non-originals in the set are Cockney Rebel's 'Psychomodo' and the final number before The Scars slip quietly off stage amid darkness and feedback, 'Your Attention Please'. A Peter Porter poem about planned government cynicism for civilian lives during a muclear war count-down set to The Scars' own comfortless music, it's ultimately unconvincing but an ambitious failure from a young and growing band.

There are other blank spots when The Scars' frantic rantings remain curiously unmoving. But if The Scars make more mistakes than some, that's because they've got more ideas than most.

**Ian Cranna**

*PRETENDERS CHRISSIE HYNDE.* *Pic CHRIS HORLER*

# No Pretence about this

### The Pretenders

**Moonlight Club**

The news is already out all over town about this bunch; and while one can only reiterate all the raves (so far usurped principally by other organs), it would be somewhat more sagacious to temper the usual 'next big thing' slant with at least a hint of much-needed perspective.

For a band who've played a mere five gigs since they shifted from the rehearsal loft, The Pretenders have been showered all the critical bouquets known to the average rock scribe. Reasons for this hallelujah chorus are all too obvious to define: Chrissie Hynde, chief-Pretender, is the kind of talent that (gender be damned) appears only once in a blue moon.

A treacherously powerful vocalist, adept rhythm guitarist, fiery stage presence and often startlingly effective songwriter, her talents are perfectly complemented by her band: Martin Chambers, a crisp, precise drummer; Pete Farndon on rock-steady bass-lines; and principal whiz-kid James Honeyman Scott, a multi-instrumentalist whose current function as lead guitarist provides Hynde's beguiling arrangements with a feisty, disarmingly original line in spell-binding appendages.

Even at this early juncture the ensemble can whip most other outfits — new wave or otherwise — to a frazzle with sheer originality and a dead-eyed penchant for diversity which never allows proceedings to force them into playing the easy mark to crass categorisation.

Their excellent single was a powerful testimonial to that — with Hynde's mellifluous, sensuous Sandie Shaw vamp on The Kinks' vintage 'Stop Your Sobbing' as the perfect commercial A-side, and the venomous dynamic of B-side 'The Wait' as a scabrous antithesis to the lush clout of the former. The material making up the current live set goes way, way further to re-emphasise an adept diversity of moods and styles while still maintaining an overall personality easily transcending the old eclectism-for-eclectism's-sake schtick that has rendered so many other outfits bent on said ploy as failed, faceless entities.

The styles are nothing desperately innovative, mind you, but it's the attitude, the guts personifying the understating of each number which makes the whole enterprise strike home with a vengeance.

Hynde's perspective on hard-rock is formed from an infatuation with classic Mitch Ryder white raunch, for example; but she and the band always aim for the essentials, reinterpreting an obscure mid-60's chestnut like Question Mark and the Mysterions' 'I Need Somebody', with a dervish swagger that, in exactly the same way that her inspirations deal their blows, simply demands that you respond physically. She's learnt from her influences perfectly; there's the fevershot infective of James Brown's best body music pulse-beating sound; the sly whiplash dynamism of the best Detroit r 'n' b the mating of Chrissie's imperious vocalese matched note for note by guitarist Scot's wily riffing; above all, an unmatchable confidence in their own worth.

As a dance band there's simply no-one to touch them right now.

But then that's slightly less than half the story here. Perhaps most exciting are Hynde's own songs, where those new dimensions become more than merely apparent. 'Phone-call' for example is an eerie work-out — on one level a beguiling cross between prime Lou Reed/Velvets/New York disorientation lyricism, and a compellingly unsettling distillation of Television's 'Little Johnny Jewel' masterpiece. Yet ultimately it transcends both comparisons and stands totally on its own terms as a haunting, ghostly extrapolation of urban claustrophobia worthy of an aural soundtrack for a Paul Schrader screenplay.

Similarly 'Private Life' is not only the second-ever relevant stab at white reggae — like its predecessor Costello's 'Watching The Detectives' utilising the form instead of merely apeing it — but confronts the listener with a forceful, unsettling lyrical stand on emotional masochism and possessiveness.

Other similarly forceful items abound, from Ms Hynde's sly tribute to "all the boys wearing motorbike jackets who don't own motorcycles" in the testy 'Tatoo'd Love Boys', sharp items like 'Precious' and 'Porcelain' to the lady's total renovation job on Reg Presley's 'I Can't Control Myself'.

Conclusion-time. The goods are delivered with an uncanny adeptness, the potential seems positively limitless and, yes, there's not a new band around that can even measure up to their shadow. The real problem facing them is the looming spectre of the medium itself.

Five gigs played and the vultures are already congregating, ready to swoop and shower the superlatives down on The Pretenders like so much bird shit. Any possible 'natural progression' could well be stymied by the demands for mercurial leaps and bloated expectations that'll doubtless cause serious friction unless this whole premature circus is held in check by the enterprise itself, and those media folk in the responsible position (though they seldom, if ever, admit to it) let nature take its course.

**Nick Kent**

# Questions without answers

## Doll By Doll

**Marquee**

To see Doll By Doll for the first time is to feel extreme confusion. And according to their guitarist Jo Shaw the confusion is intentional.

There's no master-plan at work, as I'd previously assumed. They don't preach, they make no statements, they don't attempt to manipulate their audience. As Jo says, "We pose questions — we provide no answers."

As a backdrop to their colourless, deliberately stark stage presence, they use a giant blow-up of the face of Anton Artau, a late French playwright. Artau achieved less recognition for his writing than for enduring 15 years of electric shock treatment to cure his insanity.

"It's not so much a specific parallel, more a way of life." Doll By Doll convey respect, sympathy and reflection.

They play a short, dense, unnerving set. Their music expands from formal, early '70s rock patterns, which each instrument subverts and explores with weird rhythmic excess.

Their main anchor is Robin Spreafico, and over his assertive bass lines the rest apply strict improvisation. Dave McIntosh's drumming alternates between precise downbeat and total assault. As a rhythm section, they rise and fall with calculated ease, changing the tone and allowing sparse sections of the lyrics to plough through the mix.

The lyrics, like the music, are intensely powerful without being emphatic. They are pictures, allusions, "written instictively" — impressive and ultimately disorientating.

Both Jo Shaw and lead vocalist Jackie Leven, use uncanny falsettos, and sing most numbers in close, perfect harmony. They are evocative and moving with the minimum of style.

They play seven varied and entirely unpredictable songs; an uncompromising set that clocks in at 35 minutes. In less capable hands, their formula could easily slide into monotony.

Their titles alone characterize their sound. 'Dreams Of Blood' is kept slow, regulated and bleak. 'More Than Human' builds gradually over single bass notes and percussive guitar into gutsy, dance-rock against an echoed lyric of complete detachment. *("There is a land beyond the spoken word/Communication that only some have heard").*

In the same way, the finale 'Paths Of Love' starts from standard chording and builds to an onslaught of synthesized sound and strobe lights. The band leave, Shaw remains — his guitar grinding to a halt like cascades of broken glass.

They're an original, intriguing and excellent band. They use theatre without theatrics. They use definition without having to accentuate. There are no concessions.

There are no encores, because: "We constructed a set that had a beginning and an end. To play any more would make no sense."

**Mark Ellen**

## Gruppo Sportivo

**Preston**

An imperfect night for the perfect Europop band.

It's the second night of the tour: The Grupettes have colds; Peter Calicher has had to borrow a piano because the six-sided hall has funny acoustics; and worst of all, a devilish promotional device known as Free Beer has left the audience predominantly pissed as rats.

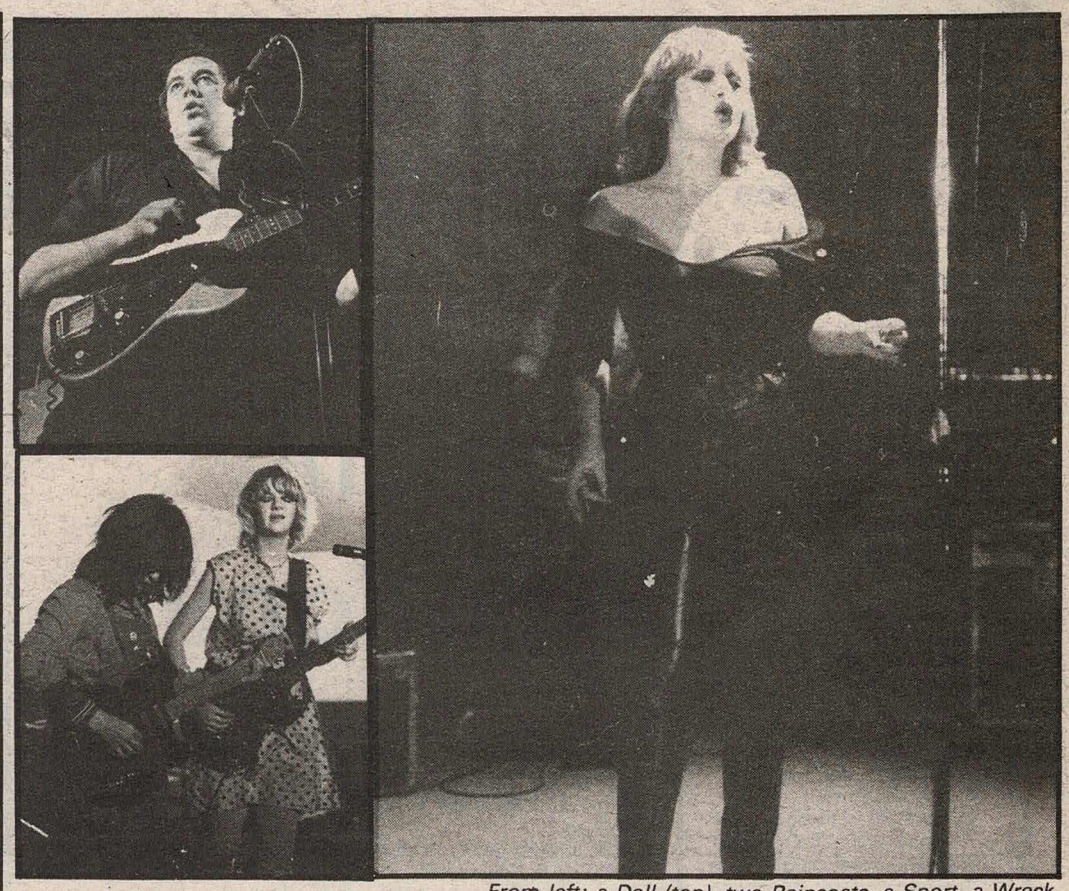
Not that any of this really effected their performance or my enjoyment.

Kicking off with their new Dutch single 'Disco Really Made It' (complete with up to the minute Funkadelic references of course), Gruppo ran through their current set of 16 numbers with faultless precision, projecting the view of an outsider looking in to the very wonderful world of rockbiz as familiar riffs and melodies were turned inside out with tender loving care.

'I Said No', for instance, is Hans Vanderburg's reaction to a girl who imagines that Dutch music-for-pleasure style Elvis retreads are the real thing. 'Rock 'n' Roll' takes things a step further. Who needs metaphysical analysis when Gruppo catalogue the symptoms so accurately? *"When my guitar goes eheheh and the drums go boomboomboom when the bass goes dodo dodo dodo, I don't care if it's punk or rock 'n' roll to you".*

Elsewhere, GS ran the gamut from teenage romance to more teenage romance.

Receding dome notwithstanding, Vanderburg plays a confused youth with Jilted John sensibilities. In 'Girls Never Know' he bemoans the inability of girls to understand themselves.



*From left: a Doll (top), two Raincoats, a Sport, a Wreck.*

But he's really worried about his *own* inability to make-out. In 'I Don't Love You' he also admits his emotional impotence, but stresses his need.

'Rubber Gun' aside, Gruppo are really more innocent than sexual.

Instrumentally the band are becoming much more closely knit with Calicher's keyboards well upfront. 'Booby Trap Boogie' virtually a throwaway on 'Back to '78', now has an elegiac melody building into a grand opera finale. Unfortunately they didn't choose to include their best shots in this area — 'Real Teeth' or 'Are You Ready' — as these would confirm that the snide jokes have been dropped for something more substantial.

But I still laughed at 'Hey Girl': *"Honey your nose is running/I'm sorry but it's snot"* — and laughed still more at the indirect dedication that is 'Blah Blah Magazines'.

GS aren't Abba or Blondie, nor are they are pretentious, erudite or inaccessible. They aren't this week's thing or next week's threat to the foundations of western society.

So I guess this leaves them without a critical leg to stand on.

In short, mere mortals are strongly advised to catch this tour. If you *don't* come out happy, then I'm a Dutchman.

**Ian Wood**

## Raincoats Distributors

**Acklam Hall**

Sandwiched between the dingy, cautious Distributors and the quirky Passions on an irregular Friday night Acklam Hall bill, The Raincoats did much to enhance their stature at the forefront of London's alternative rock renaissance.

This emergent all-girl quartet have splashed their way through innumerable

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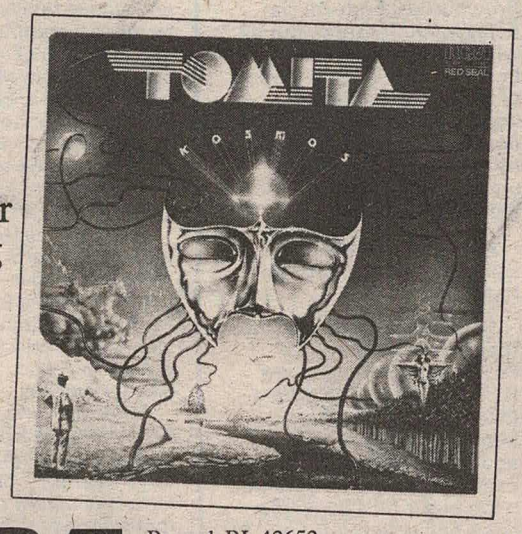


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# Eric goes back to school

personnel changes since their formation last year — original Slits' guitarist Kate Korus and, more recently, former 101'ers drummer Richard Dudanski have both played their parts before departing — and this was only the second gig with the present line-up.

Their music, propelled by singer Ana's abrasive guitar chording and ex-Slit Palmolive's aggressive and solid tom-tom thumping, is fiercely rhythmic. On this occasion it was also riddled with false starts — but since when has that been of any importance on a second appearance?

Songs like 'You're A Million', 'Black And White' and 'Fairytale In A Supermarket' are all short and snappy, executed with the minimum of fuss or flash with the playground-shriek vocals usually acting as the lead instrument.

Vocal duties are largely handled by the unassuming Ana with support from bassist Gina and the newest recruit, violinist Vicky. Her taut bowing and picking is the one immediately distinctive thing about the sound — a violin in rock doesn't have to mean Curved Air y'know.

The truly excellent Palmolive remains as original and forceful a drummer — baseball bat-style an' t'ing — as in her Slits days, though her musicianship is now more controlled, the resultant sound less 'boomy'. How her involvement with the latter group was ever terminated for an alleged inability to keep time I just can't fathom.

Drawing further parallels with The Slits is (I know) unfair, but inevitable: The Raincoats' songs, even on this one hearing, seem better constructed — something that their forthcoming Rough Trade single should emphasise further — and their stage movements are as open and refreshing in an awkwardly asexual way, although the overall impression at this embryonic stage is less intense than a live Slits show. It is also far less theatrical.

The momentous potential is there . . . these Raincoats are far from plastic.

First on were The Distributors, three men (guitarist, bassist and drummer) with an additional tape operator/second guitarist acting as 'sweeper' offstage.

Their inaccessible, esoteric music, with its Devo-inflected vocals and the inevitable plodding nod to white reggae-rock, fell on the ears of an audience too cautious to dance.

**Adrian Thrills**

## Wreckless Eric
## The Softies

**Marquee**

Forget the jolly japes and all-Stiffs-together. From the Class of '77, only Wreckless had to re-sit in '78; if he doesn't make it this time, a considerable investment — financial and emotional — goes down the pan.

On tonight's evidence, low comedy and liquid refreshment have been swapped for almost-mainstream rockaboogie. There were always some fine songs under Eric's snot-on-my-sleeve approach, but at times it seemed more panto than music — the Ian Dury/Denise Roudette rhythm section, for instance.

Now it's a Serious Business, the little lad emoting from beneath his fringe while The Four Rough Men trade the excess gloss of the second album for something rougher. Nevertheless, after 'Veronica', 'Girlfriend' and a couple of others, a distressingly samey rhythmic chug is evident.

'I Wish It Would Rain' (no relation) breaks the pattern, as heartfelt as the Temps' but much funnier.

That off his chest, Wreckless - as - Rock - Vocalist rampages effectively through the Stones' 'Stupid Girl'. The Roughies are hitting their stride by now, studious rhythm strum courtesy of Prof. Malcolm Morley (B.A., gtr).

But the main action's down to Brady. A tousled southpaw, he revives the mundane 'Roll Over Rock-Ola' with a fierce solo and riffs jaggedly through the deliciously sardonic 'Take The Cash'. Eric was by this time sweating buckets and a strictly straight encore of 'Route 66' seemed totally appropriate.

So, Stiff's own Norman Wisdom has joined the professionals. Doubtless there'll be fewer cries of "money back" and "you're pissed" than in the past, but for much of the set it was just another gig and whatever your opinion of the Wreckless phenomenon, that couldn't have been said in the past. What did my mother say about babies and bath water?

The Softies' 'Roll Over Beethoven' is the most unsullied Chuck Berry I've heard in a long time, capping a set of four-square, stylish country-rock. Big Mick is undeniably impressive: he looks as if someone got behind John B. Sparks with a bicycle pump and put in an eight-hour shift. To be seen again, definitely.

**Harry George**

## The Blue Max

**Dingwalls**

Saturday night at Dingwalls can be a gruelling experience for even the most experienced outfit.

But under such circumstances The Blue Max play a *spirited* set. They are four young, high calibre musicians — Murray Ward, bass; Chico Greenwood, drums; Robin Millar, guitar; and Danny Peyronnel, lead vocals and keyboards — who play a set as tight as Meatloaf's vest in a heatwave. Their arrangements are economical, at times exquisite, and they maintain an unflagging pace.

But on the flip-side, their main disadvantage in the competitive minstrels' world is a lack of identity, and material which falls short of the standard of musicianship: only two songs — "Murder At The Movies" and "Photographing God" — stand out as whimsical gems in a pile of mediocre pebbles.

A further detraction is their unusual format in which lead vocals and 'front' are taken up by the keyboardist. Peyronnel is admittedly personable, but his instrument creates a physical barrier between himself and the audience. And this problem is aggravated by the small amount of movement possible on the diminutive Ding-stage.

Given more space and face, The Blue Max could be rocking us into the '80s.

**Rick Joseph**


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## Battle Of The Bands

**Liverpool**

Look to Liverpool . . . tucked away are a whole herd of expensively equipped, tediously expansive and slick 'rock' groups (something for everyone!); or at least this year's City Radio organised Battle Of The Bands would suggest so.

It's a glorified talent contest with prizes galore to further the contestants' careers, and a couple of groups who could blast ELO out of town and do with a summer season in Jersey.

It's true too that the wastes, estates and weariness of Liverpool have not recently inspired any powerful and original new groups (as Manchester, Bristol, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle and Belfast most definitely have), whilst not forgetting the brief, lovely Big In Japan, who were an inventive ideal right down to their last breath. But even their traces of idiocy pointed to Liverpool's indulgence for the silliest excesses of tinny elegance (Deaf School, Yachts).

**The Accelerators** have long tried to destroy those myths, in their own perverted way. They gloat under the banner "the most unfashionable band in the world" and remain almost spitefully independent. Visually clumsy and sweaty their sound has improved manifold since 18 months ago when they were little more than a raving, hastily revised competent blues quintet, an ungainly balance between pace and drawl.

Now their set is tightly packed with hectic short songs, driven by two rubbing, raging guitars, hardened by a breathless, furious rhythm section and obsessively growled by a heavy-set, impatient lead vocalist.

Predictably, they won no prize.

Neither did the opening group, the three-piece **Eastern Blue Bird.** They are smooth, confident, melodic, pedantically structured organ-rock not far from Manfred Mann's recent gurglings. I yawned.

They still possessed more natural imagination than the sterile, shifty **Rock School,** who know a few chords, rely on Queen as a major influence, came third (24 hours in a local 8 track studio; it'll take them that long to comb their hair and arrange their smiles) and won a prize for the best song of the night. I spluttered.

**Ded Byrds** came second (24 hours in a 24 track studio). They're a sharp shiny six-piece playing flamboyant pop with a forced camp teenage conscience laced with stuttering sax streaks.

Not lively or eccentric enough at the moment, but enterprising entertainers with an obvious market, they're out to exploit those who vaguely recall Liverpool's great erratic decadents, Deaf School. Which makes them a TRUE Liverpool Group with that modern fallible Merseyside wackiness. They're awful! They'll be a cult.

**Export** concluded the competition, went down like Priest in Wolverhampton, won first prize (a WEA recording contract, so it goes) and their guitarist won a Gizmo for being guitar dazzler on the night. I choked. They are impotent, lazy, straight faced heavy mock-rock.

My source within the judging panel revealed Whitesnake guitarist Bernie Marsden and others on the panel were very eager to give this polite lot first prize; and David Coverdale stalked about all night putting the fear of Blackmore into me. But let's not be narrow minded. There is great demand for fascist riffriff mock-rock.

Liverpool can be better than this, you'll find out soon.

**Paul Morley**

# Shades of the Swinging Blue Jeans

*UFO* *GEORGE BODNAR.*

## UFO Liar

**Leeds**

If you thought that heavy metal was strictly for juiced sapheads, regard this as a red alert, because UFO (and, to a lesser extent, Liar) have sussed how to harness the techniques of the genre to optimum aesthetic effect: both bands put on a show here which made temporarily obsolete one's natural antipathy towards low IQ music.

Liar transcended run-of-the-mill music for the masses status with some clever, if occasionally cliche vying guitar syncronised harmony routines, set off by intelligent arrangements and some protean posing. Rousing renditions of 'Five Knuckle Shuffle', 'Set The World On Fire' and 'Who Cares' justified their trip in the support/guest slot.

UFO's achievement here deserved to be identifiable. Having lost Michael Schenker for the last time, they still play with the kind of electronic authoritarianism which refuses to be denied, or at least acknowledged.

'Natural Thing', 'Doctor Doctor' and 'Only You Can Rock Me' hit home as the most euphoric euphonies, with Plant soundalike Phil Mogg, guitarist Paul Chapman and bassist Pete Way (all essentially uncharismatic figures) turning in a performance which made just about every other known band look and sound like geriatric apprentices. They were nothing if not dicisive.

Nevertheless, even UFO's brand of heavy metal does not escape the confines of what music of this kind stands (and aims) for.

The human wreckage nearest the stage gasped for oxygen that didn't exist and groped for five ordinary guys who just happen to play rock and roll for a living. Such is the price you pay for being frustrated with social reality and in need of a cheap wa to induce an alternative consciousness.

Most of them would have given their right arms to see UFO, and many of them nearly did. (It won't be long before the first-aid crew outnumbers the punters.)

Mogg, the man at the mike, was responsible for most of the heat. Very much in control of his primitive instincts (and of his band), he had the drop on the fans.

Embracing the dark, primitive, elemental forces latent in any audience, he made frequent trips up and down drummer Andy Parker's podium like a deity in search of something to sacrifice, and exploited these forces to very subtle effect; like a magician.

Mogg is not the archetype macho rock singer, more the contemporary androgynous hero figure today's identity-crisis kids go for.

In true perspective, it has to be said that the primeval power which Mogg brings to the surface of his audience (and converts to hard rock via laid-back gestures to his henchmen) is not unique to UFO, but they communicate the ritualistic implications of rock and roll more effectively than any band since Led Zeppelin.

Ask any St. John's Ambulanceman.

**Emma Ruth**

## Reggae Awards Show

**Southgate Royalty**

On the face of it deh, a reggae awards show is not an appropriate event.

Given the peculiar nature of the music — its low-key, low-budget standing in the wider sphere of the entertainment industry — it most often proves the higher the expectation the greater the farce. And spontaneity is all pertinent.

Surprisingly then, this second annual awards, sponsored by the reggae weekly *Black Echoes,* was an unqualified success. Not only did all the billed acts show, and play on time, but so too did each of the award winners, appearing on stage to collect their trophies amid tumultuous applause from the full-house audience.

Last year's winners of the female group award **15-16-17** were bringing their set to a close as I arrived, with renditions of 'Just My Imagination' and 'Emotions', and the theatre was already bouyant and bouncing.

Between acts the mighty Sir Coxsone No. 1 sound-system provided a formidable bass dominated musical background with a choice selection of new, unreleased Linval Thompson, Errol Dunkley and Channel One dub slate. In the arena, wide grins and writhing bodies were the order of the night.

Next up, the more promising of the young British bands **Tribesman** displayed positive pointers as future award candidates with a steady set of titles from their forthcoming debut album; notably 'Wonder Wolf', 'Back To Nature' and 'The Vision'. Robbie and Maria Ffolkes eased the band through its paces with improved vocal arrangements, whilst Rueben and Skool embellished more basic variation on percussion and congas respectively.

At this stage, the first of the awards were presented. From a short list of Sir Coxone, Soferno B, Fat Man Hi Fi, and Jah Shaka, the very ebullient Osbourne Ruddock (Fat Man) was declared the leading sound-system of 1978, by virtue of his Club Noreik sessions, and earned a mighty cheer from this North London crowd as he took the stage from MC Castro Brown to receive his trophy.

Biggest cheer of the night, however, came for Dennis Brown, pickney in arms, who was introduced to present the male UK vocalist award to a confused looking Errol Dunkley the Man.

Other awards went to Louisa Mark as best UK female vocalist; Matumbi, best male group; Brown Sugar, female group; Dennis Bovelle, producer; and DEB, record company. 'Seven Seals' won a further trophy for Matumbi as UK reggae album of 1978; and Dunkley also walked away with the discomix prize for 'A Little Way Different.'

The international section proved a three horse race between Bob Marley, Tapper Zukie and Dennis Brown, with the latter scooping the prize.

**Brown Sugar** then took the stage, proving themselves a very competent act, and worthwhile award winners. They described the night's best-received set, plying their repertoire of lover's rock successes, 'I'm In Love With A Dreadlocks', 'Hello Stranger', 'Black Pride' and others.

The final hour or so was filled by short appearances from **Tradition** — who performed a mere three numbers. And were just beginning to get into their stride as they brought their set to a close with 'Breezing' — **Cygnus** and **The Blackstones,** bright and poppy; and finally **The Heptones.**

This was the fourth time I'd seen The Heptones since they arrived in town just before Christmas. And with Niney at the mixing desk, it was the best sound they have achieved to date. 'Everyday Life', 'Suspicious Minds' and 'Better Days' were read with the added confidence the trio and their backing band Corner Shot have gained during the past couple of months.

Their set reached its climax with an outstanding rendition of 'Book Of Rules', as the mixed black and white audience joined together in spontaneous chant of the fervid chorus. Everybody left smiling.

Now, what about the half that's never been told?

**Penny Reel**

■ *From page 22*

more serious, "it wasn't a question of when I first got into music — *music was in me.* Elvis Presley and The Beatles. I used to go to the cinema all the time to see their film. They had so much energy . . .

"But," he adds, "Presley died before I could meet him."

Well, you want to watch it - yourself, eating all that much, even if it is ital instead of cheeseburgers . . .

"But," he wisely ignores me, "of the black groups I was strictly listening to R&B: James Brown — all those people. Basically, right now is only one person inspire I — Jah Rastafari. The rest of these people is just persons who've been in the music business so long you just have to respect them."

So how old was Jacob when he realised it was to Jah he should be giving his respect?

"When I was a Youth," the 24-year-old Killer tells me, "and if I would talk about Jah Rastafari my parents used to beat me for saying those words.

"I alway wondered why until about '73 when I started to get heavily into it. I'd put my hair in dreadlocks and then comb them out again, and then put them back in dreadlocks again and go through the whole thing all over again. Everytime I went to New York my old lady would make me trim them.

"By about 1975, though, I started to really see where I have to get myself together — not just being a dread today and tomorrow something else. Like I didn't have a direction — I was searching, y'know.

"So all this time I was just getting my true identity together as a Rastaman who's seen the road. And the only way into this religion is just Jah Rastafari. Just one way to it."

During this period when he was getting so heavily into Rasta Jacob was working increasingly with supreme maestro of the clavinette, Augustus Pablo, himself a member of Inner Circle for a spell.

"Augustus Pablo," he says, "was a real mystic. You just don't know what 'im doing."

Indeed, it is Jacob Miller's voice on the classic Pablo side, 'King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown.' I mention that on the copy I've got the vocalist's name is totally different to "Jacob Miller".

The Killer shrugs: "Oh, I've never looked at it. I just know that we did that tune. Sometimes we do them in different names . . . We did a lot, y'know. We haven't stopped working together. We've just gone in different ways for a while . . . You know," Jacob Miller suddenly laughs, "My father lives in London — but I don't know him. I've never met him."

Does he know he's your father?

"Yeah. He heard so."

Oh, you should go and see him then. What's his name?

"Something like Sidney Elliott. I was named after my granddad."

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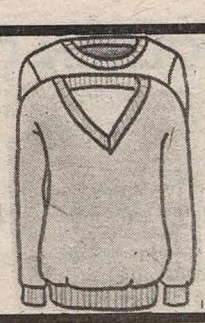

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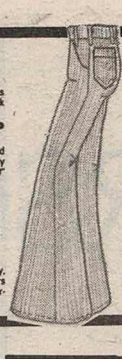

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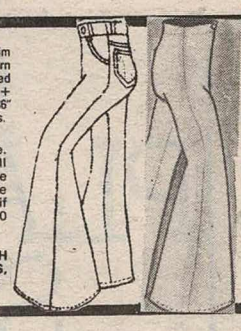

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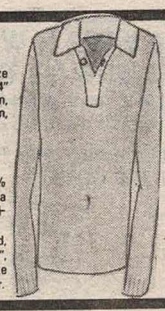

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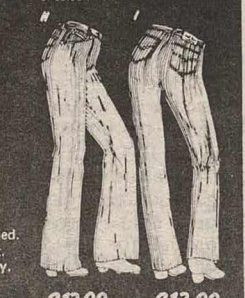

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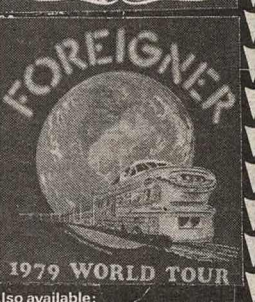


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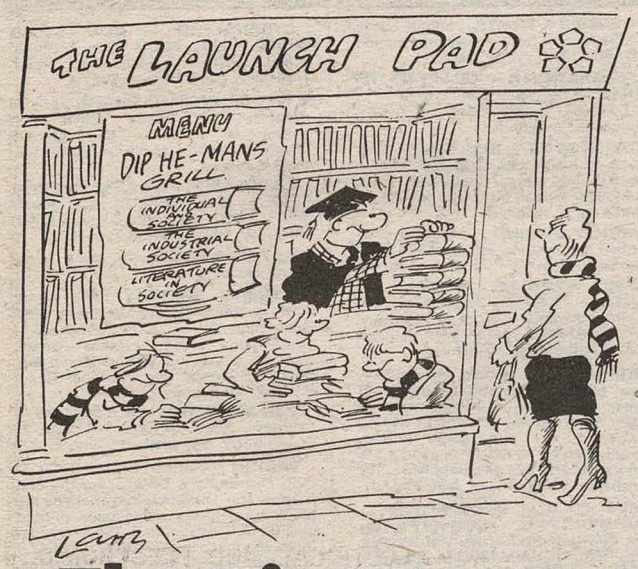


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# S.L.F.

■ *From page 8*

Gibson guitar strap from a silky smooth glistening hairless chest.

The guitar playing is great; the singing unbelievable. Rhythm guitarist Henry Cluney's right hand frantically scratches an excitable broad base, an exaggerated, speeded-up version of Bolan's palatable plagiarism. New drummer Jim Reilly, replacing Brian Falcon, who played on the album and left "to get married and settle down," places the perfect manic control, and cool gangly bass player Ali McMordie is not only a pounder but a fancy man as well.

They now find themselves in a strange paradoxical position. Already they've an enormous following. They've left the source of their anger and in a number of ways find themselves isolated while having to produce for a steadily growing audience.

But in the same way that there's no rational criticism of the band's motivation and justification that they haven't put to themselves and answered in the same way, that they're prepared to accept criticism and suspicion of their decision to describe and occasionally unintentionally glorify Belfast torment, they're now equally aware of the new, distinctly different demands that they's fast approaching, and are equally ready to face cynicism and misinterpretation.

"Aah, is this going to be the farewell tour? . . . I dunno . . . But I tell you, I don't want to go looking for things to be angry about. Because if we go into the studio and record our new album, the music will be the same, it'll be fast and loud cos that is the type of music we like. But if I'm standing there screaming my guests out about the price of a pint, or something, that's just going to make people say that on the first album he was just saying those things cos he can shout loud, and people will begin to think that the first album is all lies.

"There's no way we want to weaken the statement of the first album at all. Because it really does mean a hell of a lot to us. We don't want to weaken that in anyway. I think, y'know, can we be as angry? Is it possible? How the fuck can anyone get as worked up about being on the dole as seeing their mate killed? Obviously they can't. I'd just think, so I'm bored — at least I'm alive! And I'm out of that and I'm well out of that.

"It's quite possible that we could blow it, dissolve at the end of this tour. I mean, what can we do next? It's a problem we're hard up against, finding things to sing about from here on in. But I think we're too good a band to fuck up completely just because we've left Northern Ireland . . .

"Really we're quite happy to make a living wage out of it. To be in a rock'n'roll group is what we've always wanted, so we're doing what we've always wanted to do . . . make people happy, so we're happy. Just as long as we can make enough money to live; just as long as I don't have to go back and work in that office again!"

# C. TRICK

■ *From page 29*

programming game on their *own* terms.

However, on stage, I still get the nagging feeling that somewhere along the line Petersson and Zander lost two of the original group and, one night, in sheer desperation, grabbed the barman in some seedy club to drum and a screwball janitor to fill-in on guitar. Since then, they've attempted to make the best of a bum deal!

For instance, at one point in their act, Nielsen will strap on anything from three to eight guitars and spoof the entire teeth-gnashing / fleet-fingered guitar hero syndrome. Those hip to the Trick trip, are reduced to tears of laughter whilst the brain-damaged head bangers raise clenched-fist salutes of approval.

If coaxed, Nielsen may spill the beans about how he once caught Foreigner's singer mirror-posing with a microphone in the dressing room while the rest of the band tuned up, but he's more intrigued by the egomania that seemingly afflicts most bands' lead guitarists.

"So many guitarists," he begins with an evil grin on his face, "go into sheer ecstasy when they're only tuning up . . . some of the faces they pull are ridiculous." He tries on a few for effect.

"Alvin Lee pulls some of the dumbest faces imaginable. We're not like The Tubes . . . we don't go after everyone and do a vicious putdown. We try to be even more ridiculous than the guitarists I speak about and, at the same time, entertaining.

"I don't go, 'alright folks now take me seriously . . . watch me now 'cause I'm goin' to outdo Ritchie Blackmore, Alvin Lee *and* Ted Nugent'. The kids can see that I can actually play and that I'm not just another dumb guitar picker. I was their inspiration," he chortles. "The village idiot. And as such I usually attract intellectuals or, to be more precise, intellectual idiots."

So what kind of fans are attracted to such a bunch of oddballs?

"Well," says Nielsen, "I would think that those girls who fall hopelessly in love with Tom and Robin would automatically assume that I'd go for them with a chain saw. But to be serious for a moment, we get the young *16 Magazine* following, *Rolling Stone* readers and those who enjoyed the music of the '60s and hate what's going on now in the charts."

Nielsen further admits that wallflowers of both sexes see some kind of salvation in the fact that both he and Bun E. have proved that you don't have to be snake-hipped godlings to succeed on a mass scale.

Nevertheless, both Tom and Robin concur that quite often fans will pull them to one side, point an accusing finger at both Nielsen and Carlos and enquire, in all seriousness, what are *they* doing in a band with *those* two guys? By the same token, Nielsen retorts that he's often asked the same question concerning kissy-kissy Tom and Robin.

Perverse to the extreme, Nielsen admits "When that happens, we slam the other guys . . . you know, *anything* to make our fans happy!" Adding, "We're a lot smarter than many of the things we project.

"For instance, Robin ain't hot with fashion . . . he doesn't try and do a Mick Jagger or come on like those jaded prima donnas who think they're God's gift to the girls. I won't let him," he insists, as he turns his attention to the subdued singer, "because *I'm* God's gift to the girls."

If it's True Confession time, I'll throw in my tuppence worth. Most music writers will readily agree that the majority of artists one gets to interview are lame-brain egotistical assholes, devoid of any real sense of purpose, credibility or commitment.

Their only ambition is to take the money and run.

If, in Cheap Trick's instance, such was the case, they'd still be in America on the trail of the Almighty Dollar, instead of dropping a hundred grand to start all over again from scratch in Europe.

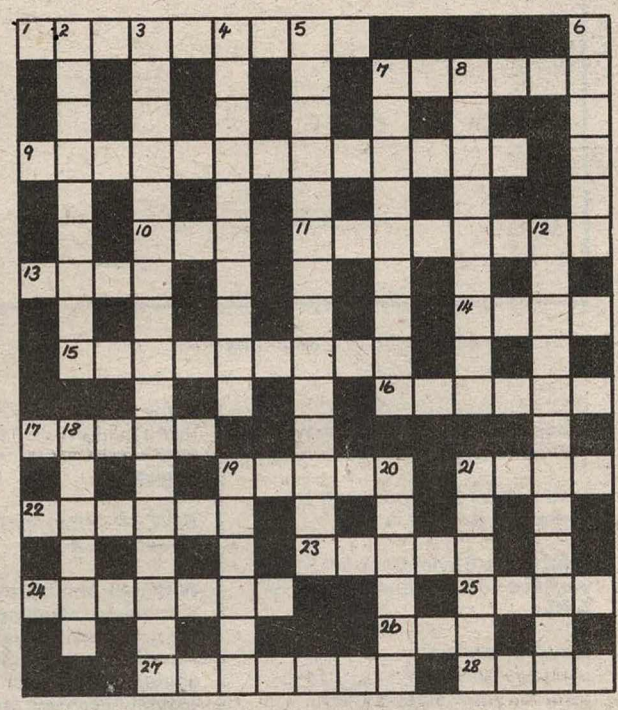
Like I said, you can't always go on appearances.

**ACROSS**

1 As well as his own current hit he also wrote Barry White's latest (but would probably prefer you not to know that, smirk, smirk) (5,4)
7 Joni Mitchell elpee of recent times
9 '60s Amen Corner hit, cover of U.S. smash for the American Breed (4,2,5,2)
10 Vinyl and weapons conglomerate foremost in Western Hemisphere
11 Currently teaming with Wayne Henderson on the dance floors of the nation (3,5)
13 James of Gen X
14 With this lot, even backwards they sound the same!
15 Pure foolishness on the Doctor's part?
16 Alcoholic beverage celebrated in Four Seaons'60 Top Tenner
17 Everywoman!
19 Rasta figurehead highly thought of (ouch!)
21 No good Glad, sounds like they're engaged!
22 Alcoholic beverage celebrated on O'Jays 1978 single
23 Sex Pistols On Tour psuedonym
24 Bath Len then clean up the mess!
25 U.S. black group who had a No.1 with "Hey Girl Don't Bother Me"
26 Close Encounter of the H.M.Kind
27 Paul Weller pulls a fast one over Jam LP! (3,4)
28 Hang around like a member of a punk band?

**DOWN**

2 Woody Allen's most recent movie
3 Yankee segment of Fleetwood Mac (7,10)
4 Brit actress who panted her way to No.1 in 1969 with her Frog lover (4,6)
5 Pre-disco, she had a disco smash with a re-working of "What A Difference A Day Makes" (6,8)
6 L.A. geese lose a letter in shake up!
7 Like Coronation Street Crossed with Grease; The everyday story of a big-hearted biker (5,4)
8 Shock Horror Probe: Axeman in Gay J.P. mime! (5,4)
12 To perm barrel (anag. 2 words)
18 Sir Francis Chichester, Kevin Keegan, Edmund Hilary, Che Guevara, The Gallant Oates, David Bowie, etc
19 Surname of "Sealed With A Kiss", "Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini" '60s singer
20 Marley meets Moses meets Cecil B. DeMille!
21 Punk shooter?



**ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.**

**LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.**

**ACROSS:** 1 Rocky Sharpe; 8 Jean (Jacques Burnel); 9 Rolling (Stones); 11 Barry White; 12 Ace (Frehley); 13 (Joe) Cocker; 14 Turtles; 15 (I- or U-) Roy; 16 Debbie (Harry); 18 "Angel"; 20 "Ram"; 21 Procol Harum; 23 Inez (Foxx); 24 James Brown; 25 Kenny Jones.

**DOWN:** 2 "One Nation Under (A Groove)"; 3 "King Rocker"; 4 "Strawberry Field (Forever)"; 5 "All Right Now"; 6 Phil Everly; 7 Phoebe Snow; 10 "Glad All Over"; 17 Bachman (Turner Overdrive); 18 "(One Nation Under) A Groove"; 19 Labelle; 22 Mink (DeVille); 24 Joe (Cocker).

*The aircraft below is a Russian MiG 25 Foxbat. It may be the world's fastest fighter, but its Firefox radar can't readily locate your letters — and so, flying over Central Asia at 2100 mph and 81,000 feet, we hegemonially present*

*Masseges scrambled by Major Angor Mac Kinovich (Order of the Star of Lenin, and Bar★)*

# MiG BaG

*Could this be the start of something MiG?*

Could I just say that due to industrial trouble I won't be writing anymore?

*ANDY KENT (a Ray Bennett fan), Bracknell, Berks.★★*

**Niet, in the Soviet Socialist State we have no industrial trouble. — A.M.**

I must object to the pseudo-intellectual leftist stand taken by your paper and its journalists. Although I would normally dismiss you as a bunch of cranks, I think it's time somebody told you to stick you opinions where they belong, up your arse. The Socialist movement in Britain is a big enough farce without you and your smart arse Oxford types turning it into some kind of hip club.

"R.A.R. is a bummer and is about as much use to anyone as a eunuch in a nymphomaniac's bedroom" — who gives a shit about what Clapton says or Bowie does? Who the hell are Bowie or Clapton, Jagger or Dylan, Rotten or Stewart anyway? Parasites who live off the sweat of ordinary people, products of a Capitalist rip-off pig society of which you yourselves are part. I don't see any of you working class heroes fighting for the rights of the American Indian. I don't see many articles in your rag about the liberation movements in Southern Africa, the violation of human rights in Chile, Iran and Argentina or the British occupation of Northern Ireland. I haven't heard about any of your socially conscious rock bands who play benefit concerts for the poor, sick and under-nourished masses of the Third World.

Cool it, man!! 'Cause there ain't no more heroes anymore. The Sex Pistols sold out to Virgin, Clash to CBS, Tom Robinson to EMI. Comrade Harold Wilson (Sir) to Shell and BP oil, and you scumbags sell out every week to anyone willing to buy. So next time you talk about urban problems and high rise flats, remember it's a damn sight more comfortable living in high rise flats than living in a tent in a refugee camp in Palestine.

*SON OF THE SON OF SAM, Streatham.★★*

**With men and minds like Samovich's swelling the ranks of the urban proletariat, how long before your revisionist, imperialist governments totter before the assault of the one and only Revolution? A crate of Pepsi-Cola from the Kremlin's cellars to you, comrade. — A.M.**

I am just 13 and I was very excited to see that other *NME* readers like *"The Archers"* too (hi! poll voters!). It is really great (hi! Schula!) and I for one applaud the introduction of a 30 year-old Hells Angel called BUGGSY into the plot. I also like Frankie Vaughan singing "Green Door" coz I fink its rilly paranoid and has loads of street credibility.

Also tell that Julie B. that not all teenagers have spots — not like her! Bet she's got a million. I am *much younger* than her and I haven't got one! So there, you old wrinklie!!! Love and kisses.
*POSY, Jesmond, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.★★*

**I am not intimate with your cultural orientation, Posy, but my teenage daughter informs me that a small selection of self-indulgent Western facial products has become available in Novograd. I have reported this threatening development to my local Health & Social Defence Committee. — A.M.**

After reading Mr. Burnel's "Systems", I couldn't help but notice that all he'd done was very mild-manneredly (if that's possible?) summarized different forms of repression complete with its endless watered-down cures. It's illogical but true that it's better to be a willing part of something that is basically spurious but exciting, than of something which is basically true but boring and ordinary. Fantasy exists, so therefore i s reality.

Socialism is but humane state capitalism. There will never be a Socialist Revolution here and it's naive to think there will be. Russia by the way is Communist, not Socialist. Illiteracy never stopped people thinking for themselves, though I agree it does take longer to progress. "Systems" wasn't patronising, just lacking anything new. Your "slaves", Mr. Burnel, if they did act together to free themselves from exploitations, would invent unions and strike. Freedom to strike is democracy at its best. So at the end of the day we still all endeavour to feather our own nests, automatically but unfortunately at others' expense.

Finally, getting into court on petty offences does seem a little childish, but it IS fun reading about it and something for you to write home about. Eh, Mr. Burnel?
*BOB WILLIAMS, Chelmsford, Essex.★★*

**Of course the U.S.S.R. is Communist — unlike the renegade regime of Deng and his gang of 850,000,000. We only call ourselves Socialist to confuse the perverse propagandists of the wasteful West. — A.M.**

I've got an 8 inch one-sided 78 rpm hexagonaut-shaped picture disc of the Beatles singing "Y Viva Espana" in Russian with a gatefold 'Scratch 'n' sniff' picture sleeve with a 16-page booklet, lyrics and special T-shirt offer. Is this rare?
*GLINNIE VYNL, Daventry, Northants.★★*

**Unfraternally rare, since I had hoped my niece's black market copy was unique. Glinnie Vynl? I suspect Comrade Roy Carrski of pseudonymous subterfuge — A.M.**

Were my eyes deceiving me or was that a GOOD QUEEN REVIEW in a recent edition of the world's most nauseating rock weekly? I presume the man responsible was sacked immediately.
*PATRICK.★★*

*★★All communications marked thus have been censored*

*Masseges scrambled by Major Angor Kinovich (Order of the Star of Lenin, and Bar★)*

*★Any bar that serves Wladimir from Varwick*

**Not only sacked, I hope, but summarily shot. How long will your country bear the crippling weight of a monarchy? We despatched ours 60 years ago and have never been allowed to look back — A.M.**

In the *NME* dated January 27 there is a review of an O Newton-John record by one J Burchill, in which the reviewer states that the afore-mentioned Ms Newton-John is what the young teenies want because of "Sex-power that clean". In the same issue we have a certain T Parsons saying "Those pre-pubescent adolescents don't want . . . the wet-dreaming virgin next door — they want DIRTY SEX". A slight difference of opinion, I think. Is a divorce in the pipeline? Incidentally, Ian Penman should have a wage increase. The Penman backlash-backlash starts here.
*THE ANTI-TP-JB LEAGUE & THE I PENMAN APPRECIATION SOCIETY.★★*

**Such pettiness, such factionalism in the home and the place of work. We even read in *Pravda* (Truth) that your River Thames is cluttered with corpses and your government on strike — A.M.**

Why has the Confederates Flag become synonymous with Lynyrd Skynyrd? The Confederacy produced the finest army and some of the best generals the world has seen, then had its flag bastardized by a bunch of apprentice cowboys. I'm not racist and I don't support slavery, though I can't stand all the hip people who wear Southern Comfort sweatshirts but never touch the stuff.
*LUKE AZADE, Dumfries ★★*

**Your rampant consumerist jargon does not understand me. Are cowing boys some hideous mutation engineered by Western Geneticists? How long is the gestation period of a mammoth? Besides, it is well known here that Dumfries is in Wales and so would not allow our Soviet Tu 144 supersonic airliner to overfly its jurisdiction — A.M.**

I've known all along about the bad effects of heavy metal but it seems the local authority have only just realised.
*B. FOXO, Shipham, Avon ★★*

**Our own radioactive waste disposal programme is further advanced; we simply seal it underground — A.M.**

OK, McLaren you got your corpse. Now sell it.
*GEOFF (Teenage Depression Magazine).★★*

**You Westerners *are* pathologically obsessed with the commerce of death — A.M.**

My dad says that *NME*'s language is foul and its sentiments are disgusting. But then he still pays for it.
*SOPHIE MATHIAS, Oxford.★★*

**My deepest condolences to another victim of scabrous capitalist monetarist oppression — A.M.**

I'm glad *NME*'s not part of the UFO cover-up conspiracy. You see I was talking to the crew of one that landed in my backyard last Friday. They told me that Earth is the penitentiary of the Universe, a plane of existence for the reincarnation of souls that were undesirable elsewhere because earthmen all have better things to do than face up to the truth . . .

If you'll excuse me now, I must be on my way.
*PAUL CARUSO.★★*

**There is no UFO conspiracy in the U.S.S.R. since it is well known they are nothing but CIA-crewed interlopers into Soviet airspace — A.M.**

This is a recruiting letter for the last gang in town, your friendly terrorist group. We have vacancies in the Revolution for generals, field marshals, tank crews and people with guns, so join up and kill everyone, make us the last gang on earth. Join now, before it's too late.
*M RUNYARD, Ilfracombe, North Devon.★★*

**Mercenary NATO militarists — A.M.**
**Good old boys — GENERAL ALEXANDER HAIG**
**I'm not well these days — JOHN WAYNE**

Can I be the first to start the Joe Jackson backlash?
*JOHN JACKSON★★*

**Niet again, the privilege is exclusively reserved for the Central Historical Sub-Committee of the Moscow Politburo — A.M.**

I found a lemon-flavoured sweetie in a packet of peanut treats, does that make me eligible for stardom?
*A FRUSTRATED FEMALE INSURANCE CLERK, Bristol.★★*

**Even Western insurance clerks are issued with lemon-flavoured confectionery? I'm defecting — Japan, here I come, just like Belenko before me — A.M.**
**Piss off then, mate — LEONID BREZHNEV★★**

# T-ZERS IS A ROADRUNNER

*. . . And Mick Jones is a lumberjack. Big bad Bo Diddley gives thumbs up to crazy limey rockers on the Clash not-so-bored-with-the USA tour. Pic: Bob Green.*

**THE WORST** have reformed! In a week during which governments have fallen, turbanned men with beards have upset balances of power and the streets of London have been overwhelmed by massive amounts of garbage (not all of it on legs), the news that these esoteric Mancunian maestros have once again resumed their nefarious activities could not have come at a better time, especially when one can consider that they are now playing disco music and wearing Hush Puppies. It's hard to tell what kind of item could possibly be of sufficient public interest to follow this shattering piece of news, but . . .

Hey! Public Interest! That reminds us: controversy runs riot around popular fun combo **Public Image** and their highly enjoyable fun waxing elpee, 'Public Image Ltd'. As 'Fodderstompf' off PiL's album becomes the latest disco rave at New York's prestigious but horrible Studio 54 (demented punters make it the first disco singalong by howling *'We only wanted to be looooooooved'* along with Honest John as they cavort and travolt across the floor), a radio station in the highly enjoyable fun town of Melbourne Australia is finding it extremely difficult to get its broadcasting license renewed. For why, you ask? For this, my preciousssssss: the station (3RMT by number) has been programming PiL's 'Religion' with relentless regularity and is now counting the cost . . .

Meanwhile, further info on the new PiL drummer: his name's **Vivian Jackson,** he was involved with **Linton Kwesi Johnson** on the latter's 'Dread Beat An' Blood' album and had his won t'ing out on Front Line, see't. However, those intending to see PiL in Dublin on the 17th will be disappointed because of the legal shenanigans currently going on between **John Lydon** and **Malcolm McLaren**'s Glitterbest organisation (or "Bozobest" as it's currently being referred to) though the Manchester gig on the 23rd will remain unaffected . . .

The courtroom at said legal funfest is beginning to resemble a **Sex Pistols** nostalgi-boutique with a complete collection of Pistols records, posters, T-shirts, books and press clippings being part of the evidence on display. **Justice Brown-Wilkinson** (presiding) evinced a special interest in the assorted 12" singles, being somewhat concerned that these objects could deceive consumers unaware of the existence of smaller, cheaper models. Did anyone tell him that the bozos buy 'em all?

In the finest traditions of British journalism (I Am Inaccurate: Yellow), last Friday's *Daily Star* reported that the Pistols' US tour had been "hugely successful", further stating that John Lynden had bought a house for £14,000. They also named the rest of the Pistols as co-plaintiffs alongside J R, whereas any fule kno that they are co-defendants alongside McLaren . . .

Acutally, all of us three dots here at *T-zers* say that the best part of the whole affair is that

**Joltin' Joe Stevens,** *NME's* head honcho over in New York, has been brought back to London for the trial on account of he's a key witness for JR. He also intends to have a few words with Legs McLaren on the subject of the $1700 phone bill which Big Mac ran up at Joe's pad! As poor old Joe has been unable to raise the bunce to pay this debt off, his phone has been disconnected. Finally, on a slightly crumblier note, **Mrs Ann Beverley** this week brought Sid's ashes back to England . . .

So what else is new? Well, **Glen Matlock** was looking well doleful at **Wreckless Eric's** Marquee gig. Asked about Sid, glamourous Glen had little time for the Malcolm-did-it school of thought: "He tried the same thing with me and I'm still standing here." Meanwhile, **Rich Kids**-to-split rumours are — how you say in your wonderfully inexpensive if somewhat garbage strewn and strike torn little country? — rife . . .

Rife, though, is not the word to describe the **Mekons**-signed-to-Radar rumours. The correct word according to Fast Product's answer to Jake Riviera (**Bob Last** — to you) is "fallacious". Elaborates Last: "Although various record companies are trying to like the first Mekons single, the rumours regarding Radar are unfounded and a great deal of time and effort is being spent to find the ideal way of bringing a Mekons album and No 1 single to the public." Thank you, Bob, we suggest pressing the bloody thing on orange peel . . .

Dig this, topcats: on last Sunday's *Return Of The Saint,* boring wimpy **Ian Ogilvie** (bet he'll never get asked to play James Bond) hollered, "Your ex-husband's a psychopath!" at wisocme, quite attractive **Tessa Wyatt.** The latter's ex-husband in real life is, of course, stubby, banal radio personality **Tony Blackburn** . .

*The Rocky Horror Picture Show* movie is now a bigger cult than ever in New York, reports Disco **Danny Baker.** Shown only on Fridays at midnight in Greenwich

*Left: Lew Lewis & Lee Brilleaux get tired and emotional at Dr. Feelgood reception. Right, the elusive Ten Pole Tudor finally caught from his daze with The Visitors.*

Village, it attract's all sorts of oafs and oafettes dressed up as Frank N Furter or Riff Raff, who flock in to the Apple from all over the state. There's even some berkovitz who steams down the aisle in a wheelchair, and during the wedding scene all the assembled loonies actually chuck rice at the screen. It really ought to be a separate country, y'know . . .

Which leads us inevitably to the burning question of the age: have **Slade** peaked? Acutally, the real burning question of the age is: will the next **Buzzcocks** B-side be a pop song? The burning answer of the age is, of course, no . . .

That intimate personal touch that gives you an insight into the warm, wild and wacky world of *NME* everybody (but everybody) is laughing at **Roy Carr's** boots. Even people who haven't seen them are laughing. On a more sartorially impressive note, **Adrian Thrills** was seen introducing those rising young **Members** at their benefit gig for the NUJ dahn the Hope & Anchor last week. "Now you know why the Members have been getting such good press," quipped irrepressible Ade before calling for a big hand for "Ranking Tesco And The Carrot Cruchers" . . .

Get well soon dept: ace rock and reggae photographer **Adrian Boot** was rushed to hospital last week suffering from a mystery virus, and *T-Zers* wishes him a speedy return to his vital ital self. Anyone who can survive **Radio Stars' Andy Ellison** falling on them from a great height shouldn't have too much bother sorting out a few li'l ol' bugs. . .

Following a stay in a particularly wintry UK, **Dr Alimantado's** next single titled — wait for it, you 'orrible shower — 'Cold Inna Babylon'. You said it, Doc ('I-man certainly did' — Dr Alimantado) . . .

**Tom Robinson** found himself in a slightly ongoing awkward situation in a Tokyo hotel while on his current Japanese tour, We learn from the current ish of *Gay News* (and we ain't saying which of the triple dots reads said organ) that he'd invited a couple of young Japanese boys back to his room so that they could teach him some Japanese. Being the responsible gentleman that he is, Tom first insisted that the lads phone their parents to tell them where they were. The parents immediately freaked out when they realised that their clean-limbed young progeny were in a hotel room with the gay rock star that they'd read about in their newspapers, so they contacted the hotel's security staff, who rushed to Tom's room (towels at the ready) and guess what they found? *(Yes, what?* — Ed) They found two young Japanese lads *(yes, yes, go on — Ed)* teaching Tom Japanese. However, this instruction was not sufficient to counter the language problem. Performing 'Glad To Be Gay' he was reduced to yelling, "Don't you understand? I'm homosexual" to the audience. The audience simply giggled. Ah so . . .

True romances: **Britt Ekland**'s current beau is none other than **Steve Harley.** We thought that going out with members of **Foghat** was the pits *(how would you know? — Ed)* but this? Yeeeeeeesh! Meanwhile, **Billy Idol**'s true romance with **Karen O'Connor** (spawn of **Des**) is O-F-F, though they still share the same pad in London's bohemian Notting Hill Gate area. **Blondie's Chris Stein** has taken the pics and designed the sleeve for **Robert Fripp's** upcoming solo album 'Exposure' and ain't love *grand* . . .


**BETTER BADGES**

*TOP TEN*

| This week | | Last week |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | CLASH POLICE | 2 |
| 2 | PIL | 2 |
| 3 | BUZZCOCKS | 4 |
| 4 | ALTERNATIVE ULSTER | 9 |
| 5 | 999 | – |
| 6 | PENETRATION | – |
| 7 | ANARCHY IN THE U.K. | – |
| 8 | THE JAM | 3 |
| 9 | SMIRKS AGAINST TRAVOLTA | 5 |
| 10 | THE SLITS | – |

**30p** Drunks Punk, Drug Users Against Nazis. **25p** Tapper, Herbsman, What You See, Gen. X, Arts No. 6. **20p** More Rope, Sham, Cabaret Voltaire, Raiders, Fairies, Doomed, Kraftwerk, Parsons, Burchill, Gauche Siouxsie, ½ Japanese, Metal Urbain, Buzzcocks Pink, Buzzcocks Promises, Fugs, Chrome, Sons of Joh, Monochrome Set, Members, Doll by Doll, The Night, All Mod Cons, Tube Station.

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**EDITORIAL**
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

**EDITOR**
Neil Spencer
**Assistant Editor**
Phil McNeill
**News Editor**
Derek Johnson
**Production Editor**
Jack Scott
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Roy Carr
**Associate Editors**
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Tony Stewart
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Adrian Thrills
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Andy Gill
Danny Baker
**Research**
Fiona Foulger
**New York:**
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6840
**ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.**
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.
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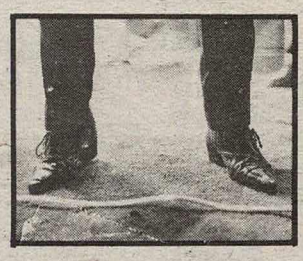

Dave Va[illegible]ian

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# 20 OF ANOTHER KIND

FEATURING

999
Homicide
Emergency

THE JAM
In The City
'A' Bomb In Wardour Street

THE SKIDS
Sweet Suburbia

SHAM 69
Borstal Breakout
If The Kids Are United

THE CURE
Killing An Arab

THE ADVERTS
Gary Gilmore's Eyes

THE BOYS
The First Time

THE JOLT
No Excuses

THE LURKERS
I'm On Heat

GENERATION X
Ready Steady Go

THE STRANGLERS
No More Heroes

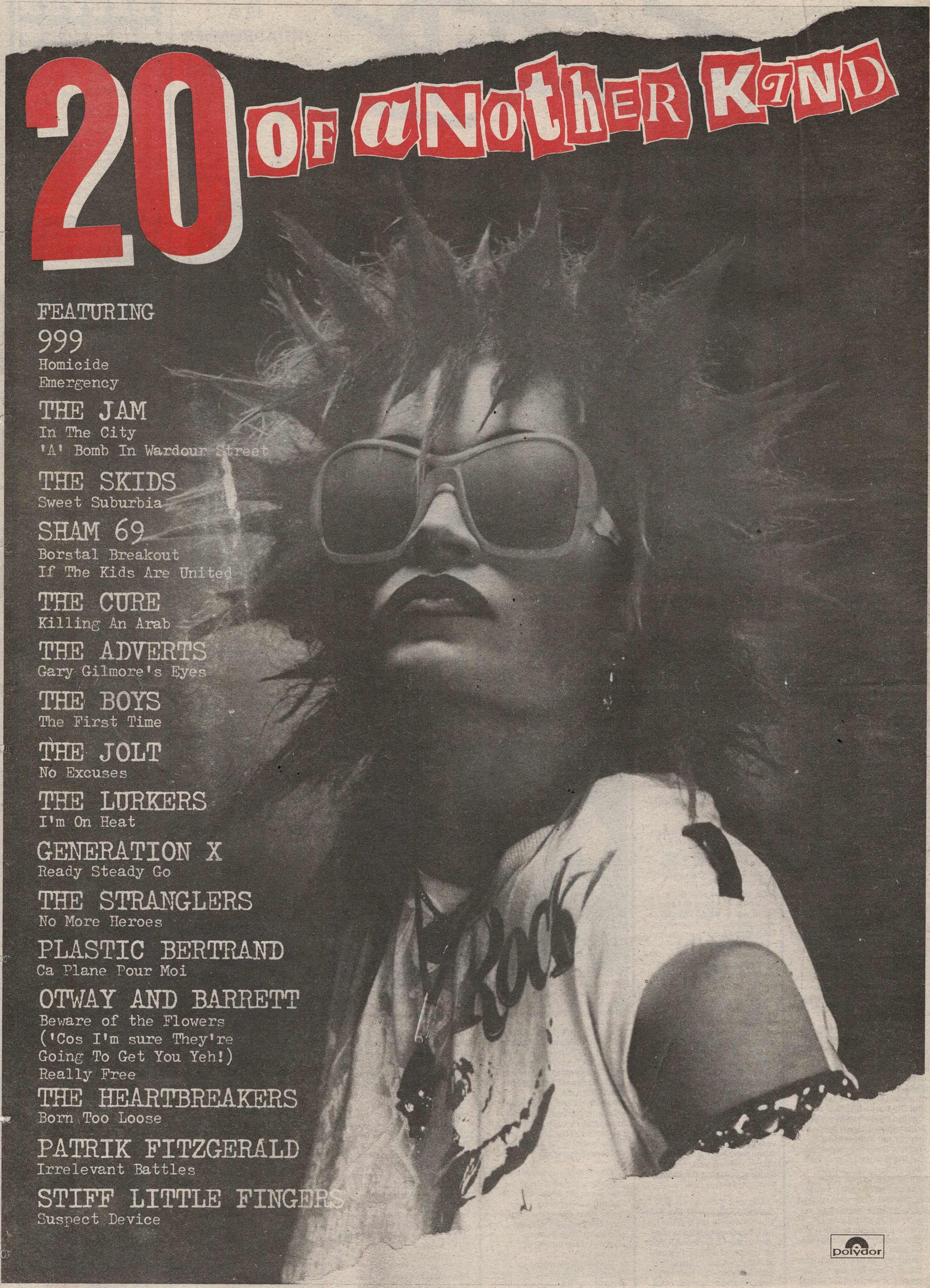
PLASTIC BERTRAND
Ca Plane Pour Moi

OTWAY AND BARRETT
Beware of the Flowers
('Cos I'm sure They're
Going To Get You Yeh!)
Really Free

THE HEARTBREAKERS
Born Too Loose

PATRIK FITZGERALD
Irrelevant Battles

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
Suspect Device




polydor